The Christian Union

Our part is to conspire with the new works of new days.—Emerson.

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HAMILTON W. MABIE, } EDITORS.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE Democratic Convention at St. Louis has nominated with unanimity Mr. Cleveland for President, and Mr. Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, for Vice-President. It is politically the strongest ticket that could have been put in nomination. The Convention has also adopted as its platform President Cleveland's last message to Congress on tariff reduction as an interpretation of its platform of 1887, and the Mills bill, now before Congress for the purpose of reducing the tariff in accordance with the principles of the message. The platform and a brief report of the Convention will be found in another column. The platform is absolutely silent respecting the temperance issue, adopts President Cleveland's political course as the standard of Civil Service Reform, indorses the course of the Administration in reclaiming public lands from corporations for private householders, and deals with the pension issue by the claim that the party has paid out more for pensions and bounties than was ever paid before during an equal period of time. Any reader of The Christian Union who will look back for a year will see readily what progress has been made within the Democratic party and what forces have gained in power within it. A year ago it was at least a debated question whether Mr. Cleveland would be renominated; it was a debated question whether the protection views advocated by Mr. Randall or the tariff reduction views advocated by Mr. Carlisle were to be adopted by the party, or whether it would evade the issue by a glittering generality; a debated question whether the Convention would be held before the Republican Convention announced its principles or whether the party should wait until after the Republican Convention, and adjust its utterances to meet those of its rival. On each one of these questions an aggressive policy has prevailed. Governor Hill has been without representation in the National Convention; President Cleveland has been renominated without a suggestion of an opponent or competitor. The Democratic Convention has not waited for the Republican party to declare itself, but has made its own record, and it has made that record in language clear and unambiguous in favor of reducing the tariff by admitting raw material free and lowering the taxes on articles of necessity. The country is to be congratulated that at last a distinct, definite, and positive policy, dissociated from the war issues, is to be before it for its consideration. We hope that when the Republican Convention meets it will take up the gauntlet thus thrown down, and formulate with equal definiteness the policy which it asks the country to pursue. We are sure that only by a sharply defined issue between the two great parties can the Nation make any progress toward solving the great economic problem presented to it by its great and increasing surplus.

It is desirable that all American citizens should have at least a clear comprehension of the issue upon which they have to vote. This, so far as it is presented by the Democratic platform, is not an issue between free trade and protection. The free-trader holds that morally the brotherhood of nations is as truly an international ideal as the brotherhood of man an individual ideal, and that whatever barriers separate nation from nation are immoral and should be removed. He holds that, as an economic principle, indirect taxation is demoralizing; that it is not an advantage that men should pay their taxes without feeling them; that, on the contrary, it is desirable that they should feel the taxes which they pay, and therefore that direct taxation should take the place of indirect. He further holds that the only legitimate function of taxation is to provide for the expenses of the Government, and that it is no more legitimate to protect manufactures by a system of taxation than it is to give bounties to particular manufacturers out of a surplus collected by taxation. No one of these principles is affirmed by the Democratic party; its platform does not assert the principle of free trade; it simply asserts that taxation must be reduced, and that this reduction should be effected, not by the abolition of the Internal Revenue Department—that is, of taxes on whisky and tobacco—but by reducing the taxes on imports, especially the raw materials. We shall reserve any consideration of the issue presented by the Democratic party until we see how it is met by the Republican party. Meanwhile our readers will do well to remember the fact that our present surplus is more than $125,000,000, that the annual surplus is more than $60,000,000, and that the question at issue between the two great parties will be and must be, not primarily an issue between free trade and protection, but of how this surplus shall be avoided, and the money now locked up in Treasury vaults released for the needs of the people.

We have received a copy of a "Sunday Rest bill" presented by Senator Blair, and accompanied with a request for signatures to a petition in its favor. This bill prohibits all secular work and recreation in the Territories of the United States, prohibits all mail carriage on Sunday, with the proviso that "whenever any letter shall relate to necessity or mercy, or shall concern the health, life, or decease of any person, and the fact shall be plainly stated upon the face of the envelope containing the same," provision can be made for its transportation and delivery. The bill also prohibits Sunday commerce between the States, Sunday military drills, and Sunday payment of wages. We cannot give our signature to the petition for this bill, because we do not believe that this is the way to secure better Sunday observance. We should like to see the transportation of Sunday mails reduced to a minimum, but it must certainly be done by some less complicated measure than that suggested by this extraordinary bill. To prohibit all inter-State commerce on the Sabbath, and then provide that it may be carried on for short distances from one State or Territory into another when "necessary for the public good," appears to us without its accompanying qualification impracticable, and with its accompanying qualification of little or no use. It was not by a new fourth commandment, with new and severer penalties to enforce it, that Christ endeavored to give a larger scope and new vitality to humanity's rest day; and it is not thus that Christians will best promote a true and vital Sabbath observance.

The State of Massachusetts has passed an act to aid the small towns to provide themselves with school superintendents by allowing them to unite for this purpose and choose a superintendent of schools, determining the relative amount of service to be performed by him in each town and the adjustment of the ratio of his salary to be paid by each. This is a movement looking in the right direction, though, in our judgment, not radical enough, and amenable perhaps to the criticism that it may prevent rather than promote measures more radical and thorough. Every State ought to have a centralized supervisory system. We could well imitate in this respect the course of England, where all teachers are required to submit to certain examinations and required to have their class work submitted to the supervision of an independent superintendent. We should thus not only equalize the now very unequal advantages afforded by different school districts, but we should also secure the children of those districts, where ignorance or prejudice militates against adequate instruction, from a curriculum wholly insufficient and teachers wholly incompetent.

The investigation of the city school system of New York, and of Mr. Jasper as its Superintendent, has come to an end, as might have been anticipated, by a divided report. It is unfortunate that this investigation was not confined to the general question of his efficiency as a Superintendent, but included some specific charges, which, so far as we can judge, were not sustained, and ought never to have been preferred. As to the final result, Mr. Jasper has been re-elected by a vote of 12 to 9, the nine ballots being blanks, there being no other candidate before the Board. In so far as this is a local controversy we should hardly think it necessary to refer to it; but as an indication of a rising public sentiment on the subject of public education, which demands the abrogation of mechanical methods, the abolition of the forcing process, and a practical recognition of the fact that education is a growth of character, not a

manufacture of recitation-makers, the fact that Mr. Jasper has been re-elected by so narrow a majority is significant, and the significance is worth consideration by all those who are engaged in any form in the work of teaching. The day of the mere mechanician in the school room is drawing toward its close. As a result of this investigation, and the accompanying agitation, a Public School Reform Society has been organized in this city with the promised co-operation of a large number of its most prominent thought-leaders of various schools and denominations. We shall hope to give a fuller account of this movement when it is fully organized and ready for action.

We call the special attention of our readers to a letter in another column from ex-Judge Goddard, of Maine, respecting the increase of crime in that State. This letter was furnished in response to a request from us for the facts which he had given more fully at a recent meeting of the Congregational Club of Portland. Judge Goddard knows whereof he writes, having been County Attorney of Androscoggin for four years, 1854–7, Judge of the Superior Court of Cumberland County for another four years, 1868–71, State Senator two years, 1858–9, at which time the prohibitory law, which had been repealed in 1856, came up for reconsideration and was re-enacted, he voting for it. It is not Judge Goddard's object to antagonize the prohibitory law, nor is it for this purpose we have asked for this contribution. But since it is so constantly asserted that nine-tenths of crime is produced by intemperance, and that the most of it ceases with the prohibition of the saloon, the impartial student of the temperance problem will be interested in Judge Goddard's figures, and the sanguine man who expects to abolish sin by prohibiting the liquor traffic will certainly find in them food for serious reflection. The truth is that there are certain crimes which are largely stimulated by drink, and certain others which drink does very little to stimulate; and that the abolition of the saloon, even if it could be accomplished, would not inaugurate the millennium, but would at best only give a freer play and a better advantage to those moral and educational influences on which humanity must always rely for vanquishing sin and crime.

The Presidential election of Mexico is even nearer than our own; though, as the Mexicans do not take their politics as violently as we are accustomed to, their quadrennial choice of an Executive does not mean such an upheaval and disturbance as does ours. Under their system of indirect popular voting, the primary elections, as they are called, are held on the last Sunday in June, and the secondary and decisive ones on the second Sunday in July. The primary elections are for the choice of electors, one for each five hundred inhabitants. These electors gather in district conventions, one for every forty thousand population, and elect Congressmen, Judges, and President. The burning question in Mexican politics is whether President Diaz wants and will accept a re-election. That he can have it with a nod of the head, if he will, is admitted on all hands. The recent amendment to the Constitution makes re-election legal, and the only question is how to account for such a complete *volte face* as would be involved for General Diaz in allowing it in his case. As is well known, he first gained the Presidency through the revolution which he headed in 1876 on the precise question of Lerdo's re-election. It was doubtful whether re-election were admissible under the then Constitution. After Diaz's triumph, however, an amendment was passed making it illegal for a President to serve two terms in succession. In obedience to that President Diaz gave way to Gonzales in 1880. He has often, in messages to Congress and public addresses, pronounced squarely against re-election. But now, in the face of the declared purpose of his friends to choose him for a second term, he remains silent. It seems probable that he will break this silence only to say that he bows to what he will call the will of the nation.

One of the most important commercial gatherings of the generation, the Sugar Bounties Conference, brought its labors to a close in London early in May. Periodically since last fall the representatives of Denmark, Belgium, Austria, France, Germany, and Spain have met, with Baron de Worms in the chair, to discuss the enormous financial and international interests which have become associated with the production of beet-sugar. The exact result arrived at is kept a secret as yet. It is known, however, that they have agreed to submit to their respective governments a mutual treaty for the suppression of bounties on exports of beet sugar. If this treaty should be ratified and amicably enforced, it would relieve the sugar business of the world from a great strain. The unnatural stimulus put upon a single branch of production would be removed, the heavy taxation to which the people of the beet-growing countries have been subjected to pay the bounties—Austria, for example, paid $15,000,000 in bounties last year—would be lifted from their backs, and the reckless competition in the rush for a market would subside. The English Ministry deserve credit for their handling of this affair. The sugar refiners, whose business was being swamped by the inrush of foreign products, loudly called for either a high duty on imports or a compensating bounty on exports. But it now seems as if the Conference called on England's invitation would settle the vexing question, not only for England, but for all Europe. The result is a new victory for calm negotiation, and a fresh warning against hasty international reprisals and retaliation. It would appear, also, that the fall of the whole system of sugar bounties in Europe, after a thorough and thoroughly disastrous trial, would not be exactly an encouragement to those who propose its introduction here.

The new lottery loan authorized by the French Chamber of Deputies in the interests of the Panama Canal does not bid fair to meet with success. Already $200,000,000 have been swallowed up in this enterprise, and recent loans have met with less and less popular favor. M. Leroy-Beaulieu, in an article in the "Economiste," predicts that not more than one-half, and possibly not more than one-fourth, of the new loan will be subscribed. As the company promises to give so many prizes of 100,000 francs, so many of 200,000, and so many of 500,000, the deposit with the Government necessary to guarantee these may prove to be a very large part of the sum raised by the loan. The issue of a lottery loan proves the deplorable condition into which the finances of the company have fallen. Such loans are condemned by moralists, even in those countries where the governments still make use of them. In issuing lottery bonds the custom is that a part of the interest, and sometimes the whole of it, shall be paid in prizes to the holders of the fortunate numbers. This, of course, appeals to the gambling passions of the community. The same type of people who invest in ordinary lotteries, though they know that the total sum drawn out will not be much more than half as great as the total sum paid in, are often eager to put their savings into lottery bonds secured by the Government. But this is not a class of people who are able to advance large sums, and capitalists of standing hold aloof from such investments. The fact that the Panama Company has resorted to such a method of raising funds will not tend to dispel the cloud which the enterprise is now under.

Australia and New Zealand are developing a widespread and very intense antagonism to Chinese immigration. At Melbourne and Sidney shiploads of Chinese have been turned back peremptorily, and there have been riots in which resident Chinese have been treated very roughly. The Premier of New South Wales has notified the English Government that unless it arranges with China to prohibit the immigration of Chinese to Australia this result will be accomplished by a local law. The objections urged against the free introduction of the Chinamen are substantially those urged on the Pacific Coast some years ago. The Chinese like Australia; the climate suits them; land for market gardening can be secured at low prices; mines offer abundant opportunities for working; and there is a great variety of work to be done in the cities. Moreover, they are familiar with British habits and with British toleration of some of their own institutions. The rivulet of immigration which has been flowing to Australia has become since the closing of the gates on the Pacific Coast almost a torrent. The colonists declare that unless immigration is checked Australia will practically become Chinese, so rapid is the influx of strangers from China, so marvelous their industry, and so adaptable their habits. The Australasian world, in the view of the colonists, instead of being another Europe, is in danger of becoming another Asia. Moreover, there is an injustice in allowing Chinamen to enter Australia by the thousands while Englishmen are put under so many restrictions in China. These arguments of the English settlers are accompanied, we are sorry to say, with much of the brutality which disgraced the Pacific Coast. The demand of the colonists will in all probability be conceded by the home Government, since China seems quite willing to fall in with any arrangement which will keep her subjects at home.

In this connection the English papers note evidences of a reaction against immigration in the new countries of the world. The movement of the surplus population of Europe southward and westward in search of better conditions of life has been, all things considered, the most impressive and significant social phenomenon of the century. That movement has had its effect not only in the rapid building up of the newer countries, but in the lessening of the tension of industrial conditions in the older countries. There are signs now, however, that this movement is not to go on uninterrupted as before, but that both in this country and in others, either by treaty as in the case of the Chinese, or by heavy taxation, immigration will be restricted and very seriously diminished. While the Australians are protesting against the incoming of the Chinese, other movements are on foot in this country to restrict the incoming of men ignorant of our laws and customs, and the Canadians are protesting against the importation of European paupers into the Dominion. The New World no longer wants men for the mere purpose of swelling the population. Hereafter it wishes to select its citizens. The English papers are not slow to perceive the possible effects in Europe of this new temper among the Western peoples. If the tide of immigration is checked, it will mean the sudden stoppage of one channel through which Europe has relieved herself of her dangerous and surplus population; it will mean the intensifying of the social problems on the Continent and in England, and the necessity of finding work or support at home for those who have hitherto found these things abroad.

The overcrowding of the professions requiring higher education in Germany has several times been commented upon in these columns. It is fast becoming a serious problem in a country in which the lines of professional activity and advance are so distinctly and definitely marked as in Germany. The man of superior training who finds himself without a vocation or a chance of making one in the society about him is likely to become disaffected with social conditions, and once disaffected he is almost certain to become an extremely dangerous element. It sometimes seems as if the same problem might arise in this country. At the recent meeting of the American Medical Association in Cincinnati a plan was outlined for limiting the number of medical graduates, on the general ground that the profession was overcrowded by the introduction of a great number of half-trained men. Dr. Garnett, the President of the Association, proposed concerted action for the purpose of influencing the legislatures of the different States to limit the number of medical schools in the United States, and to suspend all such schools which fail to show less than fifty matriculates annually for three successive years. The suggestion was received with great applause by the physicians in attendance, and, while it may be urged against this proposal that it looks like the transference of one of the most objectionable features of some labor organizations to one of the highest professions, there are many arguments which might be advanced in its favor. Aside from the matter of limiting the number of graduates, there is certainly no class of schools in the community over which a more rigid supervision ought to be exercised than the medical schools. If the standards of admission to the practice of medicine were advanced, the result would not only benefit the community at large, but would prevent a great many eminently unsuitable persons from condemning themselves to obscurity in a profession peculiarly exacting in its demands upon character, ability, and training.

The published statement of the objects and methods of the Burial Reform Association ought to be widely circulated, touching as it does certain prevalent abuses. This Association proposes to secure the exercise of economy and simplicity in whatever relates to funerals; the disuse of the tasteless and vulgar paraphernalia of scarfs and trappings of all sorts; the use of unchristian and heathen emblems,

and extravagant displays of flowers. It proposes to discourage all eating and drinking in connection with funerals; it urges the early interment of the dead in proper soil; the substitution of burial vaults for family plots; the enforcement, on sanitary grounds, of the removal in crowded districts of the body to a mortuary instead of its retention in rooms occupied by living persons; and it proposes to impress upon the officers of public charity the claim of the poorest to proper and reverent burial. These reforms are all in the direction of good sense, decent usage, and sound sanitary conditions. The expense of funerals has become intolerable, especially among the poorer classes, and it is high time that persons whose position in the community makes them natural leaders should not only set proper examples themselves, but should give substantial aid to this endeavor in the direction of economy and health. Bishop Potter, who rarely fails to say the right thing at the right time, puts the whole matter in a sentence: "It is most important to help people to think seriously about a matter which people of intelligence and culture dismiss too easily. We want some association of persons pledged in this matter to a Spartan simplicity and to respect for immutable sanitary laws; and to have this we want, first, the dissemination of sound ideas. New York is girt about to-day by the festering germs of pestilence. One day that pestilence will break out and destroy; and then we shall realize how our fond and foolish dealing with the dead has provoked it."

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.—Unusually few Congressmen were away from Washington during the Democratic Convention, and business proceeded about as usual. During the week the Senate passed seventy-eight bills—a very exceptional record. Forty of these, however, were private pension bills, of which Senator Hoar recently remarked, "We can always pass pension bills at the rate of one a minute."——The House, in considering the tariff bill, continued the discussion of free lumber, and took up the subject of free salt. Mr. Dingley, of Maine, proposed that the free lumber clause should not be made applicable to Canada until it granted the Maine fishermen their demands. Mr. Breckinridge responded with a proposition that fish should be admitted free whenever Canada consented to make the desired concessions.——In considering the subject of free salt, Mr. Emerson, of Ohio, asserted that the capital invested in the salt business in his district yielded a profit of but one-fourth of one per cent. per annum. Other members denounced the tax as a mere feeder to a salt monopoly. Mr. Whiting, a Michigan salt manufacturer, denied the charge of monopoly, but justified the removal of the tax. He said that large quantities of English salt were sold in Michigan for $2.25 per barrel, although the native product could be had for sixty cents. The dairy people wanted it.——The President has approved the act of Congress providing that pensions heretofore or hereafter granted to widows of soldiers of the war of the rebellion shall commence at the date of the death of their husbands.——Senator Gray has replied to Senator Frye's attack upon the Fisheries treaty.——Mr. Dougherty, of Florida, has introduced a tax bill repealing taxes on tobacco and on goods not produced in the United States, and levying a graduated tax upon all incomes of individuals or corporations in excess of $5,000.

GENERAL NEWS.—It is reported that the disease of the Emperor Frederick has at last attacked the trachea; grave complications are feared.——General Sheridan's condition Tuesday morning was rather better than for some days.——Governor Hill has vetoed the Electoral Reform bill, claiming that it discriminates between candidates in that the ballot clerks could furnish only ballots for candidates nominated in the way prescribed by the bill, and that this would be an unconstitutional restriction of the right of suffrage.——Lord Stanley has been sworn in as Governor-General of Canada.——Dom Pedro of Brazil is improving.——It is said that the English Cabinet are considering the advisability of abandoning the licensing clauses in the County Government bill.——Herr von Puttkamer, the Prussian Minister of the Interior, has resigned, it is said at the request of the Emperor.——Mr. Blaine and Mr. Carnegie have started on a coaching trip through Scotland.——Thomas McElrath, the first publisher of the New York "Tribune," died on June 6.

THE CRISIS IN HOME MISSIONS.

THE annual meeting of the American Home Missionary Society at Saratoga last week, of which an account will be found in another column, was in several respects a notable gathering. Never before have so many friends of the Society come from so many sections of the country to testify their interest in its noble work; never before have the magnitude and the pressing needs of that work been made so clear and brought home so forcibly to the hearts of all patriotic and Christian men; never before have fact and appeal united so eloquently to stir the conscience and unlock the treasury of the churches. There is an element of inspiration in the mere dimensions of such a task as that to which the Home Missionary Society has set its hand; it may well tax the faith and strength of the church to face and deal with such problems as those which confront this organization. There is inspiration in the magnitude of such a work, because it is only the great need that makes the great opportunity; it is only the great peril that develops the great power that conserves and saves. Emerson has somewhere said that nothing is so perilous for men as that they should live secure when they ought to be dying for their country. It is matter of rejoicing that this vast nation, which must also make itself a great nation if it is to be secure, is held face to face with great and imminent dangers that force into action the heroism and sacrifice that might otherwise disappear under the spell of materialism. Nothing could be so disastrous for the world as that it should be thoroughly at ease; should go its way and live its life undisturbed by anxieties and untroubled by care. Greatness in peoples as in men is bred by tremendous struggles, and by achievements which are wrung out of the agony of noble souls. It is in such experiences that life is saved from becoming mere animal existence.

Dr. Clark declares that there is to-day a crisis in home missions, and the facts which he presents show that he is no alarmist. It is a good thing for the Society and the churches that there is such a crisis upon them; there ought always to be a crisis in home missions. There ought always to be the sense of great and crying needs, of dangers that make us look to our civil and social order, of claims upon our time and thought and money that make us mindful of our stewardship. Let us rejoice when God draws heavily upon us, because this is the evidence that his work is going forward on a greater scale and demands a larger share of human co-operation. These emphatic calls for help serve to remind us also that the churches cannot spend in barren and worse than useless discussions the time and strength which are needed for the very salvation of society. For the problems which the Home Missionary Society is dealing with do not relate to the church alone or merely; they are State problems of the first importance; problems which affect every interest and every citizen in the country. The work which the faithful and capable servants of the Society are doing is public work; they are charged with responsibilities to the Nation second to none. While politicians are clamorous about surface questions, about mere matters of policy, the home missionaries are dealing at first hand with the most fundamental things which affect the national welfare and life. The tariff is a small matter compared with the question of the Americanization of the hordes of foreigners who are already in control in many parts of the country; the fishery dispute is a bagatelle compared with the issue between atheistic materialism in great sections of the country and a civilization which shall be grounded on Christian principles and penetrated by Christian impulses. The question of the character of a civilization transcends in importance all questions of method, policy, and material interest. In its dealing with these questions the Home Missionary Society is doing the work of statesmanship as well as of religion, and its servants are public men in a truer and deeper sense than the great majority of those who fill our legislative bodies or sit in the places of executive power. When the historian of the future sets over against the blunders of the reconstruction policy at the close of the war General Armstrong's far-seeing effort to educate the negro and so save the South from barbarism, it will be seen that the real statesmen of that era were those teachers who struck at the very heart of a problem which the politicians utterly failed to understand. Such a recognition doubtless awaits the men who are now putting heart and life into the service of Home Missions.

As report followed report from the different fields, the impression deepened in all minds that this is indeed a critical period in our history; that the perils to our institutions from foreign training, from widespread ignorance, and from a hard and selfish materialism are imminent and pressing, and that whatever is to be done must be done at once. The work is educational, and in all educational processes time is of the first importance. The frontiers must be carried now or they will become intrenched against the saving influences of morality and religion; the break in the dike must be stopped now or the ocean will be upon us. This means more money and more men this year than ever before; it means greater zeal and generosity on the part of the churches. These will not fail if the churches can be made to understand the opportunity and the peril of the hour. The difficulty is that many of them do not; that many pulpits are silent or lethargic because of a lack of information concerning the work of the Society. The facts are so startling and convincing that they carry with them a force more persuasive than eloquence; the difficulty is that they do not get a hearing. What is needed is fuller study of the field by the ministers, and more systematic and adequate presentation of the work and the needs of the Society to the churches. Mr. Hill's suggestion that the Sunday following the anniversary meeting be set apart to the presentation of this particular object ought to find wide acceptance. The added contribution of $100,000 which the Society needs for its work this year will not be withheld if the nature of the crisis is clearly understood. The Society cannot stand still; it must go forward or backward; the moment it fails to advance it begins to recede. Movement is the law of its mission, and it can be made only as the impulse of the churches is behind it.

"ONLY PREACHING."

THE last report of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association makes the assertion that seventy-five per cent. of the young men of this country are never seen inside of any church, that only fifteen per cent. of them can be said to be regular church-goers, and that but five per cent. are communicants.

These figures are evidently to be taken with some allowance. They cannot be exact. They do not tell us at what age a man ceases to be young; nor what constitutes regular church-going; and that seventy-five per cent. are *never* seen inside a church, have never been drawn by curiosity, or to hear some notable preacher, or on a funeral or Decoration Day occasion or the like, is inherently improbable and impossible of verification. But, not to be hypercritical, the figures unquestionably state in somewhat untrustworthy terms an easily verifiable fact. One has only to walk along the streets of any considerable town or village on a pleasant Sunday to satisfy himself that a large proportion of young men are out-of-doors; he has only to go into almost any church in the town to satisfy himself that only a small proportion are inside the church. Who is to blame?

Without attempting to distribute the blame impartially and equitably between all the parties—the young men, their parents, and the churches—we are inclined to lay the larger share of it on the churches; to ask the question which the young men ask more or less consciously, What are the churches doing for the young men? What either to attract, to educate, or to develop them? It is a familiar fact to all travelers that in Roman Catholic countries the worshipers are chiefly women. It is getting to be an equally patent fact in Protestant America. And it is one of serious import. It ought to make every minister ask himself what is lacking in his preaching, and every church ask itself what is lacking in its administration.

That the fault is at least partly in the churches is evident from the fact that there are churches in which a full half of the congregation is made up of men, and in which the proportion of young men is even greater than the proportion in the community outside. We will not give names of preachers lest we should seem to be advocating by indirection the claims of the New Theology to reach the young men. The appointed preachers at Harvard College preach to a chapel full on Sunday evenings—full, for the most part, of young men, though there is no com-

pulsion, legal, moral, or social, to bring them there. The same thing may be said of the preachers at Cornell. These are, it is true, preachers of more than ordinary merit; but it is also true that on these occasions they are aware that they are going to preach to young men, and carry with them a message framed accordingly. Our preaching altogether too much addresses the imagination and the sentiments; and young men are morbidly afraid of both. The message of the pulpit lacks manliness, virility, muscular force and vigor. It is what men call "preachy," and for that young men entertain an undisguised and, let us add, a healthy contempt. Moreover, it too often substitutes dogmatic assertion for appeal to common sense. And young men are far more likely to be repelled by a tone of authority than to be coerced by it. The minister who thunders from his pulpit denunciations of modern unbelief, who tells his hearers that evolution is atheism, and that he who doubts the historic character of the story of Jonah and the whale rejects the Gospel, is far more apt to make the young man who hears him reject the Gospel and accept the title atheist than to make him accept the story of Jonah and the whale and reject evolution. We presume that this article will be read by not a few ministers who look out on Sunday morning upon a congregation from which young men are conspicuously absent, but who dread to speak their hearts fully in the pulpit and on some modern living questions, lest they shall offend a bald headed deacon or a silver-haired mother in Israel who does not want her wine poured out of new bottles. That the preacher should be tender of the silver-haired mother and respectful to the bald headed deacon is very true. But let him not pay so much attention to these as to forget the young men whom he does not see, but wants to see, in his congregation. The preaching that is neither imaginative, emotional, nor dogmatic, that deals with the hard facts of life, that is common-sense, practical, manly, that has for its aim, not to coerce men's minds, but to inform them, not to entertain their imaginations nor to play upon their emotions, but to fit them for actual every-day living—that is, in short, manly preaching—has not lost its hold on young men, as Professor Drummond, by his remarkable success in addressing young men last year, abundantly demonstrated.

"Mother," said a restless child aroused by the imaginative and emotional appeal of the young preacher, "is that true, or is it only preaching?" "Only preaching" will not, and, let us add, it ought not to, take hold of young men. We have only ourselves to blame if, coming to church for truth and finding "only preaching," they stay away.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of other methods of reaching young men than by the pulpit—methods of organization and administration. But we submit to our Christian readers the problem, What shall our churches do to get hold of this seventy five per cent. of young men who do not go to church? And we shall be glad to get and give any light on this subject which actual experiments have anywhere given, whether they resulted in success or failure.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

III.—THE FINISH.

THE race is over. The Christian is just waiting to go up the golden steps and receive the crown. The experience is no longer one of obedience, What will thou have me to do? nor of pursuit, I follow after. It is one of waiting.

To some this hour is the best and most blessed of all. God does for some so fill their age with good that their youth is renewed like the eagle's. Before the Voice greets them with "Well done, good and faithful servant," a prophetic voice utters that message within their own soul. Perhaps the race itself has been a hard one; the racecourse rough with jagged stones; the feet are bleeding; the heart is still panting with the exertion; and the soul looks back with a sense of infinite relief that all is over, and softly says to itself:

> "Yes, everybody that leaves life sees all
> Softened and mellowed; so with other sights:
> To me at least was never evening yet
> But seemed far beautifuler than day,
> For past is past."

But it is not always so. Some souls have found such joy in the excitements of the race that they are reluctant to reach the Finish. Some have such vivid sense of having failed to do and to be all that they might have done and been that they wait at the foot of the golden steps full of apprehension. Fear, not hope, looks out of their eyes; and what we see depends on what looks out of our eyes more than on what is before them. All sunsets are not golden hued. Sometimes the sun is hidden behind a bank of clouds which are so heavy that not even the sun can illumine them. But no clouds ever yet extinguished the sun. Whatever its setting, it will rise again. To such as are thus waiting, the message of God's Word is still a message to look up, not down—out, not in—forward, not backward. The glow that must illumine these last hours must come from heaven, not from earth; the voice to cheer them must come from God, not from a consciousness within of work well done and life well lived; the rod and staff that sustain in the dark valley are hopes, not memories. The crown of righteousness is not earned, but given; given, not merely to all who have done well, but to all who love their Lord's appearing. The joy of the Finish is not that of the glad allegiance of a first love; that belongs to the Start. Nor that of an eager pursuit; that belongs to the Course. It is that of a patient waiting. And even to him whose doubting heart darkens the promises and shrouds hope itself with apprehension, there is the word: If we believe not, yet He abideth faithful: he cannot deny himself.

Do these lines come to any in sickness, infirmity, weariness, old age; to whom the joy of youth's hopes, and the greater joy of manhood's vigor and battles, are passed, and whose unhopeful temperament refuses to give them a vision of the crown? "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." This is the experience of the Finish.

"THE END ON'T."

A CORRESPONDENT in another column presents some considerations in favor of woman suffrage, considerations which appear to us more plausible than weighty. We do not propose to argue the question; but we do propose to urge that the question be argued, and thus far it is avoided. That question is whether political duties are of such a nature that women are bound to perform them, or whether women may claim exemption from them as they do from military duty, for example. And this question women suffragists do not even consider. Our correspondent does not consider it. Her arguments may be briefly epitomized as follows; they are three in number:

I. Women were once exempted from education as they are now exempted from suffrage. They are now given education; therefore they ought to be given suffrage.

II. The present political system is accompanied with grave defects. Something ought to be done to remedy them. Woman suffrage is something. Therefore woman suffrage ought to be adopted.

III. The majority of women do not desire the ballot. But the majority of women are ignorant and prejudiced. Therefore their wishes should not be consulted.

We do not think these arguments require any other reply than such as is afforded by a concise statement of them. They leave the real question still unanswered: Are women bound to assume the burdens involved in sharing political power? or may they claim exemption, as they have claimed it in the past?

It is something, however, to have secured from an enthusiastic woman suffragist the concession that the majority of women do not desire the ballot. The immediate question is thus greatly simplified. It is not whether the men shall concede to woman a right denied to her; but whether they shall impose on woman a burden which she is unwilling to assume. That she is unwilling to assume it is demonstrated by the fact that not even the interests of temperance and education have sufficed to draw her in great numbers to the polls in most of the States where the polls have been opened to her. It is easy to say that her abstention is due to ignorance and prejudice. It would be equally easy to say that the desire of a minority of women for suffrage is due to ambition for power and publicity. The one statement is as unreal as the other. The inclination of some women for the ballot is due to their conviction that with it they could quickly realize ideals which now they can realize only by the slow process of education, through the school, the press, and the home circle. The disinclination of more women for the ballot is due to their conviction that as educators they are strong, as law-makers they would be weak. Which conviction is correct we will not here consider; we only insist that the women suffragists must address their arguments to the women who are anti-suffragists; that if there is to be any reality in their arguments they must cease assuming that men are withholding from women rights which they desire to exercise, and begin to discuss the question whether woman is declining to take up duties which God and nature have laid upon her.

The writer of these lines was twenty years ago an ardent advocate of woman suffrage. He has in his desk an elaborate argument for woman suffrage which he then wrote, but which has never seen the light of day. What has caused him to halt in his advocacy is, not the arguments of men, but the instincts and intuitions of women. He is not prepared to deprive her of an exemption which she claims, and to impose on her duties from which she shrinks back reluctant. His observation does not confirm the implication of our correspondent that it is ignorance and prejudice which makes the silent majority reluctant to assume co-equal responsibility with men for the administration of the State. On the contrary, with rare exceptions, the noblest, the most self-denying, the most conscientious, and the most broadly educated women appear to him to be opposed to this movement; though, for the same reason—a womanly dread of public agitation—equally opposed to any public manifestation of their opposition. It is for this silent majority we speak. We stand for the rights of woman, and therefore for her right to be exempt from the responsibilities of political administration until she is desirous to assume them. We do not desire to dissuade her from assuming them, and if ever she desires to take them up we shall be found earnest in advocating her right to them, if indeed in that day there is any one who denies her that right.

Meanwhile we commend to woman suffragists the old verse, especially the last two lines:

> "When she will, she will,
> You may depend on't;
> And when she won't, she won't,
> And there's an end on't."

A correspondent, criticising a report in The Christian Union of April 5, which characterized the remarks of Miss H. B. Loud, at the Woman's Convention at Washington, as violent and threatening, sends us what purports to be a verbatim report of that portion of her address which our correspondent so characterized. Our correspondent is a cautious one and not given to exaggerations, but if the report before us fully represents all that Mrs Loud said on that occasion, it is true that her address was a warning, not a threat, and that the proper question for the critic would be, not whether the spirit was right, but whether the warning was justified.

Will the subscriber who sent a personal note to Dr. Lyman Abbott from the Galt House, Louisville, Ky., dated May 30, kindly send his name and address to Mr. Abbott? He wishes to write personally in reply.

IN AND ABOUT BOSTON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

WORSHIPERS in the Church of the Disciples in Boston have felt for some time that each sermon might be the last of their beloved pastor, James Freeman Clarke. When it was known that he would preach, the house was filled. An assistant took the introductory services, and Mr. Clarke preached sitting. His last service was but two or three Sundays since; his feebleness of health, solemn earnestness, and the feeling that those lips would not long continue to drop speech upon their ears, subdued the hearers to almost breathless stillness.

His death, on the evening of the 8th inst., was not unexpected. Dr. Clarke entered upon his seventy-ninth year the 4th of last April. For a long time his tall figure has been one of the best recognized sights in the city. He fitted for college in the Boston Latin School, was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1829, in which were such famous men as Oliver Wendell Holmes; Benjamin R Curtis, Justice of the United States Supreme Court; Chief Justice Bigelow, of the Massachusetts Court; William Henry Channing; Professor Benjamin Peirce, Harvard's greatest original genius; and Dr S F Smith, author of our National hymn. Mr. Clarke, after leaving the Divinity School, preached seven years to a Unitarian society in Louisville, Ky., and then came to Boston and established the Church of the Disciples in 1841, to which he has ministered since, with several interruptions from feeble health,

At one time in his absence the members were accustomed to meet and observe the Lord's Supper without the pastor. Among the original members were Nathaniel Peabody and his three daughters, one of whom became Mrs. Horace Mann, one Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne, the third being Miss Elizabeth Peabody. These members subscribed to the simple confession, "Our faith is in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God," the declaration of their object being, "And we hereby form ourselves into a church of his disciples, that we may co-operate together in the study and practice of Christianity." Dr. Clarke made his pulpit the center of a wide influence. Simple and direct in style, straightforward, without the genius of oratory or the flash of rhetoric, yet abounding in good sense, warm with philanthropy and in sympathy with humankind, Dr. Clarke easily held his large and intelligent and cultured congregation. He was a reformer in the grain. By nature he must be an anti-slavery man, and as naturally a female suffragist. It was easy for him, following his instincts of independence, to stand up in the Republican State Convention and repudiate Benjamin F Butler, saying, "A bolt is always in order," and declaring for "the divine right to bolt." It was not in accord with his nature and his sense of fitness to support Mr. Blaine for the Presidency, and so he exercised his divine right to bolt and support Mr. Cleveland. His writings are voluminous, and they are good reading. His last poem was written on his seventy-eighth birthday, the 4th of last April, the last stanza being:

"Be happy now and ever,
That from the love divine no power the soul shall sever;
For not our feeble nor our stormy past,
Nor shadows from the future backward cast;
Not all the gulfs of evil far below,
Nor mountain peaks of good which soar on high
Into the unstained sky,
Nor any power the universe can know;
Nor the vast laws to whose control are given
The blades of grass just springing from the sod,
And stars within the unsounded depths of heaven—
Can touch the spirit hid with Christ in God.
For naught that he has made, below, above,
Can part us from his love."

There is no doubt that the nomination of Mr. Cleveland is satisfying to most of the Independents in Massachusetts, and they will *heartily support him by their votes.* The movers in the revolt four years ago—Colonel C. R Codman, President Eliot, Colonel T. W. Higginson, the Hon. H. L. Pierce, the Committee of One Hundred, and many business men—openly declare for Mr. Cleveland. While his civil service has not been all they desire, they claim it is the best we have had, and the promise for the future is more hopeful with him who has done so much than it would be in the hands of any Republican who is likely to get the nomination; and in addition they like his tariff reform ideas, and are pleased with the action of the convention in St Louis as a whole, not as ideal, but as voicing the principles of real reform. Among the Republicans there is open warfare in the Wooster district, now represented by a Democrat, Mr. Russell, because of the fight; and in the State there are factions opposing each other as to who shall be the next Governor, the present incumbent, Mr. Crapo, or Mr Draper—Governor Ames, I imagine, holding the helm, either to steer his course into another gubernatorial term or into Congress, as the political breezes may seem to favor one or the other.

At a meeting of the Suffolk South Association of ministers, Dr. William Barrows read a sermon that was written and preached forty two years ago, on election and foreordination. The brethren were surprised that Dr. Barrows should preach such a sermon, and in their criticism tore it to pieces without mercy, declaring that such preaching would make skeptics and infidels, and belonged to an age of hyper-Calvinism; when Dr. Barrows replied that the sermon was written soon after he had left Union Seminary, and was made from his note-book of theological lectures, and he had read it to show the progress in thinking, believing, and sermonizing in the last forty or fifty years. I do not think there is a pulpit in England that would tolerate such kind of sermons a month. Dr. N. G. Clark declared that such sermons would be disastrous to the mission cause to-day in the foreign field. It is to such preaching a hundred years ago that we must ascribe the rise and growth of Universalism, Unitarianism, and Methodism in New England—reactions from the old New England theology.

Professor George Harris preached to the graduating class in Andover Seminary last Sunday, on the preacher's ministry of service by sympathetic adaptation—to be all things to all men that he may gain some The preacher's object is to bring men into the ideal life, to their true selves. His methods are many-sided because he wishes to gain the whole man and all men. If he preaches only to a class, he will become narrow. If Christ had preached only as a Jew to Jews, some other man would have carried the Gospel to the Gentiles. The preacher's calling should not make him narrow, for he has all varieties of character to deal with in his congregation.

The graduating class numbers twenty. It is remarkable that the controversy has not thrown Andover students out of sympathy with the churches. They are welcome in the pulpits; not one has been refused license to preach; not one has been rejected by a council. One member of the Senior Class, Mr. Stiles, has been ordained by the Free Baptists to go as a foreign missionary, he holding substantially the views on probation that Mr. Noyes and Mr. Torrey hold, who were rejected by Dr. Alden and the Prudential Committee of the American Board. His case, and the ordination of Mr. Torrey last week, clearly indicate that if left to councils the young men would not be rejected on a hypothesis.

OBSERVER.

IN AND ABOUT CHICAGO.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE meeting of the Illinois Association of Congregational Churches at Evanston, the last week in May, was largely a conference about carrying on the missionary work of the churches. A noticeable feature was the large number of papers or addresses by women, who ably presented the work of Home Missions, of the American Board, the Congregational Union, the New West Education Commission, and the American Missionary Association. The most important papers on other topics were by Henry M. Lyman, M D., who gave a very scholarly argument on "The Hope of Immortality, as Sustained by Nature, Science, and Philosophy;" by the Rev F. W. Gunsaulus, D.D., on "Some Functions of the Holy Spirit with Regard to Orthodoxy;" and by the Rev. W. A. Lloyd, of Ravenswood, on "Councils the Organ of Congregational Fellowship." The latter voiced sentiments which, it is asserted, are not held in this vicinity, and which are contrary to views of Congregationalism recently expressed by Dr. Alden, Joseph Cook, and others in a Chicago ministers' meeting, when he said: "When controversy over the dogma of future probation threatened to rupture our fellowship, it was Congregational to propose that difficult cases should be submitted to the arbitrament of councils. It was not Congregational to evade, and finally reject, that orderly proposal. Had a tithe of the ability that was summoned to argue that councils were impracticable been devoted to devising how the issue might be brought before councils, the way would have appeared plain and easy. The American Board, with strange simplicity, recklessly announced that it was not Congregational, and was in no way amenable to Congregational principles or polity. And, more than this, the venerable Board proposed, at its own imperial pleasure, itself to exercise within and upon our fellowship the highest ecclesiastical function—that of inquisition by creeds—proscribing and rejecting by these private standards teachers whom the churches fellowshipped and ordained to the ministry. Either the Board must rule Congregationalism, or Congregationalism must reduce its missionary agency to harmony with its own principles It will never quiet the demand for the control of our Congregational polity in missionary affairs to tell us that we may send to the Board our humble suggestions accompanied by our contributions, that some of us may participate in some of its discussions, and to make us the cruel suggestion of withholding supplies from missionaries. It is not Congregational to starve missionaries in order to influence the policy of our missionary societies. It ill becomes any Board, Secretary, or Committee, a Manhattan Association, or conspicuous lecturer, to speak contemptuously of, or undermine public confidence in, councils. It is not loyalty in any Congregationalist to emphasize his respect for exceptions in Congregationalism. It is easy to cultivate mistrust, and come to feel that there is safety only in the judgment and management of selected Boards. This feeling is incipient hierarchy. Congregationalism is a bold and generous confidence in one another." By vote of the Association the discussion of this paper was cut off before the time assigned to it was used up, the maker of the motion stating that he was afraid to have it go on. It is a voice even from the Chicago Association.

In view of the recent action of the City Council with regard to the location of dram-shops, a very large mass-meeting was held in Central Music Hall on the 27th ult., to protest against saloon domination. The leading pastors and representative Christian citizens, regardless of denominations, were present. The meeting revealed a great power for righteousness if it could be wielded, even if the Council were not greatly alarmed by it. Many and vigorous five-minute speeches were made, which were generally confined to practical methods of lessening saloon encroachments, and fitting resolutions were passed. The next afternoon a committee from the meeting met a committee of the Council. The Aldermen in the evening treated the petition with a little more respect than they did three weeks earlier, as if they saw a little anti-saloon cloud in the sky; but their votes showed they still saw a much larger saloon cloud, and had more respect thereunto. An ordinance was finally passed prohibiting a saloon not already established within two hundred feet of a church or public or parochial school which had an average attendance of over fifty pupils, or on residence blocks, excepting when accompanied by the written permission of the majority of property owners on both sides of the street. It also required the saloon-keeper to keep all doors opening from his barroom into the street closed on Sunday, and provide curtains and screens for the windows This ordinance might have given us a little more of the appearance of Sunday observance and some small protection to homes and schools, but the Mayor has vetoed it. A saloon is a nuisance anywhere, but it ought to be as harmless in the vicinity of a church as in any other place. If the Council had supposed that the people who filled Music Hall would be active at primaries and on election day, they might have been more moved. So long as saloon men work together before election, and anti-saloon men simply protest after election, the former will probably wield the greater power.

In the interests of health, if not of morals, the city authorities have recently made war on various underground lodging-houses, where beds were let for five or ten cents a night, and which, owing to the dampness, lack of ventilation and drainage, were likely to become pest houses. In one of these cellars were found 100 bunks of unplaned boards, ranged in two tiers, and abounding in all manner of uncleanness. The occupants seemed to think such lodgings were better than the street, but that was doubtless owing to the late spring, which has kept the tramps in winter quarters. The landlords submitted to the breaking up of their business and the cremation of their furniture with a grace which indicated that they did not find the emoluments of such hotel-keeping to be very great.

It is often supposed that the members of the North American Turner Bund are Socialists, not averse to the use of force. But when the question of Anarchism was discussed at their recent meeting, a resolution was adopted that, while they were determined to employ their entire strength against monopolies, they would do so only in a legal way, and all appeals to brute force or attempts to incite riots were denounced as criminal. They also added, by a vote of 354 to 208: "The accusation that we are in sympathy with Anarchistic ideas we emphatically deny. We shall at all times stand up for law and order, and it is our highest aim to lead this country to a beautiful future, to secure the welfare of all, and to protect every one in his rights." In connection with this it is worthy of note that Judge Magruder, of the Supreme Court, who is said to have written the opinion which confirmed the sentence of the Anarchists, has just been elected without opposition, he receiving 9,557 out of 9,635 votes cast.

CRIME IN MAINE.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

REFERRING to a notice of my remarks at the recent annual meeting of the Congregational Club of Portland, published in the New York "Evening Post," you have expressed a wish for me to furnish you the gist of the facts to which I then made allusion. I take pleasure in doing so, believing that they merit public attention both in and out of Maine.

First, in regard to our population. When Maine was admitted as an independent State in 1820 we had about 300 000 inhabitants. During the ensuing thirty years our population nearly doubled, so that in 1850 we numbered 583,169. Since 1850 the census indicates a gain of only eleven and a quarter per cent.—65 470 persons for the three decades. During the first thirty years of our history two executions took place (I believe); during the thirty-eight years since 1850 nine executions have occurred, including the lynching of one murderer in Aroostook County.

Next, as to our legislation. From 1820 to 1837 we had an efficient capital punishment law, under which, as has been observed, two murderers suffered.

From 1837 to 1869 a Janus-faced bastard capital law prevailed designed to effect a practical abolition of the death penalty by leaving the issuance of the death warrant substantially to the option of the Governor. Under that *régime* two more executions took place, one by Governor Cony in 1864 the other by Governor Chamberlain in 1868 From 1869 to 1876 we had once more an efficient capital law, under which three executions occurred; capital punishment was abolished in 1876 and restored in 1883; during those seven years, however, a murderer was lynched by indignant citizens, neighbors

of the victim. In 1887 the death penalty was a second time abolished.

In 1850 divorce was made comparatively easy, and this *quasi* free love law was not repealed until 1883, the same year that capital punishment was restored. Under its encouragement a vast number of divorces were accomplished. In 1851 our first prohibitory law was passed; it was approved by the same Governor who signed the divorce act. In 1856 prohibition was overthrown, but in 1858 it was re-established, and has been steadily intensified by almost every successive Legislature; thirty-four additional acts for that purpose having been passed, making no less than forty-two statutes on the subject during the past thirty-seven years. In 1884 the prohibitory principle was engrafted into our Constitution.

In 1850 (the year of the enactment of our divorce law) the common school law of Maine was radically changed, and the foundation for a large and rapidly increasing addition to educational expenditures laid; and in 1871 a State tax of one mill on the dollar of our entire valuation (amounting to $286,000) was levied for educational purposes: this was the first attempt to impose a State tax for common schools.

I am not able to state with exactness the figures, but it is safe to say that the amount actually expended for educational purposes throughout Maine now is immensely greater than in 1850.

Third. As to our wealth. In 1850 our State valuation was $100,157,573, while in 1880 it was $235,798,716—a gain of about 135 per cent.

Such, briefly, has been the advance of Maine during the past thirty-seven years in population, wealth, and educational expenditure, and such the history of its legislation on divorce and the liquor traffic, and in reference to the punishment of murder.

I will now state the principal facts relating to the progress of murder and other high crime during the same period, and leave them to speak for themselves.

Maine has only one State prison, exclusively reserved for the punishment of high crime—viz., felony, the minimum sentence being one year. But every county has its jail for the punishment of minor offenses—viz., misdemeanors, the maximum sentence being less than one year. Until 1873 no felon was ever sentenced to either of our sixteen jails.

Now, the Warden's report for 1851 shows that at the end of that year the whole number of State prison convicts (felons) was eighty-seven, of whom only four were murderers, and ten others were under sentence for dangerous crimes. Assuming that under the influence of our legislation and other causes at work in the moral, social, religious, political, educational, and financial world, murder and other dangerous crime, and high crime in general, had been so far restrained in Maine since 1851 as to keep pace with population, we ought to add eleven and one-quarter per cent. to the above figures, which would give us as our quota for the present year four murderers, twelve other dangerous criminals, and in all ninety-seven felons.

But the last report of our Warden shows that at the close of 1887 the murderers' row had stretched out to thirty-three, the list of dangerous criminals to sixty, and the whole number of State prisoners to 165. But this exhibit falls short of the truth. Such had been the increase of felony that it became necessary to build a new prison or to provide for the overflow.

Accordingly, in 1873 an act was passed authorizing counties to build jail workshops, and allowing felons whose sentences ranged from one to three years to be incarcerated in county work jails instead of, as theretofore, in the State prison. Thereupon five work-jails were erected, at a cost of some $60,000, in which sixty-eight felons were imprisoned in 1878, when I had the fact elicited by legislative inquiry.

For some reason this important information is not given in the annual reports of our Trustees and Warden, and I am therefore unable to give the number of felons at present confined in the work jails of the State. Assuming it to be the same as in 1878, the corrected number of felons at the end of 1887 was 233. During the present year we have averaged about a homicide a month, and we have now in our jails no less than five murderers who have been found guilty by a jury or are sure to be as soon as they can be put on trial, besides a sixth murderer who blew his own brains out after murdering his three children. Adding these last cases, we shall have 33 murderers, 65 dangerous criminals, and 238 felons, indicating an increase of 174 per cent. in felony, 307 per cent. in dangerous crime, and 850 per cent. in murder during the past thirty-seven years in Maine.

I ought to add that our population is largely American, and even of Maine birth; over 80 per cent. of our felons are native-born Americans, and more than 60 per cent. are natives of Maine, while only 6 per cent. are Roman Catholics. Twelve and a half per cent. were sentenced during minority, 70 per cent. under the age of thirty-five; the average of commitment is below thirty. Hence it will be found that we have actually raised at home in Maine, from our native-born population since 1851, more felons undergoing punishment for their crimes in our State prison and work-jails than the whole number to which the State is entitled, young and old, native born and foreign, on the basis of the crime rate of 1851.

C. W. GODDARD.

PORTLAND.

WOMEN AND POLITICAL DUTIES.

FROM a recent editorial in The Christian Union I would appear that I have "afforded a curious illustration of lack of logic" because in saying anything about the Woman's Movement I omitted to notice certain alleged objections to giving women the ballot; these objections being, first, that the suffrage involves grave responsibilities and imposes serious burdens from which women should be exempted; the second, that the majority of women themselves desire this exemption. Anxious to conform to whatever may be the true standard in logic, I make what seems to me the obvious answer to these propositions. It is not many scores of years since there was a general desire to exempt women from the responsibilities of education. The Boston public schools, founded in 1644, were for boys only until 1789, when girls were admitted to the "reading and writing schools" for a part of the year. A little more than half a century ago a bill was introduced into the Legislature of the State of New York asking for an appropriation for the establishment of certain seminaries and high schools for young women. The bill was opposed on the ground that "learning was a very dangerous thing for women; it would draw them from their domestic duties, and therefore would be very pernicious for the interests of the State and society." Education is a responsibility which woman has gladly accepted, and she has assumed the additional burden of educating others. In his last Report the Commissioner of Education says that the total number of male teachers in the public schools is 104,249; female, 191,439; the females being 64.76 per cent. of the whole. Here there are nearly two hundred thousand women believed to be capable of teaching United States history, desired to be conversant with public affairs; and yet we are told that it would tax them too severely to go to the polls a few times a year, and there, as well as in the school-room, help to make United States history! And here are other hundreds of thousands of women who may study and talk politics with their boys and girls at home, but it would be too serious a burden to direct politics as voters! In their recent address the bishops of the Methodist Church declare concerning the women of that denomination: "In all reformatory and benevolent enterprises, especially in the temperance, missionary, and Sunday-school department of church work, their success has been marvelous, and challenges our highest admiration." Neither the Methodist nor any other church seems to desire a return to the old days when women were silent, inactive members. Which is more laborious, to study the needs of one's town and State, or to study an international Sunday-school lesson? Which will be the more serious burden, to go the meetings of the school board and town council, or to go to prayer-meetings and missionary meetings? Is it urged that because women has taken up all this reformatory and benevolent work therefore she should be excused from political duties? It might once have been just as properly urged that because a woman takes upon herself the duties of home-maker and the responsibilities of motherhood, therefore she should be exempt from all benevolent work outside her home. To put it in another way: The Sunday-school, for instance, "draws women from their domestic duties, and therefore is very pernicious for the interests of the State and society." The argument that home is woman's place proves more than some of its users desire.

If home is her place, she is bound to share in those activities that make for the well-being of home; she is bound to take an authoritative part in the management of all matters relating to that assemblage of homes that we call a town or city. Woman must assume political responsibility because her interests as a woman are not justly considered in the statute making in which she has a hand. In the State of Ohio, for instance, a man may make a will without his wife's consent, and without her knowledge of its contents. If a man dies leaving no will, his wife gets her "thirds"—one-third; if the woman dies, her husband gets his thirds—three-thirds. The children belong to the father; in case of his death the mother is assumed to be incompetent as a guardian. These are mere specimens of Ohio's justice for women, and Ohio is not a sinner above all other States. What is the natural history of such laws? Did men "ask their wives at home" when they framed these statutes? "The conception of justice, which is the primary one in morals, and the administration of justice, which is the vital condition of social existence, are impossible without the recognition of a certain likeness in men's claims, in virtue of their common humanity." When Herbert Spencer here uses the word "man," I understand that he means *homo sapiens*, including both sexes. The masculine portion of the community forget to-day, as they have in all ages, at least part of our likeness of claims with them in virtue of our common humanity, with such effects on the popular conception of justice and the administration of justice as may be witnessed in every State in this Union. The politician does not find woman's rights a "live question." In a certain town in New York eight hundred women signed and presented a petition praying the authorities not to license another saloon. The petition was thrown into the waste-basket without a reading. Why is it that a woman's name has so little weight on a petition? Those who scorn women's prayers have made answer: *Because a woman has no vote.*

Not only for her own sake, but on account of all, woman can no longer be excused from the duties of a citizen. When each of two great political parties writes on its banner: Party first, Principles afterward; when "the Lobby is second in power only to Congress itself;" when corruption has spread from the Senate to the smallest incorporated village, it is time even for those who would be glad to have their political duties attended to for them by proxy, to ask what is the matter and what can be done. Is not the small progress made by this so-called republic in righteous government to be attributed in large part to the continued disfranchisement of half, the better half, of its citizens? If there were no other interests at stake, the temperance cause alone affords reason why women should assume political responsibilities. I appeal to the women who have worked longest for this cause and know most about it, who are using every resource in their power to stop the liquor traffic, going in vain as suppliants into legislatures and drinking saloons; I appeal to the long procession of those whose hearts have been broken by this traffic—yes, and to those whose hearts must yet break; I ask them all to testify whether the heavy end of the load does not already rest on women's shoulders, whether it would not be a lessening instead of an increasing of their burdens if they had the ballot, and whether it is not their conviction that they ought to have it immediately?

The second objection, that women themselves desire exemption from political responsibilities, is already partially answered. Assuming, as the objectors seem to assume, that it is a question of desire instead of duty, what is the objection worth? Quite probably, if a vote were taken to-day, the majority of women would say they do not want the ballot. Does this mean that the majority of women, having carefully considered the question, have deliberately decided that they prefer disfranchisement? It means nothing of the sort. Women have long endured what they thought they could not help, and are just beginning to think of their rights with any sort of hope. Let a woman watch the application of law; let her come into possession of the truth; let her feel the thrill of *esprit de corps*, and then, if she is not restrained by the fear of a husband's disapproval, see how she will vote! Ignorance would be the cause of a large negative vote to-day, though it must be added that there are still other women whom selfishness or sentimentality would move to say, "We have all the rights we want!" As to the actual number of those who do ask the ballot, forty years ago they indeed were a mere handful. Those heroic women, Abby Kelly and Lucretia Mott, rest from their labors, but their works follow them. There are in the United States two woman's suffrage associations—the American and the National. Their consolidation is planned, and will no doubt be accomplished in the near future. It is not likely that the united Suffrage Association will be less efficient in methods of work than is the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, itself a specimen of what women can do in the way of organization, and a powerful ally of the suffrage associations. If any suppose that I am theorizing when I affirm the rapid increase in the number of adherents to the suffrage cause, I refer them to the facts as they are recorded in the "Woman's Journal," the "Woman's Tribune," and the "Union Signal."

Finally, who are these few women who want the ballot? Mere enumeration neglects the qualitative element. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony, Julia Ward Howe and Frances E. Willard and Clara Barton—are these ordinary women, with only the ordinary measure of power and influence? And who are the rank and file? Intelligent, thoughtful women, lovers of home and native land. Yet we are told that these must be disfranchised until all women everywhere express themselves as dissatisfied with their political and legal status. "None should vote till all want to vote!" This doctrine will be preserved in alcohol; bad men will use it until the last moment; some good men will use it, too, under the pleasing delusion that it contains a sound principle.

If at any points in this letter I have been "dogmatic," it is a dogmatism based on facts rather than theories;

but, as Emerson says, we cannot spend the day in explanation.

ELLEN A. HAYES.

HANOVER.

HOME MISSIONS AT SARATOGA.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

NEVER, surely, has Saratoga worn a more beautiful vesture than in these early June days when nature, unmindful of the revel of fashion soon to set in, has lavished every resource of form and color upon the earliest comers. Among these fortunate forerunners of the season have been those who have come from all parts of the country to attend the sixty-second anniversary of the American Home Missionary Society. If evidence were needed of the importance of the work of this organization, of the ability and fidelity with which it is served, the widespread and profound interest in its labors and its needs, it has been abundantly furnished by the throngs who have come here from all parts of the country, by the intense interest manifested at the various meetings, and by the enthusiasm shared alike by those who have spoken and those who have listened, by those who have worked in the field and those who have labored at home, by those who have come fresh and eager from the far West, bringing the inspiration of their service and their sacrifice with them, and by those who have come to light the torches of their zeal at these fires of faith. In the history of the Society there have been no larger or more eager audiences; there has been no more inspiring summarization of work done or outlook upon the opportunities of the future. In the gravity of the facts which have been brought to light, in the magnitude of the work to be done, in the close connection between that work and the welfare of the nation, it has become clear that the Home Missionary Society is not the servant of a denomination, or even of the Church of Christ alone, but of the nation; that it is doing for the country a work more important than that which is performed at Washington; a work of supreme moment and of the most fundamental and enduring character. For the State cannot deal at first hand with the throngs of foreigners who have poured like a tide into some of the most fertile sections of the country; the State cannot touch the base materialism of other sections and transmute the gold for which all the higher qualities of character, all the nobler uses of life, are sold into coin which shall bear the superscription of a divine order; this work can be done only by religion served by such intelligence and zeal as are at the command of the Home Missionary Society. It was the national scope of the work, its public value, its statesmanlike quality, which was impressed again by the reports and addresses at Saratoga last week: it was the clear perception of great perils to the commonwealth and of the urgency of the need for more money and men that gave the keynote to every session.

The annual sermon by Dr. George Leon Walker, of Hartford, on Tuesday evening, touched this vital theme with strength, faith, and breadth. Under the general subject of "Things Which Make the Present a Time of Special Urgency in Home Missionary Work," Dr. Walker enumerated, among the facts in the present situation which demand wider and more earnest activity, the increasing heterogeneousness of immigration from foreign lands, and the modification of old standards of social, political, and moral action, illustrated by the removal of restrictions on suffrage, by the change of attitude toward the Sabbath, by the restlessness of the working classes, and by the tendency of large bodies of our immigrant population to lower standards of life than have hitherto prevailed among us. "It is the work of religion and of education to deal with the problem raised by the changed condition of affairs, and in this work the Home Missionary Society has a most important service. It is fitted for this work by the simplicity and democratic character of its organization, and the church polity which it represents. It is fitted for it by the directness with which it voices the will of the churches and the feeling of Christian hearts. It is fitted for it by the character of its missionaries, consecrated men and women, illustrators and promulgators of household piety. And it is fitted for it by the simple, undogmatic gospel which it carries to plain and hard-worked men; the only gospel which is a true missionary gospel to a lost and weary world." The address of President Seelye on Wednesday morning gave still further emphasis to the dangers and the necessities of the hour. With characteristic impressiveness he marshaled an imposing array of statistics to show the strength of those tendencies in modern society which cannot be overcome by law, but are reached only by the power of religion and morality; which can be overcome only by the new impulse which Christianity puts into the minds and hearts of men. In the direct line of this need, Secretary Barrows read a paper of great force and cogency, which commanded the undivided attention of a great audience, and the substance of which we are glad to give our readers herewith:

LAY ACTIVITY IN MISSIONARY WORK.

BY THE REV WALTER M. BARROWS D.D.

Dr. Duff, Scotland's great missionary to India, said, "The church that ceases to be evangelistic will soon cease to be evangelical." Professor Max Müller goes further than this when he affirms that "The Christian Church would cease to exist if it ceased to be missionary."

It would appear, then, that not only the purity and spirituality, but the very life, of the church is bound up with its missionary enterprises. The Christian spirit is the missionary spirit, and missionary activity is the evidence of its existence and the measure of its intensity and power.

Never did this spirit shine out more brightly than in the early church. Not only the Apostles, but the disciples, went everywhere publishing the glad tidings. This will explain how it happened that in the lifetime of some who had seen the Christ the people throughout the known world had had the Gospel preached to them. It is true their world was a small one compared with ours. But the church to day is beginning to understand that its mission is to do for the great world that which the Apostolic Church did for the little world lying about the Mediterranean Sea—leaven it with the leaven of the Gospel of Christ.

But how can this be accomplished? It can only be done by following the example of the early church. The whole Christian brotherhood must be enlisted in this service. There is great danger that individual responsibility shall be lost sight of, and too much reliance be placed upon corporations, organizations, committees—machinery of different sorts. The church has its great missionary societies; and its members contribute toward their support. And they do well. These societies have been wonderfully blessed of God in the upholding of the Redeemer's kingdom. But how? Why? Because their officers get hold of individuals, consecrated men and women, and send them to the destitute in our own land and in foreign lands. These persons carry with them a Christian atmosphere; they not only teach Christianity, but they live according to Christianity; they establish relations with individuals, and gradually the whole level of society is uplifted. But the fact that men are giving of their means to support workers of this sort in Utah and Japan does not excuse them from endeavoring to exert a similar influence over the heathen who may be living in the street next to the one in which they live.

Yet in too many cases Christians are trying to do their work near at home, like that at a distance, vicariously. They hire a minister to do it for them. They trust to his sermons to convert the community. But this attempt to reach the mass of mankind by preaching at them is, according to Dr. Wayland, like attempting to fill a row of bottles by standing at a distance and throwing water at them. A few drops may go in, but most of it is split on the ground. If the bottles are to be filled, they must be taken one by one by the neck and the water poured into them. And so men must be taken, as individuals, and the truth poured into them. It can thus be adapted to their individual wants, and be brought home to them with a power of personal love and sympathy. It will be difficult for the most abandoned to resist the truth when it is presented to them in this living way.

It should be remembered, then, that the church is not an end in itself, but a means to an end. This end is not merely fellowship or the upbuilding of the membership in the Christian life, but the upbuilding of the kingdom of Christ in the world. This can only be done by reaching forth to those who are now without God and hence without hope in the world; and this not alone by the minister but by the whole membership. Are not the laity as truly responsible for their work as the ministry? And yet are not a majority of them shirking this responsibility?

All will doubtless admit that there are immense undeveloped resources in the churches. If these could be brought into action, an impetus would be given to missionary operations that would make them irresistible. Our Congregational churches have an average membership of something over one hundred. How many of the hundred are only nominal adherents? How many are alive, active, ready to co-operate with the pastor in every good work? Do one-half belong to the latter class? One-quarter? One-eighth? You will rarely find a church that has not more than one consecrated woman in it, though there are many without a single consecrated man.

It should be said that there are churches the majority of whose members are devoted disciples of the Lord Jesus, ready to engage in personal work and to give liberally of their means to every benevolent and missionary cause. Some churches are like a city set on a hill: they are known, seen, and felt to the ends of the earth. But are they not the exception? Certain facts would seem to indicate that they are. Last year there were five thousand evangelical churches in the United States that did not give a dollar to the cause of foreign missions. Probably nearly one-fifth of them were Congregational churches. At any rate, there were nearly nine hundred of our churches that made no contribution to their Home Missionary Society! It is stated that members of our Protestant churches to the number of nearly four millions did not give a dollar to the support of the Gospel anywhere, and a still greater number gave nothing like what they should have done in proportion to their means. For while their wealth is estimated at over $10 000,000 000, and the annual increase of this wealth at over $400,000 000, their annual contributions to home and foreign missions are only $7,000 000.

Our Congregational churches have the honorable distinction of giving more in proportion to means and membership than any other body of Christians. But measured by any high standard they have nothing to boast of. Last year our nearly half-million members gave about eighty cents apiece to their church-planting society. The gifts from the living and the bequests from the dead enabled the Society to commission fifteen hundred and eighty-four home missionaries. If to these there be added those supported by the American Board, the American Missionary Association, and the Sunday-School Society, the total will reach not far from twenty-two hundred; *i. e.*, about one missionary to every two hundred church members. But would one missionary for every one hundred members be too much to expect? This proportion would double the present force.

But who is to blame for this unsatisfactory condition? Undoubtedly much of the responsibility for it rests upon the ministry. Wilberforce described the Church of England clergy as mere "marrying, burying, and christening machines." This may have been a true characterization once, but it is so no longer. The fourteen thousand rectors and vicars of the Anglican Church are, as a rule, earnestly engaged in parish work, faithfully looking after the spiritual and temporal well being of their cures. And this is equally true of the Christian ministry in our country. There is no harder worked or more self-sacrificing body of men to be found. They give more in benevolence, in proportion to their means, than do their parishioners. As a rule they are better informed about the missionary movements of the church, and are working harder to promote them, than are the laymen. In proof of this we would refer to the difficulty we have encountered in our endeavors to secure laymen competent to speak at these Saratoga meetings. As to ministers, there is an embarrassment of riches. The difficulty consists in selecting. But, though the laymen outnumber the clergymen a hundred to one, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that it would be as easy to find one hundred ministers who would do this work with acceptance as one layman. *This ought not so to be.*

But are not the ministers themselves in part to blame? They are the teachers of the church. Where are the workers that they have trained? Where are the leaders that they have raised up? Where are the liberal and systematic givers that they have educated? Is the meagerness of the result to be attributed wholly to the unfruitfulness of the soil, or is it in part due to defective methods of cultivation? Believing the latter to be at least a part of the explanation, a few suggestions are here offered by way of remedy.

The majority of church members are more or less devoted to money-getting. As a rule they are successful in their quest. They secure more than an average amount of the good things of this world. James Russell Lowell was right when he said, "Men anxious about their souls have not been the least skillful in providing for the wants of the body." But there is danger that these persons shall become so absorbed in their material pursuits that they will lose all this anxiety for their own souls and the souls of others. To guard against this danger it is of the utmost importance that the minister teach by precept and example the Christian law of the stewardship of property, and by every means in his power cultivate the divine art of giving. It may be said of giving, it is not "of grace but of debt." It is a duty. The New Testament counterpart of the old French motto, "*Noblesse oblige*" (rank imposes obligation), is this: "We that are strong *ought* to bear the infirmities of the weak." We *ought* to do it. This is a law of the kingdom that we are under obligations to obey.

It is "the deceitfulness of riches" which leads the young man, as he starts out in his business career, to turn a deaf ear to appeals for help, making the excuse that he must increase his capital that he may breed money faster, and promising that when he makes his fortune he will do liberal things. But when that day comes he finds himself in the condition of one who has carried his arm in a sling until it has become withered and paralyzed for want of exercise. By his sordid life his soul has been withered, and his inclinations to give have been paralyzed, and he learns of a truth that "he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be unpunished." No small part of the punishment of a selfish life consists in the hardening of the better nature, rendering it insensible to all noble

appeals. A rich man in New York, when asked by a friend to give to a worthy object, said: "I have the money, and can easily spare it, and I also know that I ought to be giving largely to objects such as this. But the fact is that I have never been educated to giving, and find it a difficult, almost impossible, thing actually to take my money in hand and dispose of it in such ways. In a word, *I do not know how to give*, and my inveterate habit is, as in this instance, to decline." Most rich men are not as frank as this one in confessing their fault, but the fact remains that they do not know how to give, having never learned. And this is a lesson that can only be learned by practice. Parents, Sunday-school teachers, and pastors cannot begin too early in educating the children and youth in the art of giving. It must not be put off until they come in possession of large wealth. Most of them will never possess large wealth. If they ever learn to be benevolent, it must be by a faithful use of small means. They must give of their penury, and then increase their gifts as the Lord prospers them. R'ght here is where many fail. A New England clergyman relates this incident in his own experience. Accepting a call to a new parish, he was grieved to find that his people did not give to mission ary causes in proportion to their ability. He made up his mind that he must do something to bring about an improvement. So, when the time came for the collection to foreign missions, he worked the matter up carefully and preached a rousing sermon on the subject, and was gratified to find the collection was the largest the church had ever taken. The next day one of his deacons, the richest man in the church, met him, and expressed great pleasure over the result of his pastor's missionary appeal. He went on to say that when he came to that place, thirty years before, he was a poor boy working for fifty cents a day. But he resolved to give a dollar a year to the cause of foreign missions, and he would state, for the encouragement of his pastor, that he had continued to give a dollar a year from that day to this! So there are many well-to-do Christians who continue to give according to a standard that may have been liberal when it was adopted, but is so no longer. What is this but another illustration of the "deceitfulness of riches"!

But while the minister teaches the duty of proportionate giving, he should above all impress upon his hearers the importance of *sympathetic giving*. With the gift there should go personal interest in the object. Too many give from a mere sense of duty, and when it has been done they feel a sort of relief and try to dismiss the whole subject from their minds. Such persons must learn that it is

> "Not what we give, but what we share,
> For the gift without the giver is bare."

There are more people in the world starving for sympathy than there are for bread. He is the true friend of humanity who gives himself with his gold.

> "The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
> The heart outstretches its eager palms,
> For a god goes with it and makes it store
> To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Eugenie of Sweden not only gave all her crown jewels that she might build a hospital for poor cripples, but when it was built she herself ministered to the wretched creatures gathered within it. If there were more giving of this kind on the part of Christ's professed disciples, the church would at once be brought into sympathetic touch with multitudes now indifferent to its appeal.

While Dr. Edward Everett Hale was right in saying, "A church has its duties quite beyond and outside a minister's, and its history should not be the biography of the pastor merely, but the record of its own work, prayer, and life," it is also true that the minister himself has much to do in determining whether the church of which he is pastor shall make such a record. *One important test of his fitness for his position will be his ability to do this.*

Dr. Goodell, of St. Louis, so trained and organized his church that when he himself was suddenly taken away the work went on without interruption. If there were more pastors like Dr. Goodell, there would be more consecrated laymen like the late Earl of Shaftesbury and Samuel Morley, of England; like the late William E. Dodge and Amos A. Lawrence, of this country.

The discussion of the question of lay activity was resumed at the session on Thursday morning, when Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie presented the report of the committee on Dr. Barrows's paper, cordially and unreservedly indorsing its positions and appeal, and urging it upon the earnest consideration of the churches. Mr. Mabie noted the fact that the questions before the Home Missionary Society were public and national in their character; that they demanded statesmanship no less than religious zeal; that they could be answered by no class of men and by no organization; that they imperatively commanded the effort of every Christian man; that religion, in the light of these problems and tasks, is seen to be a great, common need for the safety of society, and that every man is called upon to throw his individual force and influence into the struggle. The church is not a garrison intrenched within impenetrable walls, but an army in the field, which must always advance; the law of its life is movement. Its power cannot be transferred by an organization; it must pass from man to man. Action is also the law of personal growth; it rectifies the mistakes of pure speculation, dissipates the clouds of doubt, unfolds the inherent strength, fulfills the purpose of life. The church needs the ceaseless activity of every member. The Rev. James L. Hill, of Medford, Mass., followed in a very cogent and forcible address, in which the place and power of the private soldier were brought into clear prominence. Mr. Hill admirably summarized and applied Dr. Barrows's paper, and made a stirring appeal to the churches to adopt it as the note of a new policy. Taking a striking illustration from the battle of Gettysburg, he declared that the hour had come when the private soldier should understand his value in the army, and every man should put forth his power in the common cause. The church needs to bring out her full power, and this can only be done by the activity of the lay membership. Mr. Hill proposed, by way of practical application of Dr. Barrows's paper, that hereafter the church should utilize the practical sagacity and business training of its members by putting them into active service. We have long been trying to put religion into business; let us now reverse the order and put business into religion. In order to utilize the full force of interest in Home Missions, Mr. Hill made the admirable suggestion that hereafter the Sunday following the anniversary at Saratoga be known as National Day, and be set apart for the statement from the pulpits of the needs and work of the Home Missionary Society; that the churches be thoroughly canvassed in advance, and that organized effort be made to spread information, awaken interest, and increase gifts to the Society. Mr. Hill protested against the prevalent idea that a missionary cause is adequately presented when some single or personal aspect of it is brought before a church.

OPPORTUNITIES AND NEEDS.

Another question of the first importance before the Society was the question of what is to be done in view of the great opportunities for new work pressing upon it. The title of Secretary Clark's paper, "A Crisis in Home Missions," indicates the feeling of the managers of the Society. "The question of this hour," said Dr. Clark, "is too plain to mistake, too serious to avoid. Something like a crisis has overtaken the home missionary enterprise of our churches. Twice within a few months the Executive Committee has issued to its agents in the field the ominous decree, 'No more new work.' Under this unnatural prohibition they practically rest to-day. A national home missionary society, with this legend on its banner, is a contradiction and an anomaly. Sixty-two years of successful effort have given to the Society a vantage and momentum possessed by no other similar organization in the land. All things have been made ready for a sweeping triumphant advance. But at the supreme moment, when 'Forward the whole line' is the only wise order to issue, 'No more new work' is the only possible one to be given.

"The Committee finds no warrant for this action, either in the last command of the Master or in the charter of the American Home Missionary Society. It is simply a military necessity. We are like a triumphant army whose supplies give out in the moment of victory, and are forbidden by the failure of adequate supplies to follow up the results of threescore years of preparation. Here then, without extravagance, is a grave home missionary crisis, which seems to demand of this meeting, and of the churches which it represents, sober thought, wise counsel, and enlightened action. A few of the questions involved are these: Has the work of the American Home Missionary Society culminated? Have we possessed all the land we are able to hold? Must the Pilgrims' faith and polity yield now to others the future privilege and honor of evangelizing the new States and Territories?

"In this grave emergency the Committee has not overlooked the prime duty of economy. For the past eighteen months their first and last and almost only question has been how to cut down and what to cut off. In this painful effort they have been reluctantly but honestly seconded by the State committees and field superintendents. But there is a limit, and it has been reached. The Home Missionary workman is worthy of his hire. To attempt any further reduction of his scanty living would be cruelty and oppression. For a little while it was the belief, almost the hope, of the Committee that a certain margin of the Society's work would be found unprofitable and fit to be abandoned. To test the matter, a critical examination was made of seventy-five churches that have been longest on the Society's roll. To their surprise and joy it was found that most of these churches are within sight of self-support. So well have they improved the aid bestowed upon them in their weakness that, instead of becoming chronic dependents, they are on the verge of freedom.

"But the committee have not stopped here. To these methods of economy they have joined new methods of appeal and solicitation. Early in the year it became apparent that a financial superintendent, with the duty of collecting, preparing, and setting before the churches the facts and needs of our work and of soliciting gifts from men of means, had become a necessity. A generous and far-seeing friend in Western Massachusetts had, independently, arrived at the same conclusion, and, as an earnest of his faith in the scheme, offered us one thousand dollars as a special gift toward the cost of the experiment.

"In this crisis, as in every other exigency of life, we have turned to the women for relief. And nobly have they responded. The Woman's State Unions have now grown to be twenty, with nearly 1,100 local auxiliaries. This is the marvelous growth of five years, and one of the most hopeful signs of future good. To these women the Home Missionary Society is indebted the past year for $23,000—an increase of $11,000 in one year. But figures are sometimes suggestive. While these women were adding $11,000 to their home missionary gifts last year, the receipts of the Society from the living fell off about $6,000. The income of the Society has exceeded that of any previous year. Including, as our custom is, the amounts expended by the auxiliaries within their own field, the receipts of the year were $548,729. This is $24 000 better than the best ever before reported. The legacies, which fell during the sixty-first year $30 000 below the average, rose, during the sixty-second year, $40,000 above the average. These gracious bequests enabled us to close the year with a balance of $39 000 in the treasury. Of this balance $30 000 was placed to the credit of the Swett Exigency Fund and invested in permanent securities for the relief of our men during the dreaded summer months.

"In this unprecedented volume of new work, calling for an immediate outlay of more than $100 000, is a problem and a burden which the committee cannot solve alone, nor carry any longer without the co-operation of the churches." After a plea for the above amount, which the churches were called upon to give, the paper went on to say: "The Methodist Episcopal Church has pledged $100 000 advance to home missions for the coming year, and they will raise it. The Presbyterian churches, our closest allies in faith, made an advance last year of $130 000, and are planning yet larger things. The Congregational churches themselves, two years ago, added $70,000 to their home gifts, by the effort of comparatively few. Is it too much, therefore, to hope that, with a united effort of all—an effort inspired by the cries of the watchmen whom we have set on the wall to tell us of the night, an effort enforced by the astounding growth and needs of the great West, and consecrated by a passion for country, for souls, and for God—is it too much to believe that in such an effort we shall succeed?"

The needs of the work were evidently in all minds and upon all hearts; almost every speaker referred to the subject and urged immediate action. Upon one thing all were agreed—that the work must go on. Dr. Cordley and Dr. Meredith, speaking for the committee to which Dr. Clark's paper was referred, made fervent appeals to the churches to furnish the Society with men and money; every report from the mission field added eloquent facts to these appeals, and the feeling of all present was expressed in the resolution reported by the committee and unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That we have listened with profound interest to the paper of Secretary Clark, entitled 'A Crisis in Home Missions;' that we appreciate the seriousness of the crisis he describes; that we indorse the appeal he makes for an advance of $100,000 as the least that will be adequate to the emergency, and pledge ourselves, as much as in us lies, to co-operate with the management of the American Home Missionary Society in securing the money needed."

It is impossible to summarize adequately the great number of excellent reports and addresses heard at the various meetings. When it is remembered that, in addition to the speakers already named, addresses were made by Dr. McKenzie, the Hon. J. M. W. Hall, the Rev. Mr. Puddefoot, the Rev. Alexander McGregor, the Rev. William H. Moore, the Rev. Mr. Evertz, the Rev. Mr. Montgomery, the Rev. George M. Boynton, and others, the variety and interest of the meetings may be inferred. The woman's meeting on Wednesday afternoon was one of thrilling interest, and the great audience, filling every part of the church, remained to the very close. The interest culminated on Thursday evening, when the session was fitly concluded by a series of stirring addresses. Dr. Barrows, of San Francisco, the Rev. Charles O. Brown, of Dubuque, and the Rev. Dr. Plumb, of Boston, were the speakers. Rarely has a great work been more clearly and impressively set forth, rarely have the claims of a noble organization been more eloquently presented, than at Saratoga last week. The incident on Thursday morning when, in response

to a happy suggestion from Mr. Montgomery, the sum of $2 000 was quickly contributed to meet the needs of Crete Academy, Nebraska, may be taken as a happy augury of the response of the churches during the coming year to the cry from the home mission field.

SARATOGA, June 8.

THE HARMONY COMMUNITY.

By ROBERT A. WOODS.

TWENTY miles below Pittsburg, on the Ohio River, is Economy, the home of the Harmony Communists, who have preserved their simplicity of manners and purity of life. The scandal aroused by other communities they have escaped by voluntary celibacy, assumed to make their brotherly bond more complete. For five miles along the beautiful river they own the terrace of rich deposited soil. The village, in the center of the farm, strikes the visitor at once as an intrusion on the sights that daily meet his eyes. The houses are closely built, with low windows and peaked roofs—only the variety of walls and gables, if we do not at first notice the grapevines, serving for both use and beauty, trimmed below and trellised between the windows of the two stories all along the broad streets. The men are in fields, the women busy with domestic duties, and the little adopted Harmonists few and quiet, so that the town seems strangely vacant. There being no idle informants on the street corners, "Economy Hotel," indicated by an old sign, verily a hospitable-looking manse, must be head quarters for explorations.

Seeking the place of greatest interest, the old church, which has witnessed so many great things in community life, would at once invite you by its fantastically curved steeple and ancient weathercock. Within, the air of Sabbath worship has scarcely departed from over the clean, hard benches, and the pulpit bouquet of homely flowers is still fresh. A climb up the stairs gives a view of a German village from a German belfry—the angular houses, the rarely neat kitchen-gardens of cabbage, beets, and onions, skirted with red flowers—and all around the rich fields again giving their tribute to the overflowing treasury. There is hardly a sign of human inhabitance; but just now we have an aspect of life above the surface, as one of the distributing carts, with clanging bell, passes up the street. The women, machine-like, answer the summons, obtain their allowance for the day, then quickly and silently return. No gossip of the morning is exchanged with the driver there. All interest of the individual must be centered in the community, and any show of feeling one for another would seem to weaken the general bond. Friendship and love between persons must, by the Harmony principles, give place to a new-created communal feeling. Any show of the natural inclination between the sexes is bitterly heretical.

In a review from the steeple it is easy to pass from the ordinary features of a town built by a German people to those distinctive of the community. The largest buildings are reminders of the brightest days, when cotton, woolen, and silk goods were made, when Economy had a thousand inhabitants, when the members were in their early prime, and good George Rapp, the founder of the society, exercised his stern but peaceful sway. All ordinary wants are supplied from the community buildings, the dairy, wine-press, bakery, and slaughter-house, whose products, including the purest wine, are furnished in daily portions. The great public pumps support the conservative as against the new-fangled natural gas street lamps supplied from the Economy well and kept burning night and day.

Just opposite the church, behind the house built for Father Rapp, is the community flower garden, which the stranger must not forget to enter. Here German love for flowers makes holiday. Quaint odors arise from the very entrance; mint and rue seem to call up instinctively an ancestral past. Beneath the quiet shades of the garden, with its old-fashioned trees, its old-fashioned flowers, its vine-grown wall, and the antique houses beyond, how sweet to rest a moment, distant not alone in place but in time from the headlong tendencies of a modern world! But the garden, like everything else in the settlement, must render tribute of usefulness. It is shaded by apple and pear trees—there are scarcely a dozen forest trees left on the whole farm—and the fruit is carefully gathered. Among the flowers along the wall tomatoes grow, and even a few tall stalks of corn, to reclaim the land partly from the rule of so light a thing as beauty. Such is the life of the Harmonists, whose principle seems to be that enjoyment or even leisure can be allowed only under solemn protest.

The regular members of the society now number about forty, men and women; but their extensive interests require a large force of working people, who, with their families, an element unorthodox but accepted from necessity, occupy the houses left vacant by the death of members. The dress of the original leaders is still the supported style, and by this time it is so out of fashion as to become a uniform. On great occasions the costumes of both men and women are made of blue silk. The men, with their long coats of this unusual material and their high, broad-rimmed hats, are a note-worthy sight indeed. The great majority of the members have passed the age of seventy, Jacob Henrici, the leader when I visited them, being then eighty-one years of age. Yet Elder Henrici, who for health and activity may serve as an example of all, had entire financial oversight of all the large investments of the society—in railroads, banks, manufactories, and oil, gas, and coal territory, beside their own estate at Economy; and yet he was not too weary to give the children their weekly singing lesson and to preach on the Sabbath at the old church.

The Community was organized in Germany in 1803, and sailed for this country soon after, though the present settlement was not made until 1825. The leaders departed from the Lutheran standards in ascribing only a typical importance to the sacraments. They believed most earnestly that the coming of Christ was at hand, and thought it their duty to have all things in common, like those who followed the new Master. So enthusiastic were they in their premillennial belief that in 1832 one Müller came to them in great pomp, proclaiming himself to be Christ, and obtained a following of one-third of the colony, with a large amount of property. Their celibacy was assumed, not from any ascetic view of marriage, but because with separate families there would be a constant tendency to dissipate the common brotherly feeling; and then, with the Saviour's coming near, why make provision for the earthly life? Very early in their community history, also, they forswore all use of tobacco and whisky, and destroyed all property records.

Through all their course the Harmonists have sustained their industry, simplicity, and reverence of nature. From a money-account point of view they have prospered amazingly. But as a social experiment simply an issue of time seems necessary to decide their system a failure. Only a very small minority of the members have any long expectation of life; of young blood there is none. Unless a vigorous proselyting policy should be resorted to at this late date, the Community must give over for mere lack of descent. In their prosperity they have gone on adding year by year to their hoard without adding visibly to their means of comfort or culture. If they have cherished frugality and humbleness, it has been to the neglect of the greater duty of self improvement. Indeed, it is even whispered among some spiritually minded within the fold that the mere piling up of money has become an object dear to the hearts of the leaders. The loss of individuality, the loss of family life, are atoned for by no social pleasures, as almost the only meeting is the one at the church, where the men and women sit on opposite sides, and after a long day's work all lights must be out at nine o'clock. The life of the Community is at best a sordid one. Their pure principles are not upheld with the enthusiasm of disciples of a new cause. Under the absorbing influence of work and economy alone they pass an existence devoid of spirit and sentiment. The Harmonists began in retirement from the world, but as they have lived and prospered the world has forced itself upon them. Their money has been needed to support railroads and stock companies. Their produce has been for market supply. Even the land which they reclaimed from the forest, with its gas and possibly oil wells and splendid transportation facilities, may at any moment be called for by some great manufacturing concern. With all these weakening and encroaching influences, it seems impossible to withhold the prophecy that at the death of the present remnant of veterans, Harmony Community with them will be no more.

THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

II.—THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

IT does not need to be said that the Catholics do not believe in co-education. Even in the lower schools the sexes are kept carefully apart, though putting them together would generally enable the parish to have graded schools, giving to each recitation just double the time without making the classes any too large. But this educational gain would be at the sacrifice of a principle of most vital importance. The Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide in its letter to the bishops of the United States in 1875, assigned two fundamental reasons for its condemnation of our public school system:

"1. The system . . . excludes all teaching of religion.

"2. Certain corruption likewise ensues from the fact that in the same schools, or in many of them, youths of both sexes are congregated in the same room for the recitation of lessons, and males and females are ordered to sit on the same bench (*in eodem scamno*); all which have the effect of lamentably exposing the young to loss in faith and endangering of morals."

Such being the dangers involved in teaching the little tots of both sexes together, the Church of course avoids the greater scandal of educating young men and women in the same building (*in eodem domo*).

In order to get some impression as to what the Catholic colleges for men were like, I visited, one morning, that of St. Francis Xavier, on Sixteenth Street. This college, by the way, is but one of four which the Catholics maintain in this city. The building is a costly and imposing one. On being presented to the President, a large man with an imperious bearing—a typical prelate—I stated the name of the paper which I represented, and my desire to visit some of the recitations in case such visits were permitted. "What are your qualifications for the task?" was the somewhat overwhelming question immediately put to me. When I recovered my mental equilibrium, I spoke of my university degree—the first time I had ever had occasion to make use of it. This seemed satisfactory, and the prelate himself conducted me through the college.

The first recitation we entered I found that my degree was not so all-sufficient as I had supposed. Though the subject was rhetoric, the recitation was conducted entirely in Latin. As I had only spent seven years upon this branch, and in that time, like most college boys, had only managed to stammer through seven or eight hundred pages of Latin literature, I had to confess that I knew practically nothing about it. The President was not at all displeased at this, and took a great deal of pride in the Latinity of the class. Meanwhile I borrowed a text-book and followed the recitation as best I could. I found that the young men were quite familiar with the book, but did not discover any particular readiness in the expression of ideas of their own. In case there is mental discipline in cramming the memory with words which the student does not care to remember after the period of recitations, then this drill in rhetoric was valuable. This question, however, the reader has probably settled for himself, and upon its settlement must depend his estimate of the educational value of a Catholic college.

After leaving the recitation in rhetoric, the President asked me if I would not like to attend one in philosophy, and I gladly assented. We found the class discussing Hume's famous argument against miracles. Again I borrowed a text-book, and managed to catch the drift of the discussion. Meanwhile the President talked with me of the advantages of using Latin instead of English in the study of these branches. It cultivated, he said, clearness in thinking and conciseness of expression, since the English language was no such medium for philosophical thought as the Latin. To all this I listened politely, thinking of the days when Latin was considered a better medium for the expression of every kind of thought. The President himself was remarkably familiar with Latin, and there was no doubt as to his sincerity in regarding it as a superior medium of instruction. Very soon, however, his opinions received a curious comment. The professor suddenly changed the recitation from Latin into English. The President expressed his surprise at this, and the professor explained that when he had gone over the lesson once in Latin he found it well to review it in English, "in order to make sure that the class thoroughly understood what they had been reciting."

I did not ask to be conducted into any more recitations. I had formed a much more definite impression of the teaching than I had expected in so short a time. Unfortunately, it was not an impression which I can expect others to accept, since my own experience in college and out of college had rendered me a prejudiced witness. To those who have admitted that students should either learn twice as much Latin in our American colleges or none at all, and have preferred the former alternative, the course at St. Xavier's will commend itself. These students were twice as familiar with Latin as I had ever been, and the innumerable difficulties of that language did not retard them one-half as much in their study of rhetoric and philosophy as they had retarded me in the study of classic literature and history. Nevertheless, there was a gross sacrifice of the knowledge of rhetoric and the knowledge of philosophy to the knowledge of facts about a dead language which could throw no light upon any subject in which men of to-day are interested. The Catholic Church, in its religious instruction of the common people, held on to the Latin language long after it had ceased to be the language of the common people; and in its intellectual instruction of students it has held on to the same language long after it has ceased to be the language of students. The teaching was adapted to a time when all literature worth reading was in Latin. That time passed away several centuries ago.

After visiting the recitations I had a talk with the President respecting various points of interest relating to the scope of the instruction. There was one point which impressed me favorably, not because it was a new idea, but because it was a good idea which seemed to have been well carried out. Attention was given to the gentlemanliness—I might almost say courtliness—of the manners of the students. This, too, may be a survival

from the time when the clergy of the State church were cultured courtiers allied to the aristocracy and out of sympathy with the people. But, whatever its origin, there is no doubt as to its value.

Only one other point is worthy of mention, and this is merely of a piece with the other mediævalism of the curriculum. In St. Xavier's College there is no regular professor of science. In one of the Catholic colleges of this city (St. John's, Fordham) there are four, but usually the curriculum is marked by the comparative absence of such instruction. There was also no professorship of history and political economy. In short, the spirit of the old cloisters still prevailed. It was intellectual life apart from the world, not intellectual life in the world and for the world. The students were separated as far as possible from the currents of thought of to-day.

For the higher education of Catholic women I visited the Academy of the Sacred Heart on Seventeenth Street. This is one of the two Catholic schools for women which are given in the City Directory under the head of colleges. I was graciously received by the Lady Superior, who assured me that she would take pleasure in conducting me through her school. This she did, talking all the while with a pleasing enthusiasm about different features of the Academy, telling me the history of the educational sisterhood to which she belonged, explaining the character of the instruction which it aimed to give, and above all telling of the devotion of the scholars, narrating little incidents showing how deep it was and how it lasted after the children had grown into womanhood. I cannot tell all this as it was told me, but must content myself with summing it up in as few words as possible.

In the first place, this Academy of the Sacred Heart is not a college at all, nor even a high school. In its curriculum some of the higher branches, such as geometry and philosophy, do indeed appear, but the classes in them are extremely small, there being only one in the class in geometry. The aim of the school is not so much education as "finish." The Order of the Sacred Heart is French in its origin and its control. The system of education is not very different from that in France under the *ancient régime* Then, as we know, the serious studies were avowedly given less importance than the accomplishments. Two hours would be devoted to writing, geography, history, and arithmetic, and four to catechism, drawing, dancing, and music. A thorough grasp of the principles of one of the higher branches would have jarred with this notion of what was becoming to a fine lady. In the place of these, she was trained in the art of entering a room, of courtesying, of managing her train, and all the little niceties of speech, manner, and address which went to make up a grand lady. It was of this ancient schooling that the course of instruction at the Academy of the Sacred Heart reminded me, though these characteristics were not so strongly accentuated. The superioress assured me that only a few minutes each day were devoted to religious exercises, and that Protestant and Jewish (!) pupils were not obliged to study the catechism and church history.

I was taken everywhere—into the beautiful little chapel, into the play-rooms, the music-room, the recitation-rooms. But I heard no recitations. The superioress told me that visitors were never invited to attend these, and that if they should be the girls would be so embarrassed that they could not do themselves justice. I was, however, taken into a play-room, where nearly thirty of the little girls were singing in concert French songs as they went through different figures. The exercise corresponded to the marching in college gymnastics, but was infinitely prettier and more pleasing. The superioress told me that there were no classes in dancing, but these games employed many of the steps and cultivated quite as much grace of movement. The sister in charge was a bright, sweet-faced young French woman, and it was perhaps her spirit which made the young girls enjoy the games so thoroughly.

The girls of the school ranged apparently from five to seventeen. This fact emphasized the comparative absence of any higher education. The course for the older pupils did not compare with that in a New England or Western high school, and not a great many of the pupils were of the high school age. This fact, however, is not so significant in New York City as it would be in the educationally more progressive sections of the country, for in New York, excepting one large normal school and one city college, there are no public high schools, though there are, of course, numerous private schools which give a corresponding education to the daughters of the rich.

There was one thing which pleased me in the appearance of the girls. Though they were all the children of wealthy parents (the tuition being $100 a year, with instrumental music $60 extra, vocal music $80 drawing $50 etc) nevertheless they were all dressed in a simple though pretty blue uniform. The superioress said that they had just introduced it this year, and had found, somewhat to their surprise, that the girls and their parents gladly adopted it. It put an end to vulgar competition in dress. Some of the girls wore blue ribbons and some red. The superioress explained that (like the old French convent schools again) they were divided into two parties, and that the contest between them was respecting mistakes in French. Even at recess time the girls were expected to speak French, and if a "blue" heard a "red" make a mistake she immediately demanded her ribbon. Those who did not lose their ribbons at all in a given time—I forget how long—were awarded prizes.

But the supreme aim, the avowed aim, of the entire course of instruction was neither education nor finish, but the winning of the girls to the love of the Church. The sisters in charge were fine types of womanhood, and the spirit of the school was charming. The Lady Superior told me, and I believed it, that the girls often came to them with their troubles, and sometimes came in tears merely because a sister had seemed severe, when the sister herself had no recollection of it. Every little while the superioress would herself have a talk with each of the girls alone, and at these times she, too, gained their friendship. Defective, therefore, as I found the intellectual education—the training to think and to know—there was nevertheless something about the instruction which might well be imitated in our public schools. It cannot, however, be imitated while people tolerate that teacherships shall be in any respect the patronage of school boards. It cannot even be insured when competitive examinations are made the test of fitness. It can only be secured when school boards and superintendents have the same loyalty to the municipal corporations that the Catholic clergy have to their ecclesiastical corporations, and through their loyalty select teachers according to merit, taking into account something else besides intellectual qualifications. The real education of girls includes sweeter manners and purer tastes, and these come only from personal contact with fine women. If the public schools are to have all the good qualities of the finest of Catholic schools, then Protestant young women of cultivation and refinement must give up the immoral idea that their position exempts them from the obligation to earn their own living by service, and must remember that the greater their advantages the greater their obligations toward those who are without them. C. B. S.

THE LITTLE JOURNEY OF A VALETUDINARIAN.

THE great Dr. Johnson, it is said, regarded a valetudinarian as a "scoundrel." Now, I am a valetudinarian, and have been one, alas! for some time. I do not, therefore, care to admit that the famous lexicographer's learning made him right in this instance of definition. If, however, he had called the chronic health-seeker an "unhappy wretch," I should be inclined, although not a pessimist, to consider his opinion more than half right. To have your doctor tell you that you are breaking down and must "clear out" is not pleasant, to be sure, but, with all the discomforts and griefs of such an enforced journey, there are many entertaining experiences which silver-line its clouds—or, at any rate, nickel-plate them.

What a bitter cold day was the 20th of January in New York! At least it seems so to me now, as I look back and see myself standing on the after hurricane deck of the Pacific Mail Company's steamer "Newport," waving and gulping my adieus to three of the best friends I shall ever have in this world, who watched me faithfully from the pier. It was probably not an unusual New York January day, but I can tell you the wind whistled sharply up the bay from Staten Island. And the great floating cakes of ice made one shiver to look at them. Ah, fortunate Californian! think yourself happy to live in a climate where ice has to be manufactured, and where you may pick roses from your garden in January instead of from a florist's counter at half a dollar a bud!

I was bound for San Francisco *via* the Isthmus. Three or four days carried us out of the bleakness of the Northern Atlantic into the genial sunshine of the Bahamas. It is worth the voyage to Aspinwall and back simply to see Bird Rock and Fortune Islands, if one can always see them as we did. It will be a long time before I forget the beautiful picture they offered to our approach. The undescribable tints of a sunset sky; the deep blue of the southern ocean, gradually changing to a perfect sea-green as the water shoaled from the coral reef that surrounds the island; the circular line of milky surf made by the breaking of the easy swell upon the coral reef; the yellow line of smooth sand on the beach beyond; beyond that the green of plentiful vegetation, which is always doubly grateful to the eye at sea; and on the little point the picturesque British lighthouse, not a skeleton of iron rods nor an awkward tower of wood, but built in graceful lines of sea and time enduring stone.

Off Fortune Island the steamer stopped her engines, and the captain of the port, a light mulatto, came out in a small rowboat to bring and get the mail. His crew of oarsmen were perfect types of the powerful, coal-black "Jamaica man"—barefooted, straw-hatted, and bandanna-handkerchiefed. We had on board a young New Yorker, a skillful banjoist, and as the steamer started he began a lively jig. You should have seen that boat's crew! They could scarcely row from enchantment with the music. They began a curious kind of song in keeping with the banjo, and one darky, who stood up in the stern of the boat to pull home the sheet of the little sail they raised, kept his legs and arms and head moving in time to the banjo's beat, and even did his pulling in rhythmic concord with it.

These tough Jamaica negroes are so well fitted to stand hard labor under a tropical sun that the Pacific Mail Company have a little colony of them on an island in Panama Bay, and employ them as freight-handlers and stevedores. Either they or the natives of the Isthmus are a great annoyance to travelers in one unforeseen particular. They are inveterate strap thieves, and despoil many a trunk and valise of those necessary articles. Every negro or Colombian laborer wants a leathern belt. The belt to him is what the bright-colored neck-handkerchief is to the Mexican "greaser" or cowboy, and what he gains in belts the traveler loses in trunk straps. As I write I glance ruefully over my shoulder at a new valise in the corner of my room, which looks as bare and awkward without its two neat girdles, left behind about the waist of some Panama "baggage smasher" or Jamaican stevedore, as Sir John Gilpin must have looked without his wig.

Aspinwall, or Colon as everybody on the Isthmus calls it, is a dreary, dirty, shambly-looking place, mostly made up, it seemed to me, of lazy shopkeepers, unkempt, Spanish-looking women in loose gowns and slippers once high in the heel, and dirty, idly-moving vagabonds riding around cross-legged on little burros that did not seem fit to carry themselves, much less a burden. Its only dignity is that of being the Atlantic port of entry to the Panama Canal. In view of the present state of the canal that dignity cannot be called a great one. The ubiquitous Chinaman was there, and some barracks with a few insignificant-looking darkies in shabby uniforms, whom I was told were Colombian soldiers. No wonder the sight of a handful of United States marines with a Gatling gun dispersed an army of them a few years ago when one of our men-of-war was obliged to sail into Panama Bay and settle a rebellion. I learned at least two interesting facts in that Isthmus journey. I wonder if they are new to you, or am I ignorant? The first is that Panama is the only foreign city, save one, that the United States Government has taken by force of arms in its history; the second is that in journeying from Aspinwall to Panama—from the Atlantic to the Pacific—you travel in an *easterly* direction. The captain of the "Newport" told me that every trip he made, some impulsive betting passenger lost money in doubting that fact; but the atlas proves it. Perhaps every New York schoolboy knows it, although I didn't.

The steamer passengers across the Isthmus usually make the journey in a special train provided for their accommodation alone. I am told that the Pacific Mail Company pays the railroad $25 per passenger for the transit, in order to exclude all native travelers and any germs of fever they might bring on board. If so, I am not surprised that the table on the "Granada," in which we made the Pacific voyage, showed more signs of economy than good marketing. That steward must have been thick-skinned! It was amazing to see how calmly he received complaints and denunciations; and the persistency with which he put the butter day after day upon the tables, only to take it off untouched by passengers or officers, was admirable. Butter? Heaven save the mark! Whatever it was, it was several times stronger than even the language with which its daily appearance was greeted. Beware of Panama butter!

It is not possible, in a two hours' run by the side of it, to form an expert judgment of the Panama Canal, but one of the lady passengers, who in an unguarded moment announced that she owned some shares in the enterprise, was from that time on constantly chaffed about the profits of her investment—for the canal does not look promising. If more than one-quarter of the work has been accomplished, then I am mistaken in the opinion I formed both by observing and by asking questions of French, English, and Americans during our two days' stay in Panama. There are, of course, some great excavations and some lofty embankments, but the chief feature of the work that impresses the casual observer is the lavish waste of money indicated on every hand. Rows and rows of costly dredges, engines, cars, and other machinery stand idle and rusting on temporary tracks along the route. And in Panama Bay large sums of money are being expended through French contractors, who are keeping a fleet of steam dredges at work shoveling out sand which—so the American experts said—is washed back by every tide.

The "Granada," on which we embarked for San Francisco, lay at anchor two days in the bay taking on freight. Most of the passengers were deterred from going ashore by the fear of yellow fever and small-pox,

A few venturesome spirits, who ran the risk in order to see a bull-fight, hired a boatman, were compelled by the tide to land on the beach and walk half a mile to town, and then succeeded only in buying some straw hats and Chinese gimcracks. They could not find the bull-fight. Those of us who stayed on board were better paid, for Panama is a most picturesque city—at a distance. Its yellow adobe houses, red-tiled roofs, and quaint Spanish cathedral, standing against the blue mountains in the back round, with a stretch of beach curving away to the left, make a picture worth seeing in the sunset light. Besides, we were fortunate enough to see a fight between a thresher and a whale—a rarer sight than a contest between a couple of dingy Colombians and a weak-spirited bull. I can't tell you what a thresher is, except that it is a fish and the natural enemy of the whale (as the kingbird is of the hawk), and annoys the huge sea king at every opportunity. What we saw, about half a mile from the ship, was a huge black arm, as it were (which spread out at the end like the tail of a fish), rising from the sea with clock-like regularity, and beating down upon the water with foaming splashes. Every now and then the tormented whale would come to the surface, just under these splashes, and blow. The thresher, lighter and more agile than his enemy, was, in fact, beating the whale. The contest continued for an hour, until the combatants drifted out of our sight.

The trip up the coast from Panama to San Francisco, although a long and hot one, is full of incident, and, if one provides one's self with a pleasant companion or two and with light clothing, is a journey to be taken with some satisfaction. From New York to Aspinwall the voyage is about eight days in length; from Panama to the Golden Gate, about twenty. During that twenty days we stopped at seven ports—five in Central America and two in Mexico. If you are willing to pay the boatmen's fees and landing charges, which are not very much, you can go ashore at each port and thus see bits of Central American and Mexican scenery, life, and manners—in fact, become a Mexican and Central American traveler at a very moderate cost. Even if you don't go ashore, you cannot fail to be interested in the gayly dressed groups of Spanish women who visit the ship; in the crews of swarthy Costa Ricans propelling the huge launches of coffee with great sweeps which they push instead of pull, standing on the coffee sacks or the thwarts of the boat; in the cluster of Mexican fruit-dealers that hang about the gangway in their genuine Indian log canoes as you lie in the beautiful little harbor of Acapulco; in the bold and lofty rocks under the very beetling brows of which you drop anchor at Mazatlan; in the clumps of seaweed and curious little yellow water-snakes that go floating by the ship's side on a calm day in the California Pacific.

Disappointment is generally the fruit of great expectations, and so perhaps it was natural that the famous Golden Gate, when I first passed through it, seemed far less picturesque than I thought to find it. To one who delights in the bold, rocky headlands of Maine, the sandy, clayey, grassy slopes of the Bay of San Francisco seem rather tame. But a better acquaintance—for I have been through the Gate twice since that morning, and have seen the splendid broad-spreading bay from a score of different points of view—has increased my respect and admiration. And so it is with California. It needs to be seen that its vast resources may be appreciated. In the Atlantic East we are apt to think of it as a region chiefly of mountains and gold mines; yet its grain crop alone is more valuable than the gold it yields, to say nothing of its cattle and fruit. It is, in fact, a little empire in itself—in extent of territory as large as New England, New York, New Jersey, and Ohio put together, and with a variety of climate, scenery, crops, and mineral wealth that must certainly one day place it among the most powerful of the United States, provided that the State encourages and cultivates two factors of greatness of which, it seems to me, it now most stands in need; namely, immigration and education. Perhaps I am too superficial an observer to make the assertion, but I venture to think that in California to day money is king. Money certainly owns the Pacific Railroad system, and I constantly hear it said, although I dare say it may be the accusation of pessimism, that the Pacific Railroad system owns the State. At any rate, whatever may be the power of millionaires, monopolies, and trusts—if money seems to be king for a while—character is kingliest, and where it is recognized and cultivated there is the best and surest progress, whether it be in States, commerce, or religion.

But I am forgetting. This was the journey of a valetudinarian, not of a didactic philosopher; and California is certainly a genial State for the health-seeker. The man or woman who wants an open-air life of mildness and sun can find it in some one of the charming valleys with which the State is filled, where 300 out of the 365 days of the year are said to be warm and pleasant, and where the nights are cool and sleepful. The Easterner, if he can, will, however, probably make more use of the cheery open fire than the Californian. As a philosopher I find many defects in California; as a valetudinarian I am in love with it for its fruits, its vines, and its climate.

L.

San Francisco, Cal.

THE DEACON.

By Mrs. D. R. H. Goodale.

I DON'T pretend to know much about horses, but I never sit behind one without involuntarily watching it, and forming an opinion as to its merits and value. Philander, who would be torn in pieces rather than own either that I know anything on the subject or that he doesn't know all about it, never buys a horse until I have seen it. It is needless to say that if I have seen it I have given my opinion of it. The truth is, he knows a great deal more about a horse in detail than I do, but my judgment has the advantage of taking the animal as a unit. I put him into whole numbers.

It was just before the Presidential nomination eight years ago that we wanted another pair of horses on the farm. Such a want always diffuses itself in a mysterious way. For days there had been frequent apparitions of horsy men with animals of various conditions to sell, but none had proved eligible. One morning, as I looked out of my window, I saw a rough business wagon with two horses at the gate. The man who stood at their head, with legs wide apart, and dingy hand stroking his long grizzled yellow beard, was not an unfamiliar figure. I knew him for a man of the neighborhood, whose chief affection was the horse; who, with a lean purse, was doing his best to be a kind of jockey, but tolerably honest, unlikely as you would have thought it. The horses had that curious appearance which comes of an unusual grooming, feeding, and checking up, and were evidently on exhibition. I smiled to myself and turned away, employing myself until Philander should appear.

I had not long to wait. "Dorinda," said he, looking (he's a good-looking man, but he has his little weaknesses)—looking rather sheepish—"Dorinda, would you mind taking a little turn in this farm-wagon? I should like to have you look at a pair of horses."

Of course this was just what I wanted, so I assented with the most obliging air, and in five minutes I was climbing into the high wagon. Jack Van Tassel touched his hat, and stood at a little distance contemplating his horses with profound and respectful admiration as we drove off. The horses were not mates; one was a sturdy, rather heavy black horse, with a solid, not to say stolid, expression; he was no beauty, but he started off in an honest, self-respecting fashion, and looked so thoroughly reliable that in two minutes I had made up my mind that he was a faithful, entirely safe old fellow. The other was a much handsomer and more showy horse, silver gray with long, dark mane and tail, somewhat lighter, quicker, more nervous—but—I did not like him. I asked the price; Philander gave it, singly or together. When we got back to our own door, after half a mile's drive, I walked around them and gave each a good look in the face, and then commenced my oracular verdict: "I should think the black horse might do, but I wouldn't have the gray at any price."

The black was bought. It came out afterward that the gray was not only an inveterate "cribber," but that he had a trick of biting, which made him positively dangerous.

When I asked the name of our new purchase, Philander said it was probably Bill, but that we could name him to suit ourselves. I said it was about the time of a Presidential nomination. At first we laughingly called him "the dark horse;" then, still noncommittal, he was dubbed "the General;" at last, with affected gravity, we adopted the name, now so sacred, of General James A. Garfield.

"The General" proved an excellent farm horse. He was steady as clockwork, with the sort of horse-sense that answers to good, practical common-sense in man; strong and patient; affectionate too, full of homely fondness for the man who took care of him, and for the rather raw-boned black mare, Alice, that was bought as a mate for him.

We drove him singly, sometimes; setting out very complacently, for he grew fat, and looked both strong and willing, but coming home dejected, for, with all his virtues, he was most tiresomely slow. His common pace was a serene jog-trot, about as fast as a rather lazy man would walk, and to get anything better than this out of him involved great energy in the driver, and an immense surprise and evident protest in the mind of the horse. We used to drive him on our long, rough mountain excursions, and for these he had obvious qualifications. We also found an advantage in the entire contentment with which he would wait for our picnics and tent scrambles any number of hours. Loosely tied to a sapling, with a nose-bag over his head, he would calmly meditate for half a day, perhaps cogitating upon our habits—who knows?

It was on one of these occasions that Edith first addressed him as "the Deacon." The aptness of the title was so apparent that it was accepted without discussion. Straightway we all called him nothing but "The Deacon." It was one of his peculiarities that the human voice had a strong influence over him. Affectionate remonstrance had far more power with him than the whip; by talking to him *incessantly*, he could even be persuaded into a very decent pace. We occasionally reviled him in confidential tones, but we always spoke to him respectfully, as to a reasonable and conscientious being. Meanwhile, I hope he was happy. He marched gravely up and down many a hill, and looked contemplatively at many a fine view. He was fed with salads and bananas. He wore wreaths of laurel on his head, and wild clematis round his neck. He went to the brook for water, sometimes with three boys on his back, and he was known to walk seriously into the stream and lie down with them all three. He browsed all day on Sunday, in a back pasture, and sometimes redeemed his character for speed by a chase of three hours on Monday morning before he would be caught. The Deacon, with all his more serious graces, was not deficient in humor.

But his *forte* was work. He went about it in the most deliberate, painstaking way. His grave, trustworthy air was a moral lesson to the men. He could do anything that a horse can do on a farm. In "cultivating" he was invaluable. He marched up and down the rows with all the regularity and precision of an admirable machine. He scorned to be led for any purpose; he knew that no boy could lead him half as well as he could guide himself. In the monotonous work of turning the "power" used for threshing, sawing wood, etc., he was as constant as the sun. His readiness for every labor required was as conspicuous as that of a buxom maid-of-all-work whom I knew. A city boarder, strolling about, found her seated beside a cow in the barnyard. "Aw! isn't that awfully hard work for you?" exclaimed the "swell" in surprise. "Wa-al, some ladies objec's to milkin', but I don't," was the amiable reply. The Deacon took an interest in all our affairs. He soon knew the way to the mill, to the post-office, to the orthodox church, to the dressmaker's; he would stop promptly if we met the minister in the street, and I think he recognized a good many of our friends; I used to consider one of the boys as a sort of supernumerary when sent to do an errand with the Deacon; it really seemed as if he might as well carry a note and do the whole thing himself.

Naturally, he assumed some privileges. He had an uncommon dexterity in slipping his halter, and liked to walk about the horse barn at night, but was too discreet to get into trouble. One night, indeed, he had the good luck to find a bag of oats standing at some distance from the stalls. It was not tied, and had only to be upset to be enjoyed. What do you suppose he did? He dragged the bag to the manger at which Alice was meekly standing, emptied out the oats within her reach, and there they stood, side by side, and quietly ate them up together!

But, dear me! we must all grow old, and the Deacon was no exception. His powers of endurance were lessening. It was haying-time, and the Deacon, like his master, probably overworked. He had been doing the hardest work of the year, both upon the mowing-machine and in drawing in hay. It was very hot, and after becoming overheated he waited, perhaps in a pleasant draught, for another load to be put on the wagon. The next morning Philander told us "the Deacon has taken cold." It was a busy Saturday, and he was used some, but as carefully as possible. Sunday morning he was led out to water, looking more human than ever with an old blanket fastened around his chest. He held his wise, patient head stiffly; evidently his bones all ached, and he had a sore throat, but we did not apprehend danger. But a sick horse is the most insecure kind of property. He soon grew worse. He drooped, he looked terribly helpless; we were all in distress. From "a warm mash" to harsh remedies was a short step, but nothing did any good. There were constantly a half-dozen men around him; his former owner looked on with an anxious face, pronouncing him "the best horse I ever owned." A veterinarian of much boasted experience, but of more than doubtful knowledge, advised to bleed him—"it reduces and relaxes the nerves." As this suggestion was not received with enthusiasm, he concluded that the trouble was the lockjaw. "The trouble with *him* is," said one of the men, when "the Doctor" had left the scene, "he's locked his jaw round the glass once too many!"

At bedtime the dear old Deacon was lying down, and it seemed only too likely that he would never get up. Edith carried a pillow and put it tenderly under his head before she sought her own. She was up at daylight, and came to my room in the gray early morning. Her tears were resolutely wiped away, but they came again every moment. "He is just dying. Do you think he suffers?"

There was only an occasional spasmodic motion of the muscles, the good old horse had no recognition in his friendly face, and soon all was over.

The Home.

LITTLE ATTENTIONS.

By Margaret E. Sangster

THE dear little wife had spent a wearisome day, for the baby had been fretful, and the maid had been out. Along in the evening, rather later than usual, the baby, bathed and soothed and fanned into comfort, had fallen asleep, and the mother came softly stepping down from her chamber into the parlor, where her husband was talking with a friend.

"Released at last, my darling?" said the husband, rising as she entered, and waiting until she had taken a seat before resuming his own. "Let me get you an easier chair," suiting the action to the word, "here in the window where you will feel the breeze. Now, let the screen be set between your face and the light. I am so glad you can rest awhile!"

And then the good man, the sweet, chivalric gentleman, as scrupulously deferential to his own wife as he would have been to the stateliest lady in the land, went on with the conversation, which her entrance had for the moment interrupted.

"I saw these roses on the stand by the ferry, and they looked so very like those which used to grow beside your sitting-room window in the old home that I bought them for you. And here is the book which Parsons was talking about the other night. I thought you would like to read it; or, if you like, I'll read it to you, while you sew."

The thoughtfulness which makes the husband pay these lover-like attentions just as he did in the courting days goes far to filling the wife's heart with happiness, far toward keeping her young and fair. Life has too much prose about it for many a woman who finds herself tied down, during the child-bearing years, to an apparently never-ending routine of small duties which make no show. An appreciative husband, who does not reserve his tributes of love and admiration for great occasions, who is tenderly sympathetic when the ordinary affairs of life and the household are the only ones in question, deserves to be held in honor.

The little courtesies must not, of course, be all on one side. In the true home they never are. John's comfort is paramount with John's wife; she knows the dishes he prefers, she invites the friends he likes, she arranges the home routine with an eye to his satisfaction. If her duties are of a kind to take a good deal out of her in vitality and freshness, his, in the competitions of business, are not less exhausting. She owes it to him to slip on a clean gown, to take her hair out of crimping papers and pins, to "pick up" the disorderly room, that his daily home coming may be a festival. In the dewy ministry of small daily attentions true love thrives and grows.

ONE HOUR OF REST.

By Mary Lowe Dickinson.

I WONDER how many of my readers know what it is to have one hour a day for rest? Most of them belong among the busy people. This does not necessarily imply that they must work for money, for among the rich are many who, feeling each added dollar an added responsibility, use their wealth in doing God's work and serving his suffering children. These are oftentimes no less in need of rest than are they whose lives are burdened by the necessity to earn their daily bread. Both classes are in danger of falling into the error of trying to crowd one hundred and twenty minutes into an hour. Devoted Christians especially are in constant temptation to this sin, for it can be called by no lighter name. They give themselves to God, reserving neither strength, talents, nor time. They mean to be guided, they desire to be used, and all goes well till the demon called "Hurry" takes possession and drives them on to destruction, unless, indeed, the lawful Master puts out his hand, and, by sickness, by failure, or defeat, takes back to himself his own. Very specious masks the devil of hurry assumes. Now it is another's need. Sometimes he stands before us in the form of neglected duties, sending us back with feverish haste into our yesterdays, adding their burdens to those of to-day. Yet God could never have meant it to be so, else he would never have taught us that in order to press forward toward the mark we must absolutely "leave the things that are behind." The things we ought to have done, and have not done, are as fully in His keeping as are the things done that we ought not to have done. He may overrule; we can do nothing but leave them utterly with Him. If we did this in truth we should not be constantly gathering up the fragments of broken or wasted lives, and trying to repair and readjust, busying ourselves at the utterly hopeless task of putting new cloth into old garments. It is not to-day that is our tyrant, but we either fear the past or shadow the daily joy by dread of the future, or double the daily burden by anticipating to-morrow's toil. If our morbid consciences could resolutely "leave the things that are behind," and let the morrow take thought for itself, we could literally "live one day at a time," and each day might give to us its one sweet hour of rest. We should realize that we are God's for all coming days as well as for to-day, and that we have no right to do now that which shall unfit us to work for him hereafter.

What, then, shall be the test of duty as to continuing or pausing in any work? Simply this: If the harassed and troubled sense that, however hard we try, we will never get through, hangs about us all day and goes to bed with us at night, we are doing too much. If the tasks are involuntarily sifted, and the easier one chosen just for to-day, it is time to do nothing at all. If the spontaneous springing of the soul to welcome its task is gone, the strain has been too great. The very reluctance to work is God's voice calling to rest. If we wake in the midnight, glad that the morning is not yet, because the morning brings the work, this very shrinking is the gentle touch of the Master reminding us that he is no taskmaster scourging weary souls by the lash of a morbid conscience, but that he is himself the Burden-bearer, and glad to give us rest.

We who question the need of such rest-hour have only to glance at workers, especially at women workers, along all lines. How frequently they answer, if asked to read a new book, to listen to music, to go for a walk, "I am sorry, but really I must not take the time." "I would," says one, when asked to take a little excursion, "if it would do anybody any good. I must not all for myself." Yet the blessed sunshine dancing on the water, the whisper of the leaves in the forest, the music, the new book, were all for herself as much as for anybody, and God had not—however she may have fancied it—put his whole universe into her hands to care for, leaving herself out. If she had brought to him an exquisite instrument, fitted to do some beautiful work over which his soul was in travail, and repeatedly thereafter had let it become rusted or broken, all the while beseeching him to use it, could she marvel if the work she tried to do with it failed, or was feebly done? Yet, just so are multitudes of women offering him consecrated bodies, brains, and souls, yet disregarding constantly his voice speaking in weariness and languor and pain. The fact once accepted that our first duty is to keep our weapons sharp and bright, instead of rushing empty-handed into every skirmish and scouring every field for the enemies of humanity, there will follow more effective fighting against the woes and the sins of the world. We need to consider, also, that God has thousands of agencies for his work, thousands of hearts to be touched, thousands of hands to be nerved by the breath of his power. For yonder sick babe or suffering child or weary Shut-In or distant heathen, he has abundant resources, but the care of our bodies has been given to us, and to us alone. To strain the worn-out nerves, to torture heavy eyelids with midnight tasks, to drag aching limbs on errands of mercy under the double delusion that such service is pleasing to God and a real benefit to man, is a mistake which too many women repent from beds of languishing and pain. But shall there be no loving self-denial? Shall we let others suffer while we calmly take our ease? Not at all. We plead only that women, on whose hearts rest so heavily the world's burden of sin to be cured and sorrow to be comforted, keep themselves in condition for highest service, and become healers and comforters indeed. But we women are not yet so full of all grace and power that we can ever and ever go on giving out and never taking in. We do not forget the "divine fullness," or that there is that "giveth and yet increaseth;" but we miss the best gifts through never being quiet long enough to take them.

Then a part of His blessed fullness overflows into almost every channel, and we may overlook it entirely where it is so often to be found—in nature and music and books and friends, as well as in the more direct ministry of His Spirit. Indeed, for this latter sacred ministry how much we need the one still hour! I know a blessed woman, full of all philanthropic labors, who says, "Really, there is no longer any time to pray. I pray running." And many of us know too well what it is to live by the clock—walk, talk, and work by the clock, and almost to love our friends by the clock. We rush on hurrying our bodies till they cannot digest their food; driving our brains until the wonder is, not that we write so much nonsense, but that we ever write anything else; and harassing our souls in the effort to become ready for the next world, until our friends might justly be resigned to see us bid farewell to this.

It is all wrong, dear, tired women! We want to get out of this atmosphere of pressure into one of ease and peace. We want to see clearly what is duty, and not to give the goadings of our own exaggerated views the authority of a divine command. "It would all be very lovely," I hear one say, "if only it could be done." It can. Every woman to whom the thought of a rest-hour is a refreshment might resolutely from this day take it and hold it for herself, believing that she shall be better fitted by it for His work. Who knows what strength might be born of it, what inspiration might be gained or given during it, what sweetness and beauty might creep into our homes and lives, because of it! It is certainly worth a trial.

ONE WORD MORE.

THE GUARDING OF DAUGHTERS.

BETWEEN the Continental system of chaperonage and the carelessness of many American mothers who leave their young and inexperienced daughters without proper motherly supervision, there is a happy medium, which American common sense will doubtless finally achieve, and which has already been done in many instances; an example of which is given in a former paper, where a young woman, not herself lacking in judgment, possessed of social ease, and by no means deficient in mental training, yet still felt that the experience of a mother of fifty might outweigh that of her daughter of twenty.

To some minds the idea of guardianship seems obnoxious; it is regarded as involving undue restraint, as pressing uncomfortably upon the person guarded, instead of acting adversely against the harmful persons or principles guarded against.

It lessens, so it is thought, the sense of personal responsibility, weakens the judgment, and impedes the moral and mental growth.

Rather, let it be said, it performs the office of the paling with which the gardener guards a choice tree. While this paling keeps off any marauding beast that might dwarf its growth or despoil it of its bloom, it does not forbid entrance to every influence of earth and sky necessary to its nourishment and growth.

The gardener does not feel that his tree will be all the stronger if he suffers a wandering cow to eat off now and then half its growth, or a flock of sheep to occasionally nibble at its tender bark. In due time, when it is able to suffer these attacks upon its life without detriment, the paling may be removed, but it must not be until the tree is tough and strong of fiber.

We welcome the idea of guardianship into most of the relations of life. By sanitary regulations we are guarded from germs dangerous to health, and he is certainly most unwise who breaks over them. The State guards us by its laws from loss to life and property, and we do not feel that these laws lessen our individual liberty, or dwarf our sense of personal responsibility. Neither do we, because arson is forbidden, cherish an insane desire to set our neighbor's house on fire. And if we did, the court would hardly rule that, because it is human nature to wish to do the forbidden thing, therefore we might go scot free.

And, in this connection, it must be said that the doctrine advanced by a recent writer in The Christian Union, that a girl of high spirit must necessarily revolt from her mother's guardianship, either openly or in secret, and be guilty of breaches of propriety called "fun," or else forfeit her title to that quality, seems most pernicious.

Such "fun" is put to the charge of human nature. It was the same quality in human nature that led the wicked old Frenchwoman to say, as she drank a glass of water, "O that this were a sin, to give it a relish!" Every vice under the sun is, alas! a phase of human nature. But is the practice of them to be advocated or even excused on that plea?

There is a fallacy which every now and then puts up its evil head, upon which I wish somebody would set his iron heel and grind it to atoms once for all; viz., that in "this country a young lady of modest self-reliance and correct demeanor has not only polite consideration on the part of the respectable, but *is sure of similar treatment from men of other character.*"

This statement is not only false, but is an additional insult to those young women who have been subjected to impertinences from men when traveling alone or when upon the street.

I have known girls who shrunk from telling of impertinences offered them, because they had so frequently heard this fallacy repeated, and felt that the confession of such insult would mark them as *not* possessing "modest self-reliance," and as *not* being of "correct demeanor."

And to say this is casting no reflection upon our American gentlemen—our fathers, sons, and brothers. It is only saying that men exist who are not gentlemen; and that there are plenty of such in the United States, as well as elsewhere, no one will deny.

As to a knowledge of evil being a safeguard to young girls, the question naturally arises, How much of that subtle poison is it well to instill into their minds? There must be a point where it ceases to be helpful—allowing that it ever is—and where it begins to fulfill its naturally deadly office. Who shall say when that point is reached?

The fallacy that it is necessary that boys should "know the world"—*i. e.*, that they should be made

acquainted with its vices—is gradually giving way to advancing civilization. Are we to abandon it for our boys only to take it up for our girls?

All questions relating to girls are so persistently brought round to the subject of marriage that I shrink from bringing it into this concerning the guarding of daughters. I would much rather regard a young girl as a unit, complete in herself, with an individuality to be developed and ripened without reference to her possible marriage.

Most high-minded girls, trained by mothers of pure life and conversation, will revolt from the notion that their "chances for marriage" will be lessened by a proper regard for the gentle authority of those mothers, at the same time that they will object, with a touch of scorn, to the use of that vulgar phrase, "chances for marriage," in connection with themselves. Not thus have they been taught to regard that most beautiful, most intimate, most sacred relation of marriage.

I must still believe that happy marriages are possible, even though the acquaintance between the two concerned begins and ripens under the home roof, and in the presence of that obnoxious third person, the mother. I have even known of such! I have even heard it said that the family circle is the best place in the world for two people meditating marriage to become thoroughly well acquainted!

There seems to be little danger, for some generations at least, that our national life will suffer from too strict oversight of our daughters by their mothers; and a note of warning against such a threatened calamity seems a little premature. Our Ship of State will never be likely to go to pieces upon the rock of rational liberty. It is that of license that looms threateningly in the future.

I find I am credited by the writer previously named with the following story: "That a young man who escorted a college student of twenty with a chaperon, on being asked by the latter if he did not like it—*i. e.*, being obliged to take a chaperon—replied, 'Yes, I like it.'"

Did I ever tell such a story? *Never!* The writer must have made use of the story I did tell in a game of "Russian Scandal," and given the result.

FRANCES A. HUMPHREY.

WHAT GREW FROM THE SAND-PILE.

"THE Story of a Sand-Pile" is the heading that attracted attention as we turned the leaves of the June "Scribner." "An account of the wonderful growth of some prairie town, and its as rapid disappearance, no doubt," we thought, and we passed it by. The next idle hour found us again turning the leaves of the attractive magazine, and again the eyes fell on the "Story of a Sand-Pile," this time to be held by the name of the writer, G. Stanley Hall. "Why! how strange! Dr. Hall writing on a subject not connected with education?" and we began to read, to find that true as the needle to the pole is this specialist to his chosen field, and the "Story of a Sand-Pile" is but one more proof that Dr. Hall bases his theory on facts and observations, instead of deducing his facts from his theory. The article is an account of the use made by a number of boys of a load of sand, clean and dry, that a wise mother had dumped into her back yard when her two boys were respectively three and five years of age; this sand-pile became the center of absorbing interest to those boys, and continued to hold supremacy for nine years. As was natural to their years, the first use made by these small men of their new possession was to dig tunnels, caves, dens, roads, etc., but from the first year there has been a constant effort to reproduce the houses and inhabitants of the town in which they lived. Their first rude efforts Dr. Hall describes as follows:

"One day a small knot of half-rotten wood was found, a part of which suggested to Harry the eye and head of a horse, and a horse it at once became, though it had nothing to suggest tail or legs. In another artificial horse soon attempted these were represented by roughly whittled projections. Gradually wooden horses, made in spans for firmer standing on uneven ground, held together by a kind of Siamese twins commissure, to which vehicles could be conveniently attached, were evolved. These horses are perhaps two inches long, with thread tail and mane, pin-head eyes, and a mere bulb, like the Darwinian protuberance on the infolded margin of the human helix, for an ear. For the last two or three years this form has become rigidly conventionalized, and horses are reproduced by the jigsaw as the needs of the community require, with Chinese fidelity to this pattern. Cows and oxen, with the characteristic distinctions in external form strongly accented, were drawn on paper or pasteboard, and then cut or sawn into shape in wood. Those first made proved too small compared with later standards of size, and so were called yearlings and calves, and larger 'old steers' and 'Vermont spotted cattle' were made. Pigs and sheep came later, poultry alone being still unshapely, hens consisting of mere squares of wood of prescribed size."

This beginning drew the attention and attendance of other boys, who were finally admitted into and became a part of the community, and pre-emptors. Roads were laid out, and farms about five or six feet square were staked out. Houses and barns about a foot high were built, and, following the bent of the masculine mind, much more attention was paid to the building of the barns than the houses. Of the inhabitants of this instructive town, Dr. Hall gives the following description:

"The adult population of this community are men and women about two and a half inches tall, whittled out of wood. The women stand on a base made by their broad skirts, and the men stand on ground, or on carts, etc., by means of a pin projecting from the feet, by which they can be stuck up anywhere. One or both arms are sometimes made to move, but otherwise they are very roughly manufactured. They have been kept for years, are named Bill Murphy, Charles Stoughton, Peter Dana, etc., from real men in town, and each have families, etc. Each boy represents one of these families, but more particularly the head of it, whose name he takes, and whom he talks both to and for, nasally, as does the original Bill Murphy, etc. In fact, the personality of the boys is strangely merged in that of these little idols or fetiches. If it is heard that the original Farmer Murphy has done anything disreputable—cheated in a horse-trade, for instance—the other boys reproach or threaten with expulsion the boy who represents the wooden Murphy, greatly to his chagrin. The leg of one wooden man was blown off by a toy cannon accidentally, one Fourth of July, and he was given up as dead, but found after some months, and supplied with a new leg by the carpenter doctor. The boys get up at night to bring these men in if they get left out accidentally, keeping them in the house if they catch cold by such exposure, take them along in their pockets if they go to the city or on a pleasure trip, send them in letters and express packages to distant friends, to be returned, in order that they may be said to have been to this or that place. The best man has traveled most, keeps his farm in best order, has the most joints in his body, keeps dressed in the best coat of paint, and represents the best farmer in town, and is represented by the best boy. The sentiment toward these little figures is more judicial and paternal than that of little girls for dolls. Their smallness seems to add a charm akin to that of largeness in a doll for girls. If a new boy enters the community, or if accident or general consent, or any other cause, requires the production of new men, they are still made roughly after the old patterns, and far below the best skill the boys have now acquired in woodwork. Two years ago, when clothes began to be painted on these figures, those who were created as wage workers were painted with overalls on. The question at once arose whether these men should be allowed to come into the house with their employers without a change of garments, which involved, of course, a new coat of paint. It was decided that they must live apart by themselves. Thus the introduction of hired men marked the beginning of a system of castes."

The greatest benefit derived from the Sand-pile was the development of the industrial spirit, though the needs of the community soon developed many forms in use by the banking, commercial, professional, and political worlds. Money of a peculiar kind of felt was made subject to certain restrictions, merchants failed, and creditors held meetings to discuss the settlement of their affairs.

Of their political affairs Dr. Hall says:

"Laws were enacted only to meet some pressing necessity. Town meetings were summoned by an elected crier, who shouted, 'Ding dong, come to town meeting!' These assemblages were at first held on and about the fence or near their hotel, each boy holding his little wooden dummy in his hand and turning up its arm when ayes or noes were called. Later a bell and hall were provided. The officers elected were president, flagman, whose duty it was to keep the flag-pole in order and the flag flying, a poundkeeper to look after stray animals carelessly left lying about or lost by other boys, a surveyor of roads, whose duties were sometimes considerable after a shower, a janitor for the hall, and a sprinkler and waterer of crops, etc. A scheme of taxation was proposed, but as it was to be based mainly on land, and as the task of measuring the sometimes irregularly laid out farms was considerable, it was never carried out. A system of fines was also adopted, the enforcement of which led to quarrels, and was stopped by parental interventions. A jail and a grog-shop shared a similar fate. So great was the influence of proceedings in this community upon the general direction of interest and attention that it was feared that an undesirable degree of knowledge of criminality and intemperance would be fostered if these latter institutions were allowed to develop. It was at these meetings that the size of a cord of wood and an acre of land was settled. Judicial as well as legislative functions appertained to these meetings. After a firecracker had blown up a house, a law was passed limiting the proximity to the village at which fireworks should be permissible. A big squirt-gun served as a fire-engine, and trouble was at once imminent as to who should control and use it, till it was enacted that it should be under the control of the boy whose buildings were burning. One boy was tried for beating his horses with a pitchfork, and another for taking down the pound wall and leading out his cattle without paying the fine. Railroads were repeatedly proposed, but never constructed, since the earliest days of the 'sand-pile,' when they did exist for a short time, for the double reason that they would interfere with teaming, which was on the whole still more interesting, and because every boy would want to be conductor and president of the company."

Of the effect of this make-believe and yet very real community on the lives of the *giants*, as the boys called themselves, Dr. Hall says:

"On the whole, the 'sand-pile' has, in the opinion of the parents, been of about as much yearly educational value to the boys as the eight months of school. Very many problems that puzzle older brains have been met in simpler terms and solved wisely and well. The spirit and habit of active and even prying observation has been greatly quickened. Industrial processes, institutions, and methods of administration and organization have been appropriated and put into practice. The boys have grown more companionable and rational, learned many a lesson of self-control, and developed a spirit of self-help."

And he attributes this success to the fact that the boys were untrammeled, following out their own ideas as they acquired them by observation. One very important fact discovered by Dr. Hall was that as tools and implements acquired perfection and finish the boys lost interest—a strong argument in favor of the home manufacture of toys, not alone for the practical benefit derived by the use of tools, the producing of an idea in a concrete form, but that the thing so produced becomes a part of the producer, and develops imagination and constancy to a degree that possession without the sense of production never can arouse. A clean, orderly door-yard is an attraction, but there is another possessions more desirable, and one is a child growing up with every faculty called into healthy activity; and this came to the mother of Jack and Harry, for whom the original "sand-pile" was purchased.

THE BIRD IN THE HOUSE.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

ONE reason that canary and other birds so often lead uncomfortable and unhappy lives in our homes is, I think, because they are looked upon merely as decorative. A gilded cage lights up a dark corner very prettily, or hangs gracefully in an archway, so there it is placed, without much thought of the little creature shut up in that shining prison, who, born to live in the light and air, is as fond of sunlight as our plants. He does not, certainly—like the plants—at once droop and die, and so teach us unmistakably that he must have proper surroundings. He may even sing in his dark corner—I have heard them—and a pitiful appeal it is, could our clumsy senses only understand it.

Do not, then, hang your bird merely where his cage looks pretty. Nor must you fly to the other extreme and place him in a glare of sunlight, even in winter. Birds suffer and die from this cause. The best way is to give him his choice; put him in the sun, and shade a part of his cage, so that he may do as he likes. You will notice that he oftenest sits in the shade.

But still his place in the room is not settled. Hang him not too near a window where the draught comes in around the sash—one windy day may give him his death cold; nor, as you value his life, near a register or radiator, or whatever device furnishes you with heat. Establish him not too near the ceiling to suffer from the heat, nor, on the contrary, near the floor to get the bad air and the draughts under the doors. In fact, let him live about in the strata that you breathe yourself; hang him as high as your own face.

Neither—dear thoughtless reader—swathe him in muslin till he can scarcely see out. Should you like it yourself? If he scatters seed, teach him better by throwing on the floor of his cage the hemp-seed he seeks in his dish. Soon he will learn where to find it, and scatter no more. Better still, he will keep his feet in order tramping around in the gravel, which I hope I need not say he should always have. Nor should you neglect to talk to him; he, too, likes society, and is better and more cheerful for it.

From November till June wrap his cage nightly in a warm shawl, or draw over it a thick flannel cover, and NEVER place the cage on the floor, as I saw advised not long ago.

Your bird needs variety as well as you, bird store men and bird-book writers to the contrary notwithstanding. Give him every day, besides his seed and fresh water, a bit of green food, lettuce, sorrel, chickweed, plantain (leaf or ends), or a slice of banana or apple, and fasten the delicacy so that it cannot fall to the floor. A dainty bird will not touch it if it falls. Also now and then, perhaps three times a week, give him a snip or two of raw beef the size of a pin-head—larger if he's a mocking bird. He may look askance at first, and turn his wise black eye upon it with curiosity, but he will soon relish it, and eagerly snatch it from your finger, and it takes the place of the insects he would add to his bill of fare if he were free.

If, in spite of loving and—more important—of thoughtful care, he falls ill, watch his symptoms, and treat him with homœopathic remedies, whatever you pour into your own system. Humphreys' specifics are simple to use, and sufficiently exact for his disorders. Put three pellets of the kind selected into his drinking cup.

In fact, remember that your feathered pet, though

small, has his likes and dislikes, his pains and pleasures, as well as you, and if you treat him like a dear and honored guest he will be happy, while if you regard him merely as a prisoner he will be wretched.

A SHAKESPEAREAN MUSICAL.

PERHAPS readers of The Christian Union may like to hear about a Shakespearean Musical which our Ladies' Literary Club gave last week. Although we made use of it for our annual social evening, it might easily be made the basis of an entertainment for raising funds for a church or benevolent society.

The exercises began by one of our number telling us about Shakespeare's influence on the development of music, and enumerating some of the great musical works which were inspired by Shakespeare's ideas.

The musical programme was as follows:

Piano Duet, "Overture to Othello".....Rossini
Song, "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind".....Dr. Arne
Vocal Duet, "Dunque il mio," from Opera of Romeo and Juliet, by Vaccaj.
Piano Duet, "Overture to Midsummer Night's Dream." Mendelssohn
Song, "Where the Bee Sucks".....Dr. Arne
Solo and Chorus from Locke's Macbeth, "Witch's Song."
Song, "Willow, Willow" (Desdemona's song as used on the stage in Shakespeare's day).
Song, "Hark! the Lark".....Schubert
"Overture to Oberon"—violin and piano.....Weber

There are very many other songs, glees, and choruses within the range of the musical ability of amateurs which can be easily obtained, besides the more difficult selections from the numerous Shakespearean operas.

The evening proved a delightful one, very many of the musicians having been scarcely aware what a source of musical inspiration Shakespeare had been, and students of literature not realizing that their greatest author was so closely connected with the growth of the art of music.

CORINNE M. ALLEN.

SALT LAKE CITY.

VALUES OF EXERCISE.

WE turn our thoughts at this season more often to exercise than at any other. The opportunities for outdoor exercise are greater for some of us at this season than any other; and it is a matter of which we know so little, and one in which there is great diversity of opinion, that the opinion of a wise man is valuable. Sparks, in his "Life of Franklin," writes:

"Franklin says:

"'In considering the different kinds of exercise I have thought that the *quantum* of each is to be judged of, not by time or by distance, but by the degree of warmth it produces in the body. Thus, when I observe if I am cold when I get into a carriage in the morning, I may ride all day without being warmed by it; that if on horseback my feet are cold, I may ride some hours before they become warm; but, if I am ever so cold on foot, I cannot walk an hour briskly without glowing from head to foot by the quickened circulation—I have been ready to say (using round numbers without regard to exactness, but merely to make a great difference) that there is more exercise in one mile's riding on horseback than five in a coach, and more in one mile's walking on foot than in five on horseback; to which I may add that there is more in walking one mile up and down stairs than in five on a level floor. The two latter exercises may be had within doors, when the weather discourages going abroad; and the last may be had when one is pinched for time, as containing a great quantity of exercise in a handful of minutes. The dumb-bell is another exercise of the latter compendious kind. By the use of it I have in forty swings quickened my pulse from sixty to one hundred beats in a minute, counted by a second-watch, and I suppose the warmth generally increases with quickness of pulse.'"

ICED STRAWBERRY PUDDING.

1 pound of sugar. 1 pint of strawberry juice.
1 pint of water. Yolks of six eggs.

Boil the sugar and water together for thirty minutes, watching carefully that it does not get too thick. Beat the yolks of the eggs very light, add them to the boiling sirup, stir over the fire a moment, then turn into a large bowl. Beat continuously until cold and thick like a spongecake batter, then add the strawberry juice, and freeze.

One of the little gnat-stings of life is to have papers or clothing gather in the back of a bureau drawer and catch and bind and tear. We first tried a remedy with drawers of a secretary, putting in a little board as far as the drawer remains inside the slide. Then nothing can be drawn back. The same plan answers with your closet drawers, so that shirts, collars, etc., do not catch in the back of the drawer, to your discomfiture or destruction.

HOUSEKEEPER.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHAT A HEN HAD TO SAY.

BY ANNA BREATH.

IT was a lovely June day; all the world seemed gay and bright, and the Lincoln family agreed that such a summer afternoon had never been made before; they felt that it was all on purpose for their enjoyment, for little Ted, the darling of the household, was to take his first walk after a long and serious illness. Many a time the doctor had shaken his head over the pale little sufferer; many a time mamma had to leave his side because the tears would well up into her loving eyes when she looked at the pinched, drawn face which she feared would never again be round and rosy; but to-day the color was creeping back into his cheeks, and his eyes began to brighten with mischief, and he was fast growing like the romping, merry youngster of three months before.

Last week he had been carried down stairs, wrapped in shawls, and carefully bolstered up in the carriage, while faithful old Rattler went on a solemn jog-trot for a mile or two just to give him an airing; but to-day he was to have his first walk, and it seemed as though the sun and the roses knew all about it, and were doing their very best to welcome him. Papa came home from business early on purpose to celebrate the event, and Meg and Bess and even tall Ben, who wore long pants and a coat which showed symptoms of tails, all flocked out to join the triumphal procession.

Up and down the long, straight paths they went; Ted peered into the nest where there had been five little eggs the last time he saw it, but the eggs had long ago turned into bones and feathers and wings, and the birds had gone flying off to seek their fortunes. Perhaps it was the very same ones who now chirped and chattered their welcome in the trees over his head; and the roses swayed down as he passed and tapped the crown of his big straw hat, as much as to say, "Glad to see you out again, little man!"

Away down at the end of the garden the chickens kept house, a place of delight and never-failing interest to all the children; and to-day Ted was called upon to inspect Brownie and Speckle Pate and all the others; but in the long-legged, awkward fowls he saw small resemblance to the little fluffy balls of yellow and brown down he remembered before his illness.

Just at this moment an old hen flew out with a great noise and clatter. "Gotcher—gotcher—gotcher hair cut!" she said, over and over again—"hair cut, hair cut!" and ran chuckling off into some bushes.

"Listen to that, children!" papa said, and burst into a merry laugh. "What does that old hen say to you?"

"She says she's laid an egg, of course," said Meg, looking up with her big brown, wide-open eyes.

"Is that *all* she says to you? It reminds me of what happened once when I was about as big as Ted is now. I thought all hens spoke the same language, and that you would understand her as I did then; but I guess, after all, that old Biddy in grandma's garden had a message for me that day, so long ago, and my conscience made her say something specially to me," and he laughed again right merrily.

"Oh, papa!" came a chorus of voices, "do tell us about it, do-o-o! There's just time for a that-reminds-me story! Here comes mamma with Ted's glass of milk, and he's tired now."

"All right, small fry," said papa; "you shall have the story, such as it is. We'll go back to the piazza and settle this little man in the hammock, and then you shall hear about a very naughty boy. You are all too old to follow my example, so I think mother won't object to your hearing it."

Even Ben thought it would be charming to hear that his father had ever done a wrong thing, and he sat down with the others. Meg ran into the house for an afghan for Ted, and the little fellow was glad enough to sink down in the hammock and be cozily tucked in, for he found that his legs didn't do their work very well just yet. Perhaps when his stockings were filled out, and didn't look so loose and baggy, those same little legs would do his bidding from morning till night, as they used to do.

"Now, papa, begin, Once upon a time," said he; and papa obediently began:

"Once upon a time, when I was a little boy, and that was a good many years ago, I was in a great hurry to be a big boy, and thought it would be a very fine thing to wear pants and carry a cane and smoke a cigar, and so I tried in every way to be mannish, which isn't by any means the same as manly, and by so doing I succeeded in spoiling a very decent sort of a little boy, without making anything half as good in the way of a man.

"Well, Ted, in those days your papa had light flaxen hair, which every morning was wrapped and brushed around a curling stick, and made to hang in long ringlets on his shoulders.

"Your grandma Lincoln thought they were beautiful, and loved to twist and twirl them around her slim fingers, and all the aunties and cousins liked to handle them, too; and your Uncle Bob, who wasn't an uncle then, but a big baby just beginning to creep, enjoyed nothing better than to get a handful of the hair in his chubby fist and then pull with all his might."

Here little Ted interrupted with, "My minister Uncle Bob, papa? Was he really ever a fat baby?"

"Hush, Ted," said Meg; "even Moses was a baby once, don't you remember? Go on, papa."

"Well, chicks, as I was saying, your Grandma Lincoln was very proud of my curls, and, though I begged her to have them cut off, because they were only suited to little boys, and I was trying to be a big one, she always said, 'Not yet, not yet; wait till next year!'

"So one day I took the matter into my own hands. Bob was asleep in his crib. My offending curls had just had their afternoon twist, and for a few moments wewere left alone in the nursery.

"I suddenly spied nurse's scissors, which had been left within reach, and, though I knew I was doing a very wrong thing, before you could say 'Jack Robinson,' snip, snap went the shears all around my head, cutting every ringlet but one, which was left dangling alone down my back.

"I was thoroughly frightened when I saw all the yellow rings scattered on the floor, and just then the door opened, and there stood my mother!

"A good many years have slipped away, children, but they haven't blotted out the recollection of just how she looked as she stood there—so shocked and sorry; and then she picked up one curl and wound it gently around her finger, and didn't say a single word, but just looked at me, and then her lip began to quiver, and she went quickly out of the room.

"A big lump seemed to fill up my throat, although I was so glad those hateful curls had gone forever, and I turned and ran down stairs and out of the house and across the street to grandmamma's door. Only Ben can remember Grandma Kent, but she was a lovely old lady, and made a great pet of me.

"Just at the moment I burst in the front door she was coming downstairs carrying her work-basket. Up went her hands in surprise when she saw her boy all shaven and shorn, and down rolled the spools of silk and cotton, bumping and jumping from step to step.

"Poor grandmamma was much grieved at my naughtiness, particularly as she had intended to take her curly-headed grandson to the photographer's that very day to have a likeness taken for Uncle Ed, away off in China, and now there was no hope of ever showing him his nephew's chief beauty—his mop of golden curls. Well, it was dreadful," papa went on—"it was dreadful to get no comfort from grandma, and the lump in my throat didn't get any smaller, I can tell you; but it would have been very shocking for such a big boy to cry about it then and there. To add to my distress, Irish Kitty came upstairs, broom and dust-pan in hand, and didn't she laugh at the poor little boy! Then grandma saw the funny side of it. Some locks were long and some chopped close, and the one long curl which had escaped the shears dangled down my back. When *she* began to laugh it was worse than the worst scolding she could have given me. Oh, dear! I can remember how very small I felt, just when I thought I had taken the first step toward being a man!

"Kitty stood in the hall, but I brushed past her and ran out into grandma's big garden, which was my favorite playground. I loved the chickens then as you do now, my little boy," and papa pinched Ted's cheek; "and whenever things went wrong at home, I had a habit of running to the chickens to be comforted and amused. Things had gone very wrong indeed that day, the thought of mamma's grieving face followed me, and I had missed going for my picture with grandma, and, worse than all, Kitty had laughed at me!

"So, if ever I needed comfort from my chickens I needed it then, and I ran to the farthest corner of the garden, and there, close to the hen-house, I threw myself down under the apple tree, a very miserable little boy, as I richly deserved to be.

"I remember wondering whether mamma would forgive me, and take me to the barber to be trimmed off, or whether every one would see and laugh at my funny head.

"As I sat there, down flew an old hen off her nest, calling exactly the same words that our Biddy did just now, only to you she said nothing particularly, while to me she spoke as plainly as a human voice could speak—'Got your hair cut! gotcher—gotcher—gotcher hair cut!' and so on over and over again. It was bad enough to remember mamma's quivering lip; Kitty's laughter still rang in my ears; but the worst of all came from my dear old hen; to have her run away from me, calling attention to my poor hair, brought the tears at last, and I rolled over on my face under that tree and sobbed and cried as though my heart would break.

"I thought I'd be glad to wear kilts all the rest of my life, and wait for real pockets and pants till mother was ready, if only I could put those curls back again. I think I learned the lesson that an act once done can never be undone. When I had cried my cry out, I went quietly through the back gate and home around the corner. A sad-looking object I was, besmeared with dust and tears and grass stains, and my poor head a sight to look at; but mamma didn't laugh at all, as I went straight upstairs to her and put my miserable head down on her shoulder, as she sat in her low chair darning my stockings. You can guess what I said and what she said better than I can tell you.

"We had a whispering time together, such as you have once in a while with mother, and then she took her scissors and gently cut the last curl, and laid it away in a piece of soft paper, and then she sent me with nurse to be dressed and made decent.

"Now that I was rid of those long curls, the twisting and brushing by nurse, the pulling by Bob, and the fondling by the aunties—for I never objected to mamma's fingers in my hair—I ought to have been a very happy boy; but indeed I was far from it. Instead of feeling bigger, I felt very small indeed, and as if baby clothes and a rattle would suit me better than pants and a cane. I had what I wanted most, and then I found it wasn't by any means the best thing—and that's a lesson we grown-ups keep learning all the time."

There was a pause for a minute, and then came a voice from the hammock: "I'm glad I haven't got curls, anyway! Is that all, papa?"

"That's all, little man. Now the next time Biddy lays an egg, listen and try to make her say, 'Got your—got your—got your hair cut!'"

WHY IT IS SO.

SOME EXPERIMENTS FOR YOUNG FOLKS IN THE BUILDING OF A YACHT.

By Charles Barnard.

JUST as the trees in the woods begin to show pale green leaves, and the buttercups begin to bloom in the sunny meadows, there is a great stir down by the water-side. The boating days have come again. Once more the waters are blue and the salt breeze is strong. The surf is roaring on the golden sands, and there is life and health and no end of fun on the great and wide sea. "There go the ships." The white sails shine in the sun, and beautiful yachts skim along the waves, with gurgling wake under the stern and creamy foam breaking round the bows.

Even we, who must sit by the shore, can see the splendid things go by, can smell the sweet breath of the sea, and perhaps wonder how it was that such glorious fun came to be invented. Who ever thought of making a yacht? Did he invent it, and then, with fearful trembling, hoist the sails just to see if the thing would really go? Or did the thing grow up? Who was the first yachtsman? Nobody. The whole thing grew up. First a log, then a raft, then a hollow log, then a canoe of bark or wickerwork, and so on from little boats up to big boats, from a piece of cloth tied to a stick to the Yankee schooner rig.

Ever see a yacht out of water? Queerest thing you ever saw. Sharp at the bottom, spreading out wide at the top, with the strangest curves and shapes, sharp at one end and comparatively blunt at the other, it looks as if the thing would sink to the bottom or tumble over on its side the moment it is put in the water. We go inside the hull, and it seems queerer still. Why don't they have a better dining-room? And the kitchen too, so very small and narrow! Look at the beds. Nothing but shelves tucked under the low roof. Until you come to understand it, a yacht does seem the strangest thing ever built.

Why don't it sink? That's not a bad question. Get from the kitchen a tin quart-measure and a pail. Fill the pail nearly full of water, and with a pencil make a mark on the inside of the pail showing the height of the water. Now, holding the tin measure firmly in the hand, press it down into the water. At once the water rises in the pail, and, when the measure is almost pushed under, the water rises just three-fourths of an inch. Take the measure out, and the water falls again to its old level. Fill the measure with water. It is heavy. Weigh it, if convenient, and get the exact weight. Pour out the water, and fill the measure with sand. It now weighs more than when filled with water. Put the tin in the water, and it sinks under its load of sand to the bottom. Then turn half the sand out. Now the tin will float upright in the water, and the water itself rises in the pail, but not so high as when the whole measure was pressed into the water.

Here is the answer to your question. The quart measure filled with water weighs so much, the empty tin very much less; when filled with sand it weighs more. When it is pushed into the water some of the water is "displaced;" that is, it is pushed one side, and, as it cannot get away, it rises in the pail. We fill the tin half full of sand, and it sinks in the water, displacing just enough to balance the weight of the tin and the sand. It then floats or rests on the water, and partly sunk in it. The weight of the water displaced balances the weight of the tin and the sand, and the tin rests just as securely as on a table. It cannot sink unless more weight is added or unless water (which is more weight) gets inside.

It is the same with the boat. Suppose it weighs one ton. It will sink in the water till it has displaced just a ton of water. Then it will rest or float on the water, and cannot be made to sink any deeper unless more weight is added to it. Now, a block of water one foot square weighs about sixty-four pounds. If we measure the sides of the boat, we shall find that it contains more cubic feet than a ton of water, and while both the boat and the displaced water weigh a ton, the boat is larger than the displaced water if it were gathered together in one mass. For this reason a part of the boat stands high and dry above the surface.

It was probably quite by accident that men first learned that a hollow log would float and carry several men. It took centuries to learn by slow experiments how to build a ship, for everything was blind guessing and trial. These curious laws governing the displacement of water by a floating body were only learned long after many a fine ship had sailed the seas. Now that men do know the law, it is easy to measure the sides of a boat, and tell exactly, even before she is launched, just how far she will sink in the water and just how many passengers or how much cargo she will carry without sinking. When the tin measure half full of sand floated in the water, you may have noticed that it did not rest quite upright. It leans to one side. By putting the hand inside and moving the sand till it is evenly distributed, the measure can be made to stand perfectly straight. In building a yacht the hull is very much larger than the mass of water it would displace if sunk to the top, and, as a result, only a small part of it sinks. Owing to its peculiar shape, one end may rise higher out of the water than the other. To correct this, weights or "ballast" is placed inside to act, as our sand, to make the hull rest evenly on the water.

Fill a large pan with water, and get a thin piece of wood or a shingle. Hold the thin edge of the shingle upright in the water. It has displaced a certain amount of water, which moved away on both sides as we pushed the wood into the water. Now slowly and gently move the wood broadside through the water. As the wood moves, the water in front easily slips round each side and gets behind it. Now move it in the same way, but faster. At once you feel a resistance. The water holds the wood back, and there is a little wave in front and a disturbance behind it, while at the sides the water appears to rush by in great haste. Try the other edge of the wood. The thin edge seems to cut the water easily, and there is so little resistance we can move the wood quickly with the greatest ease and without half so much disturbance on the surface.

This experiment explains in part the peculiar shape of the hull of a yacht. It is a floating house; and as we wish the house to move about quickly and easily, it is made long and narrow. While the boat stands still, the water on every side presses against it and holds it up. The moment it moves the water is disturbed, the water in front must be pushed away or displaced, and as it cannot get away on either side, it runs backward along the sides of the boat and gets behind it. So the advancement of the boat consists in displacing the water in front, moving it along the sides or underneath, and filling it in behind. If the water were like loam in a field, the boat in going ahead would push it off on each side and would leave a hole behind it, precisely as we see a plow leave a furrow in a field. A liquid does not behave in that way. It flows easily and quickly, and the boat simply pushes it apart in front, passes it along the sides, and leaves it behind. If the boat moves very slowly, this movement of the water takes place so easily and quietly it can hardly be seen. If the boat moves fast, the water breaks into foamy waves under the bow, swirls and slides along the sides, and boils up furiously under the stern. The greater this disturbance of the water the harder it is for the boat to force its way through it, and it is to reduce this disturbance and cause the water to move quietly that the boat is given its peculiar shape. The sharp bows split the water apart, the smoothly bending sides pass it along easily to the stern. If the bow were square like the end of a scow, it would be difficult to make the boat move fast. The water in front, unable to get away fast enough, would pile up in a heap and tend to hold the boat back. Pull the scow ever so hard, and it will not go fast, and it would be quite possible to pull so hard that the scow would not move at all. Every boy who goes swimming knows that to fall flat on the water is like striking a hard board, while a clean, sharp dive is like striking a hard board, while a clean, sharp dive does not hurt at all. It is the same with the yacht. She must dive and plunge through the water, and her nose is sharp and the lines along the side easy and graceful.

These few experiments give us some of the reason why a yacht out of water looks so strange. Men learned these things after years of trial and patient observation. Why a boat of this peculiar shape moved fast was proved by men only within the past few years. It has often happened that men have blindly stumbled upon a thing only to find out the real reason long afterwards.

There are dozens of other questions you might ask. Why, when the wind blows across the yacht, does she not drift majestically sideways? Why, when the wind presses her down in the water, does she not tip completely over? How do the builders draw the plans for such a curiously shaped structure as a boat? How reproduce the plans in wood or iron? All these matters, and many more, can be explained by simple experiments such as you have just performed. There is no longer any blind guessing how to do things. It is the man of science and not the man who whittles out a toy boat who can design a yacht that shall be such a thing of life. Sailing a yacht is a triumph of mind over nature, a splendid using of knowledge to obtain beautiful results. It is no wonder the eye sparkles with the glorious fun of rushing over blue water before the life-giving winds that blow over the great and wide sea.

A VISIT TO THE "FRESH AIRS."

THEY sat on the stoop of a pretty brown-stone house in a large city, and were evidently much concerned about some important matter.

"I tell you, Kitty, 'tis much nicer to be poor, 'cause then a whole lot of folks give money for you to have a good time," and Milly Herbert looked very earnestly at her special friend and companion, Kitty Foster.

Kitty evidently was not easy to convince, though usually so easily led by Milly.

"I tell you, Kitty, I've thought and thought, and I know I'm right. Poor children have a good time, and I wish I was a Fresh Air, and taken where there was an apple orchard, and a farmer's wife who let you carry the chickens round, and sent you home with a big bundle of lovely things. Mamma read all about it in the paper last night, and her eyes had tears in 'em when she stopped. I tell you I want to be a Fresh Air. Don't you remember, Kitty, how hateful it was last summer at that horrid hotel? We had to keep off the grass, and we could not run on the piazza, and how Mary and Annie were just as cross as they could be if we would not play down near the barn, 'cause they wanted to talk to the men. I tell you I don't want to go this summer to that horrid old place, and last night I heard papa and mamma talking about it."

"But, Milly, we did have a good time. There was the bowling alley for wet days, and the lovely woods with the acorns and mosses, and the lake and boats, and I'm sure John, the boatman, was very good to us. And there was Grace and Alice and Flora, and ever so many very nice little girls, and lovely dolls!" exclaimed Kitty, her eyes dancing with the memory of the tea parties and picnics of the previous summer at the beautiful hotel in the Catskills where she had spent the previous summer.

Milly refused to be reconciled to the thought of pleasure, and turned impatiently away, saying:

"You always are afraid to do things Kitty."

Kitty looked very grieved, but did not respond.

In both their homes their mammas were busy making pretty dresses for the little girls whose pleasure and happiness were so dear to them.

Every evening Milly persuaded either her papa or mamma to read the accounts of the departure and journey of the little army of Fresh Airs.

"Why would it not be a good idea to take Milly to one of the Seaside Homes, and let her see the place and the children?" asked her papa one night.

"It would be a good idea, she is so interested," said her mamma, with a bright smile at Milly, to whom, as usual, she had been reading the reports of the number of children who had started that day for two weeks in the country.

"Where are they?" she asked, eagerly.

"There are two at Coney Island," answered her papa.

"When will we go?" asked Milly, breathlessly.

"Perhaps I can find time to-morrow," and Milly's mamma took her hand to lead her up to the pretty room with its dainty furnishings.

Milly could hardly get to sleep, she was so excited.

The next morning she was up early and had told Kitty of the proposed excursion, "and if it really is nice, Kitty, you'll go with me, won't you?" she ended, coaxingly.

"I don't know," wavered Kitty, in reply. "I don't want to go away from mamma," and her lip quivered.

"Go away! What, not for a day? You baby!" and Milly walked away with her head in the air, and looked very "growed up" to the timid little girl who loved her dearly.

Milly did not see Kitty again till after her visit to the Seaside Homes at Bath and Coney Island. She was enraptured.

"Oh, Kitty, it's L O V E L Y," she said, clasping her hands and rolling her eyes "There is the great, big ocean coming right up to the very doors," she continued, "and they go in it every day, and nobody holds on to them; they just splash and splash," and Milly jumped up and down in her excitement. "They sleep in the loveliest beds, all in a row, and the water goes 'swish, swash,'" and she swung from side to side, as if imitating the motion of the waves. "They eat at the loveliest round table 'thout any table cloth, so it don't matter if you spill," she explained. "And you have a lovely square hole in the wall to put away your things. No old drawers to keep putting in order all the time! And grass—ever and ever so much—under the trees, and you can run and jump and sit on it, and make as much noise as you want," she ended in triumph.

Kitty had become quite excited. Really, it must be a very beautiful place, from Milly's description. It would be very lovely to spend a week at such a lovely place.

"And the little girls are immense—that's what the little girl told me," said Milly, as Kitty looked at her when she used this word. "She said they were immense, and it must be something nice from the way she looked. She said they played all day long, and did just as they wanted to, and it was better down there than any place in all the world. Lots and lots of everything."

Milly had really exhausted her powers, and felt if Kitty was not convinced now then it was hopeless, and she would have to carry out her plan alone.

Both little girls began to talk in whispers, and grew more earnest as they talked. As lunch-time came they separated, and when they met after lunch each little girl kept one hand tightly closed and carried a parcel most curiously wrapped up in her other hand. They soon disappeared round the corner.

They hurried out of sight, and in a little time were on a car that was hurrying toward the river. People looked at them, but the clumsy bundles and the streaked faces seemed to give them a place, and no one questioned. At last the car stopped, and Milly got out confidently, holding on to Kitty's hand. The policeman helped them across the street, and they found themselves in with a crowd of other children, pushing and struggling toward a big white steamer that lay tugging and pulling at the dock. Kitty turned pale as she saw the pushing, noisy children, and it was all Milly could do to keep her from crying. At last they reached the gang plank, where a gentleman in a blue coat with brass buttons eyed them sharply, but a look at the brown paper parcels, the dusty shoes and rumpled dresses, reassured him, and he helped them aboard the boat. They sank quickly into a seat, and clung closely to each other. "Oh, Kitty! I did not know 'twas like this," said Milly, as the great boat moved from the dock. Kitty gave a frightened gasp, but Milly hugged her tighter, and said: "We'll soon be there, Kitty, and then it will be lovely. We'll have an awful good time!" The motion of the boat, the delightful breeze, the games of the children, in which they at last joined, caused them to forget the first fright and strangeness.

At last the boat stopped, and the children fell into line, marching two and two, and soon were inside the gates, running and tumbling over the grass and each other, shouting and laughing in great glee. Kitty and Milly tried to join, but were thrown down or pushed aside so roughly that they at last stood away from the crowd and looked on. The children were called by name and taken into a building that stood by itself, and soon reappeared without their bundle and with clean faces and hair combed neatly. No one said anything to the two little strangers, who now sat, very wretched and unhappy, at the foot of a large tree. Kitty clung to Milly, whose courage was fast oozing away.

At last a great bell sounded, and all the children tumbled and ran toward the building in which Milly had seen the round table that seemed so attractive because it had no cloth. But what would she have given if only she could see the dear old dining room? And she could keep up no longer. "Kitty, Kitty, I want mamma!" and two little voices that had not been heard before broke out in a perfect wail of anguish. Across the lawn there came a dearly motherly woman, who knelt down beside the little girls and soothed them and talked gently till the sobs grew more quiet, and at last the story was told of the great desire to enjoy the pleasures of the "Fresh Airs," and the visit the day before with mamma, and then of this awful journey all alone. Tenderly and gently the two little girls were taken to the house, and there their names and where they lived were told. How tired and hungry they were, and how thankful for the quiet away from those children whose noise and roughness was so new and strange! Soon they were fast asleep in each other's arms

On a train speeding through the darkness sat two gentlemen and two ladies with very white, troubled faces. They did not talk. As the train stopped at one of the stations they got out and into a carriage which soon took them to the very gate through which the children had passed a few hours before. In the room where Kitty and Milly were asleep a light suddenly appeared, and the ladies who came in the train knelt and clasped each a dear little wakened girl in her arms, while the two papas did not try to keep back the fast falling tears.

"Mamma! papa!" cried two frightened little voices, but too glad to cry.

Two sleepy little girls were dressed, and woke up the next morning, each in her own crib.

Two days after, two gentle mammas with these same little girls visited some of the homes from which the "Fresh Airs" came, and that night Milly said:

"Mamma, I know now why the Home seemed like heaven to that little girl. Oh, what poor, starved, dirty homes they have all other times!"

GAMES FROM CEREMONIES.

IT is not likely that when our young readers are playing "tag," or rather preparing for the game by counting out to determine who shall be "it," by repeating

"One, two, three, four,
Mary at the cottage door;
Eating plums off the plate,
Five, six, seven, eight;"

or,

"Ana, mana, mona, might;
Barcelona, bona, strike;
Care, ware, frow, frack;
Hallico, ballico, wee, wo, wack!"

that they know that the children of every country play the same kind of games, using rhymes in the same way, having about the same words. And more interesting still is it to know that these rhymes have come down from the Dark Ages, when they were used by the priests as incantations to the gods, while the people waited anxiously about to see whose offering would first be accepted. These rhymes were also used by the sorcerers to drive away evil spirits. These games, like the bow and arrow, are toys, amusements, for the children of to-day; but the bow and arrow used to be an implement of warfare. A man to-day in parts of the world would feel himself perfectly helpless if he did not have his bow and arrow, or his rhyme to influence the favor of his god. These rhymes, then, are the prayers of people, as the bows and arrow are their weapons, before they come into intelligence. "London Bridge," which is so attractive to many children, used to be a ceremony or rite in the Middle Ages. A bridge was built on which stood one who represented the devil, and there were two contending forces who sought to capture one of a number of children dressed as angels, and who, if caught in the chain and drawn on to the side of evil, must be rescued by her friends. The game represented the contending of good and evil.

There are very many games that we play that represent some religious ceremony, or some mysterious contending with unseen spirits when men did not know God or his laws as known to day.

WHICH IS THE MAN?

THE newspapers sometimes contain strange stories, stranger than any to be found in books. The "Post" one evening last week told the story of a man named Frank Martin in Idaho, whose wife has appealed to the courts to have a guardian appointed to prevent her husband dissipating his property. The story of this man's life was another proof that it takes more than money to make a man. This man would not work; he was supported by his brother, whose wife one day asked Frank to cut some wood; he refused, and she drove him out of the house. He walked up a hill back of the house and sat down, resting his feet against a bowlder, which rolled from its place down the hill. He was moved by some impulse to follow it, and was surprised at its appearance. He had pieces of it examined, and it was pronounced horn silver ore, and very valuable; Frank prospected the place, and found a ledge of silver ore which made him a comparatively rich man in a very short time. At the end of six months he sold his claim for $50,000, and now at the end of three years his wife asks the court to prevent the husband using what is left, which amounts to $1,000 The same paper offers a very happy contrast to this case. There is an account of the men composing the coming graduating class of Yale College. The members of the class expended yearly sums ranging from $300 to $10,000 This shows that the range of expense for a college course is what the student chooses to make it. A young man in Brooklyn lived on the smallest sum; another of the class earned $1,000 during his college course tutoring. Probably a portion of this came from the young men who were so busy spending $10 000 that they had no time to study. It was this young man who has secured the highest position for scholarship, and who will be valedictorian of his class. Which man is of the most value to his country—the man who by chance became the owner of $50,000, or the one who earns money, respect, and position by hard work?

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.[1]

By Lyman Abbott.

IN this article I propose to present to the reader as complete a picture of the life of Christ as I can put upon so small a canvas as a page of The Christian Union. My object is to give the student a bird's-eye view of the whole life, to aid him in combining in one connected biography the result of his studies during the past twelve months. The sketch I bring to a close with the crucifixion; for the resurrection belongs rather to the history of Christianity than to the human life of Jesus of Nazareth.

Galilee, the New England of the Holy Land, was very far from the rural region of Arcadian simplicity which Renan has described in his delightful but unhistorical romance. The most populous State of modern Europe is Belgium; it supports on an average four hundred and sixty-one to the square mile. Galilee, with an area of two thousand square miles, supported, according to the estimate of the latest scholars, not less than three million inhabitants. Brigandage within the province, and occasional incursions by marauding bands from without, forbade the dispersion of this population in rural homes. For self-protection they clustered in towns and cities—two hundred and four cities and villages, according to the not-always-trustworthy statistics of Josephus; along the thirteen miles of the western shore of its inland sea were crowded five cities of not inconsiderable size. Its fertile and well watered soil abounded in agricultural productions; its hillsides were covered with timber, of which they have since been denuded; its plains were rich harvest-fields; its vineyards and its orchards of olives and figs and pomegranates filled the air with fragrance in the spring and with rejoicing in the time of vintage and of gathering Lying on the highway between Persia and the great seaports of the Mediterranean, its commerce connected it with both East and West. Its manufactures were simple and primitive, but profitable. It produced dyes from its native indigo; linen fabrics from its native flax; oil from its abundant olives; far-famed wines from its vineyards; and various forms of pottery from its banks of black clay. Its people possessed the characteristics which industry, thrift, comparative commercial prosperity, and free intercourse with the nations of the earth always produce. They were hard-working; free from the enervation produced by luxury and idleness; their prejudices against Gentile races were materially modified by their commercial contact with them. Their religion was more simple and less ceremonial than that of their southern brethren. They were not less educated, but they were more indifferent to theological tradition, less bound by religious ceremonialism, more simple-minded, and at once more moral and less ecclesiastical. What Germany was to Italy in the seventeenth century, that was Galilee to Judea in the first.

Such was the district in which Christ commenced his public ministry. He took up the thread of John the Baptist, so rudely broken by his arrest and imprisonment, and came back from the metropolis to the province where his boyhood had been spent, as a herald to the kingdom of God. Bringing with him a metropolitan reputation, he received a welcome which was an ovation. It is true that he met with incidental and occasional opposition and rebuffs; true that the Nazareth where he had been brought up mobbed and would have killed him; true that scribes and Pharisees coming down from Jerusalem attempted to poison the minds of the people against him; that he was sneered at as an associate with publicans and sinners, and reviled as a necromancer in league with the devil. But these were mere eddies, such as are always caused by a great current of popularity. Throngs accompanied him wherever he went He could find time neither to eat nor to sleep. When he went up to the hill-country for repose, the people flocked after him and turned his closet of prayer into an auditorium. When he took boat and crossed the Sea of Galilee, they divined his purpose, went around the head of the sea, and anticipated his arrival. When he returned again they followed after to listen to his preaching in the synagogue When he entered into a private house they thronged after him, filling up the courtyard and blocking up the entrance way. When he walked the streets the crowd pressed about him, seeking with superstitious reverence to touch the hem of his garment, in the hope that its magic would afford for their diseases cure and for their despair new hope. He could obtain quiet only by procuring a fishing-boat, sailing out into the sea, and sleeping there. His friends became anxious for his safety, thought his enthusiasm had turned his brain,

[1] Review for June 24, 1888.

and in vain endeavored to dissuade him from his exhausting labors.

To this epoch and district of his ministry belong the Nazareth where he preached his first sermon; the Cana where he inaugurated his ministry of joy by prolonging the festivities of a wedding-feast; the Capernaum where he lived at home under the roof of Simon Peter; the Bethsaida whence came to him two at least of his chosen Apostles; the Magdala, the birthplace of that Mary from whom he cast out seven devils; the Mount of Beatitudes whereon he preached his inauguration sermon; the Nain where he converted the tears of a widowed mother into smiles, as he gave back to her from the dead her only son. Like every great sympathetic religious teacher, Christ intuitively and instinctively adapted his teaching to his audience. His Galilean ministry, therefore, takes its color from the provincial character of Galilee. At first there is nothing novel in his teaching, except the spirit of commingled grace and authority which characterizes it. He repeats, in but slightly different forms, the best and purest teaching of the age; he reiterates the aphorisms of other liberal rabbis; the prayer which he gives to his disciples is a simple and childlike expression of universal need; the law which he gives to his disciples is but a spiritual application and interpretation of the Mosaic legislation. As he proceeds to profounder phases of truth he at once veils and discloses their meaning in parable and metaphor. He never speaks of the Galileans in the scholastic language of Judea. He clothes his characteristic and prophetic utterances in figures borrowed from a prosaic and busy life. The kingdom of God is like the seed dropped in the soil—what comes of it depends as much on the soil as on the seed; it is like yeast kneaded into a lump of dough—does its work by agitation, and requires time; it is like a net thrown into the sea—it draws into itself good and bad, which by and by must be sorted out, the bad to be cast away. Only little by little does he set before the common people the truth that they can follow him only through self-sacrifice—at first by aphorism which they either refuse to receive or fail to comprehend. At length the popular enthusiasm reaches its height; the people will make him king despite himself; he refuses their honest but ill-conceived homage; he follows this refusal by the discourse in which, though still in an enigma, he foretells his own suffering and death and the self-denials that must be borne by his followers; his disciples fall away from him; and he, with the few faithful followers sifted out from the great throng of admirers, leaves Galilee, to return to it no more except as a visitor and for repose.

Directly south of Galilee lay the province of Samaria. It was occupied by a mongrel population, descendants from intermarriages of Jews and pagans—a population which had proved more than once traitor to the Jewish nation, and always apostate to the Jewish religion. As Christ only preached on one occasion, and then but for two days, in Samaria, and that before his public ministry had really begun, we may pass this province by.

The heart of the southern province of Palestine, Judea was Jerusalem; the heart of Jerusalem was the temple. In the earlier history of Judaism the prophets had been the severest critics of the priests; but, in the time of Christ, priest and scribe lived under the same roof, and made common cause in perpetuating a system of unspiritual symbolism and undevout theology. Connected with the temple were the cloistered retreats of the theologians of the first century. The Pharisee and priest controlled the social as well as the religious life of the entire province. Neither commerce nor manufactures had broken down religious prejudices in Judea, and not an inconsiderable proportion of the people lived, directly or indirectly, off that system of sacrifices which centered in the temple services. Religion brought, three times a year, to this no longer holy city a crowd of sometimes pious but more often bigoted and superstitious pilgrims, and the trade and commerce of the city, dependent on these stated feasts, were supported by religion, and gave it a not unselfish support in turn. Imagine Luther preaching the reformed religion under the shadow of the Vatican; such was the preaching by Christ in the courts of Herod's temple. No ovation here; no thronging of delighted audiences; no multiplied invitations to feasts given in his honor. Instead, an angry and turbulent crowd, constant interruptions, contemptuous denial of his right to preach, repeated violence threatened his person, ineffectual attempts at assassination or arrest, more successful instigation of mobs against him. Of all his disciples, one alone, apparently, dared brave the public feeling of the capital. At least it is from John alone that we have derived our knowledge of Christ's Judean ministry. He dared not sleep within the city walls. And after a brief sojourn in Jerusalem, which did not overrun three months, he departed from the city, not to return till the work of the teacher was ended and the time of the sacrifice had come.

The region east of the river Jordan, wild and romantic, is even to the present day but little known. Few of the hosts of travelers who annually visit the Holy Land invade this territory; only recent explorers have made any attempt to investigate its numerous ruins. This is the district of Perea, unnamed in the Gospels except by such general descriptive title as "the region beyond Jordan." The history of this region partakes of its geographical character, and its population to the present day are as untamed as the soil which they inhabit. But these now deserted hills were in the time of Christ dotted with villages; these now desolate but once grassy downs were covered with herds and flocks; this untraversable wild was once traversed by Roman roads; this land, whose only cities now are the tent cities of the Bedouin Arabs, was, in the time of Christ, so populated that the southern portion of it was known as Decapolis—that is, the ten cities.

Of Christ's ministry in this district, Luke alone has preserved anything like a full and adequate record. The population were more scattered than in Galilee, more heterogeneous than in Judea. Twelve messengers were enough to act as heralds of the kingdom of God in densely populated Galilee; seventy were commissioned to carry the same tidings over the larger and more sparsely settled district of Perea. The teachings as well as the methods of Christ in this period of his ministry conformed to the exigencies of the place and the people. The half-pagan population of this district are wandering sheep to the haughty Judean lost sheep; Christ rebukes the pride of the Jew and the hopelessness of the pagan in that marvelous trio of parables—the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the lost son. Roman wealth despises the peasant poverty which crouches at its feet; Christ gives hope to the poor, and warning to the rich, in the parables of the rich fool and of Dives and Lazarus. The domestic laxity which Roman license had introduced had broken down in this district, where pagan and Jew intermingled, the sanctity of the marriage tie; Christ reinstates it in his explicit instructions respecting divorce. This much of identification of the preacher with his place is reasonably assured; but, whatever future exploration may disclose to us, there is no Nain or Nazareth or Capernaum or Bethsaida to attract the Christian tourist thitherward.

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion," sang the poet-founder of Jerusalem. It is built on a promontory of rock jutting out from the mountain range of Judea, separated from surrounding hills by deep, narrow gorges, and divided into an upper and lower town by a third valley, penetrating the heart of the city. Toward this city he set his face as the Feast of the Passover draws nigh. He was in the prime of manhood, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. Of his form and features history has preserved no other hint than such as is afforded by the mystical vision which John beheld in the Isle of Patmos of "one like unto the Son of man." His voice was deep, his tread firm and manly, and his tender eyes could flash fire on occasion. There was something in his mien which struck awe into stout hearts; the mob parted before him as the waves of the Red Sea before Aaron's rod, and he passed through unharmed; the officers sent to arrest him returned empty handed, with no other excuse for their failure than "Never man spake like this man." His immediate friends accompanied him in his journey toward the holy city, a prey to conflicting emotions of hope and fear. His prophecies of his passion they could not comprehend; yet neither could they wholly cast off the gloom which those prophecies produced. But as they crossed the Jordan valley, and fell in with Galilean pilgrims going up to the Passover, their Master was everywhere received with acclamation. It was over a year since the Galileans had seen their honored and beloved prophet; their enthusiasm knew no bounds, and the disciples soon forgot their fears. The procession, swelled by volunteers, grew as it advanced; the enthusiasm increased with the numbers; the fame of the one who had redeemed Lazarus from his captivity to death preceded him, and pilgrims from Jerusalem marched out to join the band who bore Christ in their midst. Men tore up grass from the fields, cut down palm-branches, and threw off their cloaks to make a highway worthy for the coming King. Jesus Christ himself shared neither the hopes nor the fears of disciples; he knew the now rapidly approaching end, but was not daunted by it. Fear for himself he never knew; but when he reached the apex of the Mount of Olives, and looked down upon the city from whose temple roofs flashed back the light of the setting sun, his prophetic vision saw the temple in ruins, the walls with great gaps and breaches in them, rows of crosses set up along the hillside with the captured Jews hanging upon them, the artillery of Titus thundering at the gates, and the pagan banners of Rome environing the city. And in the midst of his popular ovation he wept as he uttered the lament: "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

Up to this time Christ had been a prophet of hope and of good cheer. In the temple teachings of this last week he was a prophet of warning and of woe. No longer possibility that the Jewish nation would accept their Lord and become a willing instrument for the enfranchisement and redemption of the Gentile nations; no longer use in veiling in trope and metaphor the now inevitable catastrophe so rapidly approaching the apostate and recusant nation. He declares that its unrepentant religious teachers shall see publicans and harlots going into the kingdom of God before them; that the Jewish nation, murderer of prophets, and finally of the Son of God himself, shall be miserably destroyed; that the people first invited to the wedding feast shall be slain, and their city burned with fire, and the Gentile highways and hedges shall furnish the guests. He is set upon with artfully baited questions by Herodian and Sadducee and Pharisee, and easily puts each questioner to confusion. Under the shadow of the cloister walls of the Jewish theologians he denounces them for hypocrisy and false pretense—"blind guides," "fools and blind," "hypocrites," "serpents," "generation of vipers." Just over the Mount of Olives, two miles from the city walls, still are found the ruins of what was once the charming suburban village of Bethany. Under the shadow of the fruit trees of this House of Dates, in the home of congenial friends, Christ spent one quiet, reposeful night; in the valley of Kedron were olive orchards beneath the shelter of whose trees he sometimes slept. He appears not to have ventured to sleep for a single night within the city walls. At length the appointed time arrives; the treacherous Apostle betrays to the temple police the garden where his Lord was accustomed to seek refuge after the wearisome conflicts of the day. The measured tread of the soldiery breaks in upon Christ's devotions; he arises; awakens his sleeping disciples; puts himself between them and the guards; gives them opportunity to recover from their bewilderment and make good their escape; forbids resistance; and surrenders himself to the authorities. The Sanhedrim, or court of seventy, is summoned in hot haste before the day has broken; the form of a trial is gone through; probably in the court-room which constituted an adjunct of the temple, and on the site now occupied by the Mosque of Omar. In violation of the just and reasonable principle, borrowed by modern law from Jewish precedent, which forbids a prisoner to be called upon to criminate himself, the high priest puts Christ under oath, adjures him by the living God to testify concerning his claims, and condemns him as guilty of blasphemy because of his response.

The sun has hardly risen above the Mount of Olives before the prisoner, thus condemned, is hurried to the adjoining Tower of Antonia, and a reluctant ratification of the sentence of death is wrung by the gathering mob from the cowardly Pilate. The sentence of crucifixion is at length pronounced upon him, and the strange funeral procession—the stolid soldiers, the malignantly rejoicing priests, the turbulent mob, and the broken-hearted disciples—wends its way out of the city, to the forever unknown place of sacrifice of him with whose death ends the human life of him whose presence on earth has forever made Palestine to all Christian hearts a sacred land.

STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

By Alden Dickinson.

I MEAN to follow the example of an exhibiter with a stereopticon by throwing upon the wall a few pictures drawn from life, and bringing them out under the light of Scripture.

Last winter a lad, after long deliberation, joined the church. His relatives being strict Presbyterians, the orphan boy had the training and shelter of a religious home. After being out of place for some time, he found, as the summer came, employment in a respectable confectionery as maker of the ice-cream. His work was done in a cellar, and, the business being very large, he was confined all the day, and every day in the week, and until late Saturday night. Becoming an expert in his line, he was kept steadily in place. When the cool weather drove the summer absentees back to the city the boy's labors seemed to increase, and his pastor noticed how often his seat in church and in the prayer-meeting was vacant. As a communion was approaching, he visited and reminded him of it. But when the day came the young member was not in place. With his anxiety now thoroughly aroused, the pastor again seeks him, and is told that his business trenches even upon the Sabbath, and cuts him off from its services. A little urgency brings out the whole story. He does not make the cream; oh no! his employer, himself a church member, would not countenance such desecration of the day as that; but he delivers the orders filled the day before for the Sunday dessert of his luxurious fellow-Christians, who, while his wagon is dropping its cans at their doors, are in comfortable pews hearing the Gospel from, in some instances, the lips of the clergyman whose dessert did its part in defrauding the lad of his rightful share in that day's blessings, and in causing him to stumble in his

Christian pathway. The pastor attempts to awaken his conscience, and receives in half-justification the answer, "Why, sir, if it be a sin in me to deliver ice-cream on Sunday, it seems to me it's wickeder in them as orders it." Without discussing that point, a suggestion was made of change of business, and the reply, "I gets the biggest wages of all the boys," opened to view the power and extent of the temptation that assailed him.

Let me run in another slide.

A reputable Protestant whom I have known for years as a specially devoted churchwoman came recently to see me. She was the inmate of a rich home, in which, on account of sturdy principle and accomplishments as cook, I had believed her to be a happy as well as a much-pampered domestic. She seemed troubled, and, being sure of my interest, she disclosed to me the cause of her discontent. It was simply this: she could not get to church. I was incredulous, as it was a minister's house, and the home of a pious family. She explained. "I am allowed the Sunday afternoon," she said, "but, you see, it is just this way. The young gentlemen (sons of the family) come home Sunday, and I must have good meals for them. I have a turkey to cook every Sunday all winter long, and have more cooking that day than any other in the week—lots more than on Monday, for as that is wash day we get on with as little as possible." "But, Hannah, you can get to the afternoon service?" (Her church was closed at night) "Well, as to that, you know when all the work is done I am just that tired out I ain't got the spirit to dress and go."

Here is another picture.

My sympathy has been enlisted by efforts carried on under my eye, with unrelaxed patience, for years, for the reclamation of an unpromising boy whose surroundings were certainly the worst I have ever known. His horizon for pleasure or good of any kind in this life was the most limited conceivable, whilst the dawn of another day, with all the joys of its broader outlook, seemed of all things the most unlikely. But by incessant toil, as time rolled on, the vagabond Sunday-school scholar emerged into something more hopeful. He developed a capacity and fondness for work, and succeeded in getting it. He had a singular warm-heartedness, too. By and by he married, and the same instinct of affection that was the "open sesame" to the teacher's influence now widened and was truly beautiful as it spread its warm glow over his wife and children. Still, he would drink, and, though a man of uncommon mind, was a rollicking, noisy, repulsive person. A year ago he became the subject of a religious awakening in a church to which, with a crowd of his boon companions, he was drawn by a series of long-continued, earnest services. He joined the church; his friends rejoiced with trembling, but he has become indeed a "new creature." The bleared countenance has cleared, the loud ways have fallen into smart pleasantries, and the vulgar swagger is fast disappearing. He is an efficient church member, and gives every promise of Christian usefulness in his grade of life. He is the trusted servant of a rich and ambitious tradesman, and both master and man feel alike dependent upon each other. But the employer, however wide awake in business and in social matters, cares little for religion beyond an occasional long drive on Sunday to the country church in which his parents worshiped. For the most part the Sunday afternoons are devoted, when roads and weather are favorable, to pleasure drives, and our young friend holds the reins of the high-mettled span, at the heavy cost to him, and probably to his little boy also, of the Sunday-school. And, what is worse, there is no let-up to these encroachments by unpropitious skies or the failure of interest on the part of the excursionists; for the spirited horses must be exercised, no matter how much the coachman suffers in his conscience and in his Sabbath privileges.

Of these evils, so often, I am sure, "wrought by lack of thought" more than lack of principle, I am strongly moved to utter this warning. And, dear reader, when there wells up in your heart the sincere inquiry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and you proceed to mark out large plans of service, pause and look narrowly about you. It may be that the Master is not calling you to conspicuous duty, but to the low task of bearing the burdens and removing with loving hearts the stumbling-blocks out of the way of the lowliest of those whom he deigns to call "brethren," and whom we must acknowledge as fellow-servants with us in the grace of Christ.

By Him life's morning lovelit be,
Who loved and lived and died for thee;
So shall thy noontide never know
Earth's burning thirst and withering glow;
And thou shalt fear no gathering night—
At eventine it shall be light.

—[Frances R. Havergal.

THE ROAD THAT JESUS TROD.

By Hamilton Aïdé.

(Written between Jerusalem and Jericho.)

I.

AMONG the rocky hills there winds
A way where little water flows;
Nor shade from trees the traveler finds,
Nor verdure to invite repose;
But names we spelt, and loved to learn,
In childhood, from the Word of God,
Greet us like friends at every turn
Of that rough road that Jesus trod.

II.

To right and left that rocky range
Saw his uprise, his bowing down;
The thorns he suffered do not change—
These are the children of his crown.
The bitter waters that betray,
The silver star that lights the sod,
They are the same, unchanged to-day,
As on the road that Jesus trod.

III.

And when the scene of all his pains
Has faded from our mortal sight,
May their remembrance fill our veins
With strength to suffer and to fight—
To suffer for our fellow-man,
To fight for truth that comes from God.
Far from Judea pilgrims can
Thus tread the road that Jesus trod.

—[Good Words.

MR. BEECHER ON LIFE.[1]

By R. W. Raymond.

SOCIETY is full of people who are eating, drinking, wearing, and doing things that don't seem to disagree with other people—and repeating the folly again and again after they have have received nature's merciful warning that those things are not for them. And over against such there are innumerable reformers in dress, diet, social customs, etc., condemning on general formulas or on private experience which they magnify into universal law. Mr. Beecher minded his own business, but he minded that in earnest. He regarded himself as a skillful and watchful engineer regards his engine, knowing just what it requires and what it will bear, recognizing instantly every symptom of disorder, maintaining repairs, oiling joints, looking to the supply of fuel in the furnace, observing the pressure of steam in the boiler, and always keeping his hand on the throttle.

The men who have no sense of the ridiculous cannot so keenly feel the pathetic and the solemn. I would not give much for the tears of one who never laughs, or the dignity of one who could not see a joke. That stately prig, Malvolio, whose only smile is one of deluded vanity, stands the everlasting type of such deformed and deficient characters. But there is, on the other hand, a danger to which, perhaps in our time, young men are far more exposed. Trifling and joking have become the rage. We carry on great political campaigns with nicknames and bywords; we pepper conversation with puns; we pay high salaries to the men who can write funny paragraphs about everything, and we are not always particular about the quality of humor if it only makes us laugh. It is true that in spite of all this we are an intensely active and earnest community. On the whole, I do not think our American manhood is degenerating in this respect. There never was more noble ambition, serious endeavor, generous self-sacrifice, than now.

There is a kind of self-culture which makes a man merely an ornament to society, not a power in it. No doubt the servant condemned in the parable had taken great care of the silver talent committed to him. Perhaps he opened the napkin from time to time and polished the tarnish from the precious metal. Perhaps he adorned its surface with beautiful engraved arabesques, his lord's coat of arms, his own monogram. He may have been very industrious in this æsthetic dawdling. The thunder of his doom was not "Thou lazy," but "Thou unprofitable servant! Why didst thou not put it out?" Out of the mountains on the north and the south and the east gather the streams that flow into the Great Salt Lake. It has no outlet. What it gets it holds, except as evaporation wastes it, leaving only stagnation and bitterness behind and a desert round about. But on the other side of the mountains a thousand brawling currents empty themselves into the great lakes of the northwest to journey from these vast reservoirs rejoicing to the sea. Along their banks the stately forests, like crowds of admiring spectators, clap leafy hands to encourage them in their course; great cities sit bathing their feet in the cool waves; innumerable keels cleave the bright waters; they turn the wheels of industry as they pass, with such superabundant energy that they never know what they have done; they plunge unharmed through the awful tumults of Niagara, to bear upon a peaceful bosom the thousand island jewels; everywhere the track of their unchanging purpose is musical with movement and fringed with beauty.

It is comparatively easy to be obstinate when one is ignorant, or energetic when one is moving with blind and headlong haste. The hard problem is how to be candid and yet firm; to be tolerant and yet believe with fervor and force; to realize that all our human knowledge is but half-knowledge, destined to vanish away: and yet to know, with an effective certainty; to see both sides, yet hold to one; to consider, and nevertheless to act. "Nothing is more terrible," says Goethe, "than active ignorance." There is properly before all decision and action a period of doubt, investigation, inquiry, with regard to every new proposition, whether of truth or of duty, which presents itself. To balance the arguments fairly is right and wise. But when this has been reasonably done and the scale descends on either side, though only by a preponderance of weight, to throw one's force as completely on that side as though conviction had been instantaneous and overwhelming—that is true decision of character. Mr. Beecher had it, as you know. He gathered facts and formed conclusions slowly, as the snow-storms gather and mold their drifts on the mountain side. But there was no tarrying or hesitation when he moved. It was the avalanche. "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," says the proverb. Mr. Beecher was not always right—what man is?—but he was always "sure" he was right, and certainly he did go ahead. And so he gave to us and to the world the picture of a full, strong man—in poverty a man; in prosperity not less a man; in sympathy exhibiting to us what a man can feel, in achievement what a man can do, in trouble what a man can bear, God helping him.

[1] Extracts from "Henry Ward Beecher and Evolution," an address delivered in Plymouth Church, March 18, 1883.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

God is a shower to the heart burned up with grief; God is a sun to the face deluged with tears.—[Joseph Roux.

If a man will make his nest below, God will put a thorn in it; and if that will not do, he will set it on fire.—[John Newton.

If we would bring a holy life to Christ, we must mind our fireside duties as well as the duties of the sanctuary.—[Spurgeon.

Those who think they have only a very small talent are often most tempted not to trade with it for their Lord.—[F. R. Havergal.

Nothing but a living, sensible communion with God can displace heaviness from the heart and shed happiness over the life.—[T. Pearson.

A child of God should be a visible bestitude for joy and happiness, and a living doxology for gratitude and adoration.—[C H Spurgeon.

Afflicted one, you cannot believe it now. But you will come out from that furnace seven times purified in the refining fires of God.—[J. R. Macduff, D.D.

Childhood often holds a truth with its feeble fingers which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, which it is the pride of utmost age to recover.—[John Ruskin.

Think of the day, the humbling, affecting, overwhelming day, when the cup of cold water will reappear as an ingredient in the everlasting glory.—[James Hamilton, D.D.

Satan always rocks the cradle when we sleep at our devotions. If we would prevail with God, we must wrestle; and if we would wrestle happily with God, we must wrestle first with our own dullness.—[Bishop Hall.

And sure I am it is better to be sick, providing Christ comes to the bedside and draws by the curtains and says: "Courage! I am thy salvation," than to be lusty and strong and never be visited by Christ.—[Rutherford.

Trust Him when you cannot trace him. Do not try to penetrate the cloud which he brings over you and to look through it. Rather keep your eye fixed steadily on the bow that is on the cloud. The mystery is God's; the promise is yours.—[Macduff.

The hiding-places of man are discovered by affliction. As one has aptly said, "Our refuges are like the nests of birds; in summer they are hidden away among the green leaves, but in winter they are seen among the naked branches."—[J. W. Alexander.

Faith has two hands; with one it pulls off its own righteousness, as David did Saul's armor; with the other it puts on Christ's righteousness over the soul's shame, as that in which alone it dares see God or be seen of him.—[Sinclair.

Inquiring Friends.

[Any subscriber sending an inquiry on any subject to The Christian Union, accompanied with a postage stamp, will receive a reply either through the columns of the paper or by personal letter. The answer will be given as promptly as practicable.]

I find in a recent issue, over the signature of "Verax, Quincy, Ill.," under the heading of "A Revision of Creeds," the following: "Men no longer believe . . . the stories of the Garden of Eden, Jonah and the whale, etc., are literally true." An "Inquiring Friend" would respectfully ask in what sense, if not "literally," are these stories true? Of that respecting "Jonah and the whale" our Lord speaks (Matt. xii, 40), "For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." If "men no longer believe," as "Verax" affirms, "this story," obviously the man Christ Jesus did. "Spiritual truth," "Verax" says, "never changes;" may not the same be said of all truth, historical as well as spiritual? Surely one who signs himself "Verax" should not make of Bible history an exception. Must, or must we not, think, in view of what Christ said indorsing the story of Jonah and the whale, that "Verax," saying, "Men no longer believe it," spoke truthfully? X.

We do not regard Jesus as having forestalled the inquiry whether the narrative in the Book of Jonah is historical. Suppose that some one, in speaking of the ineffaceable mark that sin leaves on the memory, should refer for illustration to Lady Macbeth, in the sleep-walking scene of that play, trying in vain to wash the blood-spots from her hand. The illustration would be as forcible as if the event were historical. The "sign of Jonah" is equally illustrative of Jesus's death and resurrection, whether it be regarded as historical or allegorical. The Book of Job was once regarded (as by Calvin) as historical; but the changed view now prevailing does not rob a reference to Job (James v., 11) of any pertinence or force. One who assumes the Book of Jonah to be a strictly historical narrative may easily attach such a sense to Jesus's words. But just as easily does one who regards the book as allegorical accept Jesus's reference to it as appropriate and fit. It is quite unwarranted to assert that Jesus believed the story of Jonah and the sea monster to be a historical narrative of facts. Says Professor Ladd, in his "Doctrine of Sacred Scripture:" "It is no less uncritical than insidious to make the holding of any particular theory of the Book of Jonah a test of allegiance to the teachings of the Master."

Will you recommend one work on each of the sciences which is simple enough to be understood by one without a college education—*i. e.*, not filled with technical terms, and in English—and sufficiently comprehensive to give one a practical knowledge of each science? I do not mean one or all the sciences, but one for each; nor elementary treatises, but those that will, as far as possible, take the place of what is taught in our colleges. C. A. P.

The following list we trust is sufficiently complete: Astronomy—Lockyer's "Elementary Lessons" (Appleton, New York); Botany—Gray's "School and Field Botany" (Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., New York); Chemistry—Shepherd's Inorganic, Remson's Organic Chemistry (Heath & Co., Boston); Electricity—Benjamin's "Age of Electricity" (Scribner's, New York); Geology—Le Conte's abridgment (Appleton, New York); "Physics," by A. P. Gage (Ginn & Co., Boston); Physical Geography—Maury's; Zoölogy—Cotton's (Heath & Co., Boston).

What significance has the ceremony of coronation in a monarchy? Will the Emperor Frederick, for instance, have any more powers or prerogatives in the event of his living to be crowned? A. L. P.

It is the solemn and formal assumption of the responsibilities and dignities of the monarchy, and is now almost purely ceremonial and symbolical.

Will you have the kindness to give me the extract containing this line: "What is so rare as a day in June?" J. J.

From James Russell Lowell's "Sir Launfal:"

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days.
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

I see that "Moses Adams" is given as the author of "Jud's Account of Hearing Rubinstein Play." Dr. George W. Bagby, of Richmond, Va., wrote it, whose *nom de plume* was "Mozes Addums." B.

Can any one tell me where I shall find a poem in which the following lines occur:

"And sob with tears of agony
Far out on the Atlantic sea"?

The poem is the Lament of a Pine Tree, and the lines I have quoted are, I think, those with which the poem closes. A. M.

Can any of your subscribers inform me of the addresses of any suitable lodgings for two ladies, at reasonable prices, in the vicinity of Charing Cross Station, London, or in the vicinity of the British Museum? I will be grateful for a prompt response, as my friends sail early in July. W. P. Webster.

Utica, N. Y.

Your correspondent "M. B.," in The Christian Union of May 3, asks for the whole poem, the last stanzas of which commence with—

"Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that bring thee world renown," etc.

It is an anonymous publication titled "Why Thus Longing?" and is to be found in Longfellow's "Waif." L. F. S. F.

J. C. C. asks for the Scotch poem with the refrain—

"Every blade of grass has its own drop of dew."

It may be found in the "Lyric Gems of Scotland," page 109. The author of words is James Ballantine, the author of music John Wilson. W. G. E.

In reply to several letters relating to an item about "Rare Coins" in our issue of May 31, we may say that the item was clipped from an exchange, and so credited. We are now informed that it was not altogether accurate. Scott & Co., Broadway, near Waverly Place, this city, are dealers in coins, and we must refer inquirers to them for answers as to value of special coins, etc.

Can some one tell me where to find the poem in which this line is found—

"I shall see the King in his beauty"? M. A. E.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN ABRIDGED CREED.

Editors of The Christian Union:

I am pleased to find you so fully in accord with the sentiments expressed in my former article urging "a revision of creeds;" but is not the Apostles' Creed, which you recommend for adoption by our Christian churches, also open to similar objections as the denominational creeds?

Why not curtail it and make it read thus: "I believe in God the Father—in Jesus Christ His Son, and in the precepts which he taught, and I pledge myself to an honest endeavor to conform my life thereto." Would not this be enough? What more do we need? What difference does it make whether Jesus "was born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried: he descended into hell; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead"?

There are many who doubt some of these statements, and few who now believe in the resurrection of the body; but may not such still be Christians if they believe in Jesus and his teachings? In what possible way can these facts affect the precepts of Jesus and the truths which he taught? What connection is there between them? How can physical facts prove spiritual truth? in what way does a belief in them affect a man's life and character?

May not men believe in all the alleged facts *about* Jesus without believing *in* him? May they not accept and believe in the Apostles' Creed and yet lead lives of wickedness?

But a man who believes *in* Jesus, in his character, in that which constituted his individuality, in the precepts which he taught, and who strives to embody them in his daily life, cannot be wicked. Such a belief *must* affect and mold a man's character, independent of any belief or lack of belief in any question of historical or physical fact.

Why, then, should not this be the only belief demanded, the only creed adopted, by the churches? Verax.

POSSIBLE LIGHT UPON SOME SCRIPTURAL POINTS.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

Many of the pictures called "illustrations" of Scripture subjects and narratives and parables are far from being elucidations.

We remember, in one of the old Bibles, the man with the mote in his eye, like a wen, and the man with a *beam*, like a small stick of timber reaching nearly to the ground. Also, the father of the Prodigal Son, in a full suit of English clothes, meets him, with his library in the background well furnished with bound volumes on the shelves.

A worse specimen was on a large scale, intended for Sunday-schools, where little Samuel was sitting up in bed with a telephone at his ear, and the voice was represented as coming from the upper corner of the room. This bore a German and not an American name as publisher.

The old-time pictures of "The Flight into Egypt" seem equally wide of the probable facts. You see a wide and desolate waste, a man walking, a woman and child seated on a donkey—and no provision for either comfort or protection. Of course there might be an extended miracle, but we have no such intimation.

Here there is a history. Among those who came to King David, to help him in his straits, was Barzillai, the Gileadite. He belonged to the "half tribe of Manasseh," which remained and took up their portion on the east of Jordan.

They went indeed over the river, the men of war, to help their brethren to conquer the lands, but their portion remained to them in Gilead.

Now David, in his gratitude to Barzillai for his kindness and loyalty, begged him to remain with him, and offered him land in possession out of his own inheritance. Barzillai is duly grateful, but preferred his own home and people, and offers instead "Chimham, my son," to remain with David and receive his benefits. And it is to be supposed that Chimham obeyed his father's words, and received his inheritance from the king.

Incidentally, in the Book of Jeremiah, xli., 17 (new version), "And they departed and dwelt in the lodging-place of Chimham to go to enter into Egypt," etc. This would easily imply that the house of Chimham might be a khan or caravanserai, a stopping-place for caravans on their way to the desert and Egypt.

But this was before the captivity; after this the people were scattered. Still, many came back, and we are assured that, as far as possible, they would return to their old tribal lines and possessions, and the old solid stone khans might still be standing. Nor were the habits of the people so much changed; we all know the enacity with which they held to their tradisions.

Joseph and Mary were of the house of David, and by the arbitrary law must come to their own inheritance to be taxed. And when the alarm came, with the spreading news of the wonderful advent, what more natural than that they should join a caravan on its way to Egypt from "the house of Chimham," thus being lost in the crowd, and secure from pursuit? The warning came by a dream, but the means of escape were simple and commonplace.

We know that they traveled in companies, that it was the custom, and we find the record in the later story, when Jesus was twelve years old, and was not missed until the second day, when he was found still in Jerusalem, and they supposed he was in the company.

There is another question of perhaps slighter interest. We are told all the particulars of the execution, privately, in prison, of John the Baptist. How were these private transactions and plots in the king's household made so fully known to the narrators? So, when we read in the record that among the honorable women, converts, was counted "Joanna, the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward," we learn how the sad tale was told, and how facts which might not otherwise have been reported beyond the walls became known to the anxious and sympathizing disciples. Student.

BEAUTIFUL NASSAU.

At the close of a second winter in this favored isle, I am moved to ask the readers of The Christian Union, and the Spectator in particular, Do you know what wonderful advantages Providence offers you in this latitude? Why go to California or Florida, unless for sight seeing, when in four days of usually delightful sailing from New York you can find a perfection of climate that leaves nothing to be desired, joined with a comfort and freedom unknown except on a small island? The only drawback is an infrequency of mail privileges; but unless one's dearest is left behind, this becomes an important element in the rest which is generally so much needed by Americans. Perhaps the dullness which the natives take so much to heart may be counted another drawback; but I write for a class who are glad to leave excitement behind. For the invalid, I am slow to believe that the world can show so good a place. The mercury hovers near seventy-eight degrees, and through this winter, in a close veranda near the sea, has hardly varied five degrees. This makes an open-air life possible almost day and night. Can you who have endured this last winter guess what that means? It means the lightest of cotton garments; it means that the houses have no chimneys, with their attendant dirt; and on this coral island it means no dust and no mud, no carpets, and the lightest of furniture. If you choose hotel or boarding-house life, you will have New York fare, and the best American society—best in the sense of enjoyable. But that is not the way to make the most of your opportunity. Never was there an easier place for housekeeping. Either houses or rooms can be had at reasonable rates by the month; and while domestic help is in many localities at the North an unattainable luxury at three dollars a week, here you can take your pick of cooks at three dollars a month; or, if you prefer independence, a kerosene stove or a charcoal "furnace" will do all you require. The best of bread and cake is brought to your door, and venders of fruit and vegetables are sure to visit your back door daily. Thus thrown on your own resources, you become a discoverer, and all these wonders charm you the more when you find the inhabitants quite indifferent, not to say ignorant, of them. Many a one has never seen the wonderful Lake of Waterloo, which should bring pilgrims from every part of the sight-seeing world; and many a one lives his life out by this many-colored water without taking notice of its indescribable beauty.

The remarkable character of the vegetation, the brilliant flora, the numbers of strange and delicious fruits, the curious things which the sea leaves at our doors, or yields to the divers—none of these distracting wonders shall be more than mentioned here. The sole object of this screed is to persuade every one who counts on another winter's outing to come and take it here. Especially would I urge the invalid fleeing from our terrible changes, the tired worker, the pleasure-seeker in search of a new sensation, the family weary of all our complex living, to try the Bahamas; only adding one word of caution against the too common mistake of returning before May, and so encountering our cold spring, and losing the benefit, as sometimes happens, of a whole season's sojourn in this perpetual summer.

J. D.

THE TUSKEGEE SCHOOL.

THE Tuskegee School, in the black belt of Alabama, held to-day, May 31, its seventh anniversary. Started in 1881 with thirty colored students in an old church building, it owns to-day a property valued at $80,000, its running expenses for the past year have been $20,800, and it has had an average attendance of 385. Diplomas were given to-day to a class of ten, making the number of graduates from the school thirty two, most of whom are teaching in the public schools in the country districts of Alabama. The reports which the returned students make indicate that there are few places in this country where missionary work among the blacks is more needed. The utter ignorance of the colored people makes them in almost all cases the victims of the lien system and keeps them in abject poverty. The Tuskegee School is under the control of Mr. B. T. Washington, a colored man, a graduate of Hampton. He is assisted by a corps of twenty teachers and heads of departments, a majority of whom came from Hampton. By his wise management he has secured the favor of both the white and colored people of the State, the Legislature having increased the annual appropriation for the school from $2,000 to $3,000. The anniversary was celebrated as a gala day for all the country round. Early in the morning steer carts, mule teams, and yokes of oxen began to pour in. Excursion trains were run from Montgomery, the nearest city, bringing colored people from quite distant parts of the State. The pleased looks with which they regarded the buildings, workshops, the saw-mill, gave evidence of the interest they felt in the enterprise. When the school band played a lively tune, and the school battalion marched out for inspection, these old gray-headed negroes were as delighted as children.

The industrial display of the results of the work in the shops was most creditable. Timber cut on the school farm of six hundred acres by the students, sawed in the school saw-mill, worked up into bedsteads, tables, and furniture of every description; horseshoes, plowshares, wagons made throughout and painted by student labor; the products of the farm, honey, vegetables, fine pigs and chickens; the work of the cooking class, the laundry, and the sewing and tailoring department—all these showed thoroughgoing instruction. Perhaps the most interesting industrial exhibit was the Armstrong Hall, a three-story boys' dormitory, named after General S. C. Armstrong, of Hampton, planned by one of the teachers, a graduate of Hampton, and put up almost entirely by student labor. No less satisfactory was the work in the academic department under the colored teachers of the school. The anniversary exercises were held in a large rustic hall made of slabs, built by the students, decorated with the gray moss of Alabama. It was crowded to overflowing. The speeches of the students were strong and practical. One had for her subject "Thoroughness," another "Agriculture as a Profession," a third "The Negro as an Inventor." The Hon. John R. Lynch, of Mississippi, delivered the annual address and gave the large colored audience an excellent talk on their need of education, of wealth, of unity. The singing of the plantation melodies had a pathos and force such as can be found only in the country districts of the far South. H. B. F.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH ARMY.

[*From the London Times.*]

ON Wednesday the Bishop of Marlborough presided at the seventh annual meeting of this association at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. The association, which was initiated in 1881 by the present Honorary Secretary, the Rev. W. Carlile, aims at drawing the masses into the communion of the Church of England. Its officers and nurses, some two hundred in number, are distributed throughout the country, working in connection with the various churches to which they are attached. The society numbers among its patrons the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of Carlisle, Chester, Durham, Ely, Exeter, London, Llandaff, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Oxford, Rochester, Ripon, Southwell, Sodor and Man, Truro, Wakefield, and Winchester.

The Rev. G. G. Chambers, the Secretary, read the report, which showed that during the year the army held 40,000 outdoor and 50,000 indoor meetings, which were attended by over seven millions of persons and resulted in a large number of conversions. There were confirmed during the same period 5,000 persons. The army has 10,000 communicant members, 160 officer evangelists, and ten mission nurses, who paid 400,000 visits with Bible and prayer-book during the year, and sold more than a million religious papers. The Chairman remarked that the Army was doing a great and noble work. Many of the clergy who at first treated them with coolness now looked upon their officers and nurses as important factors in the parochial machinery of the Church. Their missionaries went into dens of vice and misery where the clergyman could not go, and they thus rescued many persons from vice and misery. He believed that a glorious future was before the Army, whose work he hoped would be still further expanded. Having alluded to the difficulty experienced in getting a sufficient number of properly trained nurses, who were in great demand, he said a great deal more work was before the Army, and they must press steadily onward with the conflict.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MOVEMENT.

THE Rev. F. E. Clark, President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, who has just returned from England, reports great interest in the movement in all parts of Great Britain. Many large and enthusiastic meetings were held during the three weeks of his stay in London, Manchester, Birmingham, and other places. He addressed the students of Spurgeon College at Mr. Spurgeon's request, as well as a special gathering of young people in the City Temple, when Dr. Parker highly commended the work. A British Section of the Society has been formed under the auspices of the Sunday-School Union. The books and literature on the subject will be republished in London, and the work will be vigorously undertaken and carried forward.

The President of the United Society also visited Paris, and found Mr. McAll and the assistants in his great work already interested in the movement, and it is expected that the Rev. E. C. Greig, who has charge of the juvenile work, will soon introduce it among the thousands of young people connected with the Mission in all parts of France.

Indications multiply that the coming National Convention at Chicago will be far more largely attended than any of the previous conventions. "Christian Endeavor trains" are being made up in all parts of the country, and will be entirely filled with delegates to the Convention. Very favorable railroad rates have been obtained in almost every section. New England delegates who go by the "Christian Endeavor trains" pay less than one half the usual fare for the round trip, the tickets being good for thirty days. The Convention programme, while it embraces a large array of talent, is eminently practical, and intended in every session to promote the spirituality and devotion of the young people. Full particulars about railroad and hotel rates and the Convention programme can be obtained by writing to the U. S. C. E., 50 Bromfield Street, Boston.

In this country no attempt has been made to restrict the use of the name "Society of Christian Endeavor," but the Christian workers in England who have taken up the movement have done wisely in starting out with the public statement that, "while the name 'Society of Christian Endeavor' has not been registered or copyrighted, it is earnestly hoped that only those organizations that adopt the principles will assume the name. It is obviously unfair, as has sometimes been done in this country, to attach the letters Y. P. S. C. E. to a Society that adopts none of its principles, or to use these letters or this name for purely business purposes, when the organization for which they really stand is entirely a religious and missionary society."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

A resolution is pending in the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury asking the Upper House to take measures to enforce the resolution adopted last year "to prohibit and suppress the practice of inviting Dissenting ministers to take part in public services in the Church, as well as accepting invitations from them to join in their services."

"The death is announced," says the London "Athenæum," "of Dr. Keil, the well-known Biblical critic. He was a professor at Dorpat from 1833 to 1858, and had since lived in retirement in Leipsic. His commentaries on Jeremiah, Kings, Daniel, the Chronicles, and other books of the Old Testament, some of them written in conjunction with Dr. Delitzsch, have been translated into English, and, owing to their conservative character, had considerable popularity."

An American lady in Russia, in a letter to the Interior, writes regarding the persecution of Lutherans in the Baltic provinces, as follows: "Between sixty and seventy Lutheran clergymen have been arrested, and a part of this number have already received sentence of banishment to Siberia, while others are held to bail awaiting trial. . . . If I had the strength, I might tell you tales that would make every American's blood boil with indignation; and these things are not done in a corner, nor in the darkness of the Middle Ages, but in the full light of the nineteenth century, and in civilized, enlightened Russia."

Mr. Wellesley C. Bailey, Secretary to the Mission to Lepers in India, addressed a meeting at Mildmay, England, recently. His statement was full of painful interest. There are in India 135,000 lepers—men, women, and children—victims of the most terrible disease known to humanity. The Society seeks to proclaim to them the blessed Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and, as far as possible, to relieve their dreadful sufferings and provide for their simple wants. In some of the asylums headway is being made in educating the inmates and instructing them in the Christian faith. The distressing nature of the disease is, however, a hindrance to any attempt at learning. When eyes, hands, and mouth are all affected, it is hardly to be expected that such poor creatures should find any great amount of comfort in spelling over slowly and painfully the mysteries of the First and Second Reader. As a rule, they perfer to lie rolled up in their blankets in their little rooms, or to sit basking in the genial sun. Mr. Bailey's address is 17 Glengyle Terrace, Edinburgh.

THE HOSPITAL BOOK AND NEWSPAPER SOCIETY, branch of the State Charities Aid Association, No. 21 University Place, wishes to thank the public for its prompt reply to an appeal for reading matter made in November last. The Society desires also to express its sense of obligation to The Christian Union for the publication of this appeal. During the last year there have received 5,659 books, 15,000 magazines, and 36,760 weekly papers. These have been distributed on Hart's, Ward's, Blackwell's, and Randall's Islands, in the hospitals, insane asylums, almshouses, and schools; also in Bellevue Hospital, and in eighty-three private charitable establishments. Among the latter are: the Colored Home and Hospital, the Mount Sinai Hospital, the Presbyterian Home, the German Hospital, the Home for Old Men and Aged Couples, the Insane Asylum, Bingham ton, and the Seneca County Almshouse; also the Life Saving Stations and Lighthouses. The Sub-Committee on Christmas Cards reports that 7,919 cards have been sent out—an increase of 4,000 over last year. The crippled and invalid children on Randall's Island, for whom a special appeal was made, were amply supplied with cards. Many came accompanied by letters from children blessed with health and home, whose hearts were touched by this plea for the sick, outcast, and orphaned. From all of those to whom the Society has sent, the warmest expressions of pleasure and gratitude have been received, which it feels but just to share with its generous friends of the press and the public.

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

MIDDLE STATES.

—At the business meeting of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., after the Friday night prayer-meeting, a report was made from the Board of Deacons on the resignation of the Rev. S. B. Halliday. It was to the effect that, as Mr. Halliday's decision to withdraw was final, it was recommended that it be accepted, and that the church appoint a committee to express in suitable terms to Mr. Halliday the affection and reverence in which he has been, is, and will be held for his long and faithful services in connection with Plymouth Church. A committee was also appointed to raise subscription for a substantial testimonial to Mr. Halliday.

—The committee appointed, as stated above, by Plymouth Church to prepare a letter in response to that of the Rev. S. B. Halliday resigning his position as assistant pastor of the church, have presented him with a letter in which they say:

"Your long and useful labors for the church have made you an inseparable part of its history, and in no small measure a factor in its success. Your ministrations of mercy have soothed sorrow; the consolations of Christ dispensed by you in sun and storm, by day and night, to rich and to poor, have comforted the afflicted; the Gospel carried by you in heart and in hand has proved the power of God unto salvation, and demonstrated the personal God loving the personal man. Of such services Plymouth Church is not and could not be oblivious, but gratefully and heartily acknowledges their value as inestimable."

—The thirty-third annual convention of the New York State Sunday-School Association will be held at Rochester this week, beginning Tuesday at 10 A.M., and continuing Wednesday and Thursday. The sessions will be held in the Brick Church.

—During the absence of their pastor, the Rev. J. B. Galloway, some time ago, the Third Presbyterian Church of Paterson, N. J., voted to increase his salary from $1,800 to $2,500. Mr. Galloway had refused an offer from a Western church offering the last-named sum. On Sunday of last week Mr. Galloway announced to his congregation that $1,800 was enough for him to live upon, and he would not accept the increase offered. He advised his congregation to devote all their spare cash toward the erection of a new church, the present edifice being altogether too small.

—The Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson has returned to New York, and he intends to make his permanent residence in the city. He has become an attendant at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and his family were received into membership there yesterday. Dr. Robinson will preach during June in the Rev. Dr. Sabine's church, at Madison Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street.

—The General Synod of the Reformed Church in America held its eighty-second annual session in Catskill, N. Y., last week. The Rev. Charles F. Shepard, President of the last Synod, preached the annual sermon. There are thirty-four of the lesser religious bodies, each of which is known as a classis. The ministerial numerical strength of the Synod was 198. There are eighteen classes in New York State, eight in New Jersey, one in Pennsylvania, and the others are in Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, and elsewhere. The principal debate was over a resolution appointing a committee of three to agree on additions and amendments to the liturgy. It was passed in an amended form and with an increase in the number of the committee. The Rev. Dr. J. A. De Baun was chosen as Vedder Lecturer. The methods of the Societies of Christian Endeavor were indorsed.

—The annual parade of the Sunday-schools in the Eastern District Association of Brooklyn took place on Thursday last in Bedford Avenue. The fine weather brought out over 20,000 children, with their teachers and officers. Exercises were held in a score of churches, where anniversary hymns were sung and speeches were made.

—The building of Dr. Meredith's new church on Tompkins Avenue, Brooklyn, has begun. The cost of the new building will be $70,000, in addition to the land, which was purchased at $26,000. More than $60,000 of this amount has been subscribed by the members, and it is hoped to have the church ready for occupancy next spring. The architecture will be pure Italian, and it will be the only specimen of this style in Brooklyn. The material will be brick and granite. A square tower will rise 140 feet. The auditorium will be semicircular, with every seat directly facing the pulpit. The windows will be of stained glass, representing Biblical scenes. There will be a triple entrance from McDonough Street, and entrances at the four corners leading to the galleries, with the staircases inclosed in brick walls. The seating capacity will be 2,100, which will make it the largest church in either New York or Brooklyn except Dr. Talmage's, which seats 3,400.

—The dedication of the new Methodist Episcopal church in Hackensack, N. J., was brought to a close on June 8, after a lengthy programme covering three days. The Rev. D. W. Couch preached the opening sermon, followed by sermons by Bishop Foss, the Rev. John A. Monroe, and

the Rev. F. C. Iglehart. The cost of the building was $30,000.

—The dedication of St. George's Memorial Parish Building, erected by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan to the memory of his mother- and father in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tracy, took place in this city last Thursday. Bishop Potter, the rector, the Rev. W. G. Rainsford, and other clergymen took part in the service. The building is situated in Sixteenth Street, near Third Avenue.

—The New York State Lutheran Ministerium was held in Rondout last week. The Rev. J. Steinhauser preached the synodical sermon.

—The Church Club held its first annual dinner at the See House, 29 Lafayette Place, on Wednesday of last week. Short addresses were made by Everett P. Wheeler, Bishop Potter, Mayor Hewitt, General Swayne, the Rev. F. B. Van Kleeck, Roswell Smith, and others.

—The Gloria Dei (Old Swedes) Protestant Episcopal Church of Philadelphia celebrated the 188th anniversary of its dedication last week. In an elaborate and exhaustive address Dr. S. B. Simes, the rector, traced the history of the Old Swedes Church, in its religious bearing, from the settlement of the first colony on the western shore of the Delaware River in 1636 down to the present day, and showed that the Episcopalians had an indubitable legal and moral title to the possession of the Swedish churches.

—The corner-stone of the New German Evangelical Church of Yorkville, in Eighty-fourth Street, between First and Second Avenues, this city, was laid on Sunday afternoon of last week. The Rev. G. A. T. Goebel, the pastor, presided. Addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Terry, of South Church, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, in English, and by the pastor in German.

—The quarterly Harvest Meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Brooklyn City Mission Society was held in St. Ann's Episcopal Church last Saturday afternoon. Addresses were made by the Rev. Drs. Charles H. Hall and Lyman Abbott.

—The new church edifice of the Fourth Universalist Church of Brooklyn was occupied by the congregation for the first time last Sunday. The dedicatory sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Almon Gunnison, of All Souls' Church. In the evening the Rev. Abraham Conklin, the pastor, preached.

—An effort is being made by the Italian Christian associations of this city to open a Christian home in a suitable locality. They have met four years in the old church, No. 309 Mulberry Street; but, because the edifice is lacking all the requirements and conveniences of a home, it is found necessary to remove to quarters better fitted to promote growth and usefulness. There are about two hundred and fifty young men and women in the Association, and more than two hundred children in the Sunday-school.

—An appeal is made by the trustees of St. John's Guild in this city for contributions to carry out improvements absolutely needed to perform properly and efficiently the work of caring for sick and destitute children of the City of New York during the approaching summer.

—The new edifice of the Fourth Universalist Church, in Quincy Street and Reid Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., was dedicated on Wednesday night of last week.

—A series of evangelistic meetings for young men was begun last Sunday in Association Hall, this city, and will continue for one month. They are under the leadership of J. W. Dean, the former State Secretary of the Association of Iowa. Mr. Dean has been engaged in evangelistic work for a number of years, having his headquarters in Chicago.

NEW ENGLAND.

—A correspondent of the Springfield "Union," writing from Northfield, says: "Everything is being put in order, not alone for the approaching commencements, but also for the famous summer conferences. The college students' summer school convenes June 30 and continues until July 15. The Seminary buildings will be occupied entirely by the young men, and arrangements have also been made for tenting parties. It is expected that the attendance this year will be larger than ever before at both gatherings, and all arrangements possible have been made to accommodate the overflow. The sixth General Conference for Bible Study will be held from August 1 to 10, and already a large number have signified their intention of being present. There has as yet been no definite programme adopted, but many speakers from abroad and from this country will be present, and take part in both convocations. Among these may be mentioned the Rev. Dr. Broadus, of Louisville, Ky.; the Rev. Dr. Harper, of Yale; Henry Clay Trumbull, of the "Sunday School Times;" the Rev. Dr. Hudson Taylor, of London, England, who is connected with the China Inland Mission; the Rev. S. M. Sayford; the Rev. W. W. Clark, of New York; the Rev. Dr. M. Peddle, of the Spring Garden Baptist Church of Philadelphia; Bishop Hendricks, of the South Conference; the Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, of Cambridge; Webb Pepperell, the famous Low Church preacher of London, England; and many others.

—Louis L. Lorillard, of New York, has given $1,000 as a memorial to the late Catherine D. Wolfe, to be used for a guild house to be built for Trinity Church in Newport, R. I.

—The Methodist church at St. Johnsbury, Vt., had a debt of $708, and the pastor wanted it removed. So, a few Sundays ago, when the congregation went to church, they saw behind the pulpit a big blackboard, on which was drawn a mountain. The mountain was divided into apparent geological strata, and each stratum was marked according to size with "$1," "$2," "$5," and so on up to $50. The pastor said that he wanted to see the mountain of debt wiped out, and as subscriptions were announced from the congregation the corresponding figures and sections were wiped from the board; and in twenty-five minutes the whole mountain had disappeared and there was $50 to spare.

—The consecration of the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., took place on June 5. Bishop H. C. Potter, of New York, preached the sermon. There were forty-four of the clergy present. The service was very impressive. Many friends and alumni were present.

—On Sunday of last week Dr. Twitchell, of the Dwight Place Congregational Church of New Haven, Conn., preached an anniversary sermon. During the three years for which he has served as pastor the membership of the church has more than doubled.

—The bi-centennial anniversary of the organization of the first church in Deerfield, Mass., and the settlement of the Rev John Williams, "the redeemed captive," will occur the 17th of October, and the occasion will be observed with appropriate exercises, including a historical address by Mr. Buckingham, pastor of the old church.

—A French Congregational church building was dedicated in Springfield, Mass., last week. The Rev. Mr. Cote, who was instrumental in giving the society a start four years ago, outlined the condition and needs of the French Canadian population of this country, which numbers not less than 1,000,000. The French Canadians, he said, need something else than Romanism. It is our work to evangelize them. Their ignorance and superstition are almost incredible, and they need looking after as much as so called heathen in China, Japan, and India.

THE WEST AND SOUTH.

—The centennial of negro Baptists of Georgia began in Savannah on June 6, and will continue two weeks. Five thousand negro Baptists are present. At the opening of the celebration over 300 preachers were in attendance. It was expected that 50,000 negro visitors would be there during the celebration.

—The Rev. Dr. Leighton Coleman was elected to succeed the late Bishop Lee, of Delaware, at the annual convention of the diocese at Dover last week. Dr. Coleman is about fifty years of age, and was born in Philadelphia. He was rector of St. James's Church, Wilmington. Ten years ago he went to England, and was rector at Oxford until a year ago, when he returned, and is now rector at Sayre, Pa.

—A dispatch from Columbia, S. C., says: "For the past four days Judge Kershaw has been having an interesting case in chambers. George III. granted to a body of Lutherans a tract of 100 acres of land in the fertile "Dutch fork" of Lexington County, upon which a church and schoolhouse were erected, and for about half a century there was unity and peace in the flock. About forty years ago, however, discord arose in the congregation, and it was divided into two factions of nearly equal strength. Each of these claimed the church property, and neither would worship with the other. An arrangement was finally arrived at by which the church was used on alternate Sundays by each faction. The key was left at a convenient house, where the sextons of the two factions could get it when their Sunday for church worship came around. The plan was continued until about a year ago, when one party took exclusive possession of the key and refused to divide time. The faction thus shut out are the plaintiffs in the suit. Both sides are ably represented. The property is very valuable."

—The Triennial General Conference of the German Lutheran Church was concluded in Madison, Wis., last week, after a session of eight days. The most important legislation enacted related to the position of the church on secret organizations. Hereafter persons desiring to join the church must first sever connection with all secret organizations of which they may be members, and where present church members are also secret-society members, it was directed that every measure except excommunication be resorted to to induce withdrawal from the societies. It was decided to remove to Dubuque, Iowa, which city offered a bonus of thirty acres of land, two buildings, and $7,000 in cash, the Synodical Theological Seminary located at Mendota, Ill., provided the former city would increase its cash offer to $10,000. The session will be held biennially hereafter.

—In the sudden death of the Rev. Daniel Tracy, in Washington, last Friday, the seamen of the United States lose a champion whose work for them won for him the title of "The Seamen's Friend," by which he was generally known. He was about seventy years old. His early years were passed at sea, and he rose to the command of a vessel. On May 1, 1853, he took charge of the Sailors' Home, in Cherry Street, under the auspices of the American Seamen's Friend Society, now of No. 74 Wall Street. Here he remained until 1858, and during his term of service won the sincere esteem and regard of the officers and members of the Society, and the love and affection of the seamen who frequented the Home. He was afterward for a time in charge of a similar Home in Philadelphia. During his later years he was a Methodist minister, though not in charge of any church. For many years he has been a familiar figure at Washington, where he has been working in the interest of legislation for the benefit of sailors. He was an ardent supporter of the law which was passed several years ago forbidding the payment of advance wages to seamen. His latest project was the formation of a society the object of which should be to examine into charges of cruelty at sea made by seamen against their officers, to conduct such cases in the courts, and to work for the general benefit of sailors while in port. He had interested many prominent New Yorkers in this scheme, and President Arthur, before his death, had promised to accept the presidency of the proposed society. Mr. Tracy's work was all done upon his own responsibility. He paid his own expenses, did what he could in behalf of seamen, and worked because he loved his work.—[Tribune.

CANADIAN NOTES.

—The Hon. Senator Ferrier died at his residence in Montreal on the 31st ult., in the eighty-ninth year of his age. He was President of the Bible Society, Chancellor of Magill University, and for more than sixty years he was superintendent of the Great St. James Street Church Sunday-school. His funeral was one of the largest ever seen at Montreal. A tablet will most likely be erected to his memory in Trinity Church now being erected, the corner-stone of which he laid a few months ago, and subscribed $2,000 to the building fund.

—The friends of the late Rev. Dr. Wilkes have placed a memorial window in Emanuel Church, Montreal, in remembrance of their late reverend pastor.

—A new Congregational church in Ottawa, to cost $10 000, is nearly ready for dedication. The church is prospering; fifty-three persons were recently added to the membership.

—The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of Chalmers Presbyterian Church, on the corner of Dover Court Road and Dundas Street, Toronto, took place recently. The Rev. John Mutch, M.A., was presented with a beautiful silver trowel with which he performed the ceremony.

—At the anniversary of the Upper Canada Bible Society, which was held two evenings in the first week in May, the Rev. John Hall, D.D., was the chief attraction. The services were held in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. Dr. Hall preached the first evening, and delivered an earnest practical speech at the public meeting the following evening.

—The Rev. Jackson Wray, London, England, has sent a cablegram to the congregation of Zion Church, Toronto, declining the call which was so cordially presented to him to become their pastor.

—The Rev. Thomas Goldsmith, of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, has resigned the pastorate, as the congregation is not able to meet their financial claims.

—The Rev. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter are closing a most successful revival campaign at St. Thomas. More than nine hundred persons have professed to receive good.

—The sudden death of Archbishop Lynch (Roman Catholic) produced a profound impression in Toronto, where he was so well known. He was a man of strong convictions, but always courteous. He was generous to a fault, and left no property except a gold watch and a suit of clothes.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—M. S. Hartwell accepts a call from the church at Menosha, Wis.

—Lewis V. Price, of the Broadway Church, Somerville, Mass., accepts a call to the First Church of Brockton.

—R. B. Bull, of Armour, Dakota, died on May 14, at the age of eighty-seven.

—T. W. Spanswick, of Peshtigo, Wis., accepts a call to Rockford, Mich.

—S. E. Carter accepts a call to Gladstone, Mich.

—W. F. Livingston has been installed as pastor of the church at Fryeburg, Me.

—C. B. Moody was installed pastor at Osage, Iowa, on May 17.

—W. F. Bacon, of the First Church of East Hampton, Mass. has resigned.

—L. D. Rathbone accepts a call to Redwood, Cal.

—J. W. Barron has received a call to Chesterfield, N. H.

—Ivor Thomas, of Brookfield, Ohio, has resigned.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—Robert H. McReady was installed as pastor of the new Prospect Hill Church of this city on June 7.

—W. H. Bradley has become pastor of the church at Glasboro', N. J.

—David Wills, D.D., of the Tenth Street Church of Philadelphia, Pa., has resigned.

—George Sexton, LL.D., lately of London, England, accepts a call to the Irish Presbyterian Church of Dunkirk, N. Y.

—W. J. Gerlach accepts a call to Petersburg, Mich.

—F. C. Monfort, of the First Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, has resigned on account of ill health.

—R. C. Townsend has been installed as pastor of the First Church of Tipton, Ia.

EPISCOPAL.

—Edwin White, tutor in the Rutgers College Grammar School, and assistant rector of Christ Church in New Brunswick, N. J., accepts a call to St. James's Church in this city.

—J. B. Robinson has resigned the rectorship of St. John's Church, Yalesville, Conn.

—J. M. Hobbs has become rector of St. Paul's Church, Peabody, Mass.

—W. H. Washburn, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has become rector of Christ Church, Oyster Bay, L. I.

BAPTIST.

—George W. Quick, of Chester, Pa., has received a call from the Highland Church, Springfield, Mass.

—Will Reade, of Springfield, Mass., accepts a call to Barre.

—E. M. Poteah, of Baltimore, Md., has received a call from Calvary Church of New Haven, Conn.

—Christopher Rhodes, of the Central Church, Brooklyn, E. D., has retired from the church, over which he has been pastor for fourteen years, on account of impaired health.

—E. D. Mason has been installed pastor of the Winter Hill Church of Somerville, Mass.

OTHER CHURCHES.

—E. L. Rexford has been installed pastor of the Universalist Church of Roxbury, Mass.

—James E. Gaston, one of the pioneers of the Christian Church, died in Des Moines, Ia., on June 1, at the age of eighty.

—Isaac N. S. Erb, a prominent Lutheran clergyman, died in Orwigsburg, Pa., last week.

—F. L. Phalen, of Milton, N. H., has received a call from the Unitarian church of Brattleboro', Vt.

Books and Authors.

BIBLICAL ARCHÆOLOGY.

There is nothing more modern than the science of Biblical archæology. It is advancing with every revolution of the globe, with every expedition of a learned society, with every stroke of the excavator's pick. To be abreast of its discoveries requires the agility and ardor of youth. That the author of the present volume lacks this prime requisite is patent to any reader not utterly ignorant of the subject.

Dr. Keil's division is good. He treats his subject Godward and manward. One can only quote with approval his two Parts:

I. The religious relations of the Israelites in general and in particular: (1) the places of worship; (2) the *personnel* of the worship; (3) the acts of worship, consisting of sacrificial purifications and other sacred acts; (4) worship according to its times, festivals, and changes.

II. The civil and social relations of the Israelites: (1) the relations of domestic life—(a) according to its outward form in dwellings and in the manner of supporting life, or food and clothing; (b) according to its internal relations, marriage, the rearing of children, and menial service; and (c) according to the course which it runs, as well in social intercourse and enjoyments as in sorrow, sickness, and death. (2) Civil employments—(a) the purpose of gaining the means of sustenance by agriculture, rearing of cattle, hunting and fishing; (b) by the practice of trade and handiwork, and of commerce (c) by the cultivation of arts and sciences. (3) The public affairs relating to the constitution and administration of the State—(a) internally, the civil constitution, the observance of the law, and the administration of justice; (b) externally, its political attitude toward other States, the army, peace and war.

This is more philosophical than Ewald, more comprehensive than Bähr.

We cannot commend equally Dr. Keil's discussion of sources. To be sure, he puts the canonical writings of the Old Testament in the first rank, which a much more modern writer has strangely forgotten to do. But when he comes to subsidiary sources he leaves much to be desired. He names the Phœnician Sanchuniathon among these. But Dr. Movers, more than a generation ago, made it evident that this was a work rather than a person. Travels in the East, it is said correctly, shed much light upon Biblical antiquity. Not, however, if they are too exclusively German travels. With weight of learning these often lack lightness of touch and grace of form. Will it be believed that, on a page bristling with German books of travel even to Baedeker's "Palestina"—"the best handbook"—Dr. Keil does not allude to Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," a classic which has more of the aroma of the Holy Land than almost any book save the Bible itself? In like manner he fails to cite the great modern authorities on Phœnician, Babylonian, and Egyptian antiquity. We search in vain for the names of Renan, Delitzsch, Erman, Maspero, and a host of other masters in these fields white to the harvest. Decidedly the book does not bear out the promise of its preface "to be up to the present state of knowledge" in its department. It is miles and years behind it.

Dr. Keil's diction is eminently direct and dogmatic. For instance, he declares bluntly that "the great fish by which Jonah the prophet was swallowed is the giant shark." He is averse to qualifications, penning the downright phrase, "That the fundamental character of heathenism lies in its worship of nature is acknowledged by the most competent authorities in this department of study." It would sometimes add to the persuasiveness of his style if he argued more and asserted less. Thus he disposes of one of Kuenen's and Wellhausen's theories as follows: "The assumption that the more simple outline of the tabernacle was extracted from the more artificial and complicated temple-structure is rightly declared by Dillman on Exodus xxv. to be nonsense." Speaking of the age of synagogues, he simply fells as with a bludgeon the unfortunate Mo'the El of Psalm lxxxiv., 8—"They were not synagogues at all."

It is well known that the material of sacrifice among the Israelites was rigidly distinguished from that of the pagans. Why were not gazelles permissible offerings, as in Egypt? Dr. Keil's explanation is reasonable and satisfactory. "Seeing that in the land of Canaan, which they had received as an inheritance from the Lord, the people were enjoined to adopt as their ordinary avocation, not fishing and hunting, but the rearing of cattle and the cultivation of the soil, we have here the principle on which not merely wild animals, but also edible game and all kinds of fish, and also such ordinary domestic animals as had never been considered edible, were expressly excluded as unsuitable for altar sacrifices."

Often, indeed, our author's sobriety of judgment appears to advantage even through the wrappings of his periods and the mold of his erudition. The distinction between the sin and trespass offering is one case in point. We agree with him, too, in his high and hearty estimate of Dr. W. H. Green's "Hebrew Feasts." No one can read his solemn and fervid words on Jesus Christ as our Atoning Sacrifice without tender personal regard. His exposition of Col. ii., 13 has a unique interest. Christ's crucifixion is conceived of as a trespass offering. It is a satisfaction rendered to the claims of the law as representing the divine righteousness. "What was nailed to the cross was not the law, or the rolls on which the law was written, but the body of Christ. The Apostle describes the body of Christ so nailed to the cross as a bond or note of hand, because he regards it as an equivalent for our debt, and intimates that God has remitted all our transgressions, *i. e.*, that He does not charge them against us as a debt, but has forgiven them in consideration of the fact that Christ, by enduring the punishment which we ourselves should have suffered, has satisfied all the demands of the law."

As a link with the past and a bridge to the future the volume has its place. We welcome it as a pledge of a fresher, keener, broader book in a great field.

[1] *Manual of Biblical Archæology.* By Carl Friedrich Keil, Doctor and Professor of Theology. Translated from the German by the Rev. Peter Christie. (Scribner & Welford, New York.)

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS.[1]

Sir Frederick Pollock was a thorough man of the world, as well as an able lawyer and distinguished judge. He had a strong liking for art, the drama, literature, and science. Particularly in the last named department of knowledge he was fond of reading and discussing topics of an out-of-the-way kind. Without any pretense to being a learned scientist, he was yet never tired of talking of such matters with such men as Tyndall and Babbage. In one way or another he had pleasant relations with many of the most distinguished writers, statesmen, and other noted persons of the day. His reminiscences, which reach from 1815 to 1872, embrace a great variety of personal anecdotes, clever sayings, character sketches, and the like, together with many letters, written sometimes in an excellent descriptive style, sometimes in a charmingly playful manner. The two volumes before us contain, it is true, a good deal of purely personal or trivial diary entries, which might better have been edited out; but it is rare to turn one or two leaves without coming upon some amusing or instructive bit of reading. It should be added that the tone throughout is good-humored; there is little irony or sarcasm, and even where the writer describes the absurdities of his contemporaries he invariably does so without bitterness or personal feeling. We have selected a few passages in which our readers may be interested. The first throws some light on Thomas Carlyle's peculiarity of temper.

CARLYLE ON A JURY.

"Frederick D. Maurice was at this time the chaplain at Guy's Hospital, where I sometimes used to go to hear him preach, and also to dine with him. It was here that one day in June I first met Mrs. Carlyle, and had the pleasure of sitting next her at dinner. Finding that I had something to do with the law, she mentioned that Carlyle had been fearfully troubled by having to serve on a jury, and that, to save him further annoyance, she had burnt the last summons sent to him, and had not mentioned it to her husband. Thinking this might be a more serious matter than Mrs. Carlyle fancied it to be, I made further inquiry, and was told that he had sat the whole of one day on the trial of a case, when it was adjourned to a future date, so that if the same jurymen who had already heard part of the case did not again attend it would prevent the continuance of the trial, and would probably lead to the infliction of a very heavy fine on any absent juror. Mrs. Carlyle became alarmed, and asked me what could be done, as she recollected neither the name of the case nor the date or court in which it was to come on. But she knew it was a patent case about the so-called 'cards' used in the manufacture of cotton; and upon this information I promised to do my best to save Carlyle from the probable consequences of her rash act. I had no difficulty in discovering what was wanted, and sent to Mrs. Carlyle a notification of the time and place of trial. Carlyle attended, and I was amply rewarded by two or three letters from his wife. In the first she thanked me for my assistance, and dwelt on the possible calamities of fine or imprisonment, not even in the cause of humanity, but in the cause only of Walton and Potter; adding that he would go, the much-suffering man, but would go 'cursing from the bottom of his heart the administration of English justice.' At all events, she had had the comfort of having spared him some eight days of the horrors of anticipation, and such comfort also as could be drawn from the reflection that virtue ever is its own reward, unless something very particular occurs to prevent it. On the first hearing of the case, when it was adjourned, it seems that Carlyle had been requested by an official of the court to give his word of honor that he would come again when required. He had answered, with the emphasis of despair, 'No,' and gave him his word of honor that he would *not* come back—they might fine him, they might kill him, but that box he would not enter alive any more! In fact, having all the irritability of genius, and the irritability of a lifelong dyspepsia into the bargain, he had been thrown into a sort of moral hydrophobia by this Walton and Potter, which was nearly proving fatal both to himself and his wife, and fatal above all (as she wrote) to his projected 'Life of Cromwell,' and which had cost her many tears. My information and warning of the consequences of his non-attendance, however, made everything comfortable for the time, and Carlyle was again correcting proofs, with his head as clear of Walton and Potter as if no such men had ever lived and quarreled. The lowest fine that would have been inflicted was ten pounds, the fifth part of the whole sum to be got by writing a 'French Revolution;' and a wild suggestion was made by Mrs. Carlyle that she should swear him off on the ground of incapacity, which she said she could conscientiously do, as no man in his mad state was capable of seeing into the merits of any case."

THE ECCENTRIC SAMUEL WARREN.

"We were sitting together in one of the back rows of the Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster, and it was at the time when the first chapters of 'Ten Thousand a Year' were appearing anonymously in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and a not very wise acquaintance of mine was giving out that I was the author of it, on the strength of his knowing that I had been at the trial of Angell *vs.* Angell at York, it being remembered that the claims of Tittlebat Titmouse to his landed estate of ten thousand a year come on for decision in the novel in the form of a Writ of Right. Warren was going about denying the authorship, and I confess that I believed him, thinking that 'Ten Thousand a Year' very much surpassed any of his acknowledged writings. In our talk Warren said he hoped I did not suppose he was the author, as he was serious in wanting to get on at the Bar, and knew that it was damaging to a man's prospects if he were known to be occupied in literary pursuits. I, in my genuine opinion that it was not his work, told him that he need not be afraid of it, but that I should be glad to think the novel was his, as I thought very highly of it. His face at once betrayed him, and I saw the opening for a little mystification, suggested by the gossip of my foolish acquaintance already mentioned. Warren asked, 'Do you know who is the author of it?' To which I replied, 'Other] people at the Bar may have the same good reasons for wishing to remain unknown as yourself.' This puzzled him, but he went on pressing me, and at last, after many protests, and under a promise of strict secrecy, I told him that I had written 'Ten Thousand a Year' myself. Then, apparently in some concern that I should believe in my own authorship of it, he confided to me, as I dare say he was doing to everybody else, that *he was the author of* 'Ten Thousand a Year,' and we parted."

A SENSIBLE UTTERANCE ON SPIRITUALISM.

"For the other folly of the day which you mention, I wonder at you writing of it so seriously, for I have always thought the spirit-rapping business one of the most culpable and degrading impostures ever practiced upon the superstitious and weak-minded, and having upon its front all the *indicia* of fraud. Conceive the abominable imposture of a supposed conversation with Sir John Franklin! I want no other spirits to assist me in the comprehension of the mystery of 'rapping' than the spirit of making money, which has been potent to transfer some of that master-mover of all things from the pockets of some fools to those of the pretenders to the art of conversing with the dead. As to the particular explanation of how the fraud is practiced, I am no more bound to be able precisely to explain it than how M. Houdin, or any other amuser of the public, contrives to pour champagne, port, and sherry out of the same bottle, or to extract an inexhaustible supply of bouquets from the inside of a hat. No doubt it involves some clever contrivances, enormous impudence, and a good deal of close observation of character and of what goes on in the room, and, above all, a boundless reliance upon the gullibility of mankind, which is the grand article in the stock in trade of all charlatans—political, legal, psychological, or otherwise—and upon the chapter of accidents and lucky coincidences, which probably furnish them with their most successful hits. I have not attended, and do not mean to attend any, of these performances, which, besides their folly and fraud, are said to be the dullest affairs possible."

A SINGULAR WAY OF LEARNING TO READ.

"It was during this year that my second son, W——, learned to read in a singular manner. His mother used to read out to him for half an hour every day, before dressing for dinner, from Longfellow's 'Hiawatha.' At the close of the reading he would always ask for more, and his mother would reply, 'I cannot read any more now, but if you like to take the book and look at the words, as I have read them to you, you may do so!' To this suggestion the boy eagerly agreed, and by this process, at the end of a fortnight, he could read the whole of the poem with ease. He was then five years old, but did not know his letters. This is a curious instance of what may be done by the enthusiasm of the learner to help a teacher."

AN EVENING WITH TENNYSON.

"Tennyson read 'Boadicea' and 'The Lincolnshire Farmer.' The latter gains immensely by his giving the words their proper accent, and by the enormous sense of humor thrown into it by his voice and manner in reading it. I asked Tennyson which he preferred of the two poems, 'Enoch Arden' and 'Aylmer's Field.' He replied 'Enoch Arden,' which he thought was very perfect and a beautiful story. 'Aylmer's Field' had given him more trouble than anything he ever did. At one time he had to put it aside

[1] *Personal Remembrances of Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart.* (New York: Macmillan & Co, 2 vols, $5.)

altogether for six months, the story was so intractable, and it was so difficult to deal with modern manners and conversation. The Indian relative was introduced solely for the sake of the dagger, which was to be the instrument of the lover's suicide."

WORDSWORTH AND SCOTT.

"Lady Cranworth, when Miss Carr, set to music part of Wordsworth's ballad of 'Young Romilly,' and he heard her sing it at Lord Monteagle's house. The company were curious to see what effect it would have upon the poet. When the singing was over, Wordsworth went up to Miss Carr, and all he said was, 'You have omitted a great deal of my poetry in your musical recitation.' This I heard from Aubrey de Vere, who was present. Wordsworth was much distressed at Scott's misquotation from his 'Yarrow,'

'The swans on sweet St. Mary's lake,'

instead of

'The swan on still St. Mary's lake,'

as destroying the beauty and truth of the imagery, and the propriety of the epithet. He used to say that Scott had no real feeling for nature, but that he would go out and collect impressions and versify them, 'but nature cannot be inventoried in that way.'

"Dugald Stewart was once asked what was the earliest thing he could remember. He said it was being left alone by his nurse in his cradle, and resolving to tell of her as soon as he could speak."

BROWNING'S INTELLIGIBILITY.

"In the afternoon talked with Browning at the 'Athenæum,' about 'The Ring and the Book.' He said he had at last secured the ear of the public, but that he had done it by vigorously assaulting it, and by telling his story four times over. He added that he had perhaps, after all, failed in making himself intelligible, and said it was like bawling into a deaf man's trumpet, and then being asked not to speak so loud, but more distinctly."

Witnesses to Christ. A Contribution to Christian Apologetics. By William Clark, M.A., Professor of Philosophy in Trinity College, Toronto. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.) In this handsomely printed volume we have eight lectures delivered before the students of the University of Michigan on the foundation of the endowment fund known as the Baldwin Lectureship. There is always room in the field of theological science for such a work, however wearisome the infliction of many other books on Christian Apologetics—one of the most awkward and misleading of all titles. Mr. Clark is evidently a student of fine and extensive scholarship; but he writes like a man who knows what it is to be out-of-doors, theologically. His style is clear, cogent, simple, direct, and as familiar as the nature of the subjects treated will admit of. In such an undertaking as the author proposes there is great danger of threshing old straw until the reader is choked with dust; but, somehow, the most threadbare topics are freshened by his manner of writing, so that they become living questions. If we do not err in judgment, the secret of the readableness of this volume lies in the catholicity of the author's spirit, which prompts such admirable utterance as the following (p. 48): "Men will not and cannot abstain from questions concerning God, duty, immortality. We are contented if they will go on asking, and if they will hear the answers which are given to their questions. No wise advocate of Christian revelation expects or desires the blind and unreflecting acquiescence in his teaching. What we want is the most searching examination into the truth of our testimony in order to the attainment of a reasonable and well-grounded faith." One who stands in this position will inevitably have thoughts worthy of an audience; and in the first of these lectures the principle is well illustrated by the exhibition of much fairness and candor in the discussion of Rationalism, Mythicism, Materialism, as championed by Strauss, Paulus, Renan, and others. Other chapters relate to Civilization and Christianity, and enumeration of the "Gesta Christi;" Personal Culture and Religion; the Unity of Christian Doctrine; the Insufficiency of Materialism; the Pessimism of the Age; the Resurrection of Jesus. The last of these subjects is divided into two parts, one of which relates to the evidence for the Resurrection, and the other to the theories invented to set aside the Resurrection. Many elaborate treatises on this subject alone cover less ground than is covered by these comparatively few pages. It seems to us that Dr. Clark owes much of his success to the fact that in writing he has kept an audience continually before him, for the topics in hand, of ancient lineage for the most part, are invested with nineteenth century interest by considering two principles—(1) that old foes may have new faces, and (2) that old faces may shine with new light. And he who believes that as long as there are witnesses to Christ there will also be hearers of their testimony, will speak as only an earnest man *can* speak to living men. We are decidedly of the opinion that students of all ages will profit by this publication, and that its contents will lead to faith in the inspired reasonableness of the Word of God, and of divine truth in general.

The Fall of New France, 1755–1760. By Gerald E. Hart, President of the Society for Historical Studies, Montreal, etc. With Portraits and Views in Artotype. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.) We are unable to call to mind any five years of history about which during the last fifty years there has raged a comparable controversy. To this day there has never been an amalgamation of the French and English elements of Canada. The French claims have never been abandoned. The truth of the matter seems to be that England took advantage of the weakness of France under the control of Madame de Pompadour and seized upon the French dominion of Canada. It seems equally true that the seizure has, on the whole, been a benefit to Canada, just as the Norman William's conquest was an advantage to the Saxon race. But when we come to details we encounter difficulties. The forcible transportation of the French colonists of Acadie in Nova Scotia has been reckoned one of the crimes of the nations. Mr. Hart thinks differently. It is his opinion that the sentiment prevalent in the United States takes its rise from Longfellow's "Evangeline" and not from veracious annals. Doubtless Mr. Hart is right, but he disposes of the historical difficulties in a way that is far too simple. His solution of the matter is that, according to the peace of Utrecht, the Acadians became subjects of his Britannic Majesty by the fact of their continuance on British soil; that all would have gone well had not the "cassocks" inflamed the peaceful and virtuous peasantry with opposition to England; that when required to take the oath of allegiance they declined, although by taking the oath they incurred no new responsibilities. Mr. Hart makes out a plain case, but at the cost of glossing over serious and obvious difficulties. He does not, for example, explain why the Acadians were harrassed by one oath after another submitted to them for adoption; why they were treacherously decoyed into a church to be captured; why these intractable and dangerous people who for years had been hostile to English rule happened never to have provided themselves with arms. Upon the whole, we must wait for further light. No, we have not to wait; because over a year ago all the State papers connected with the case which were not destroyed by the British officers were published, and later still Père Le Tac has put forth his "Histoire Chronologique de la Nouvelle France" with notes by Eugene Réveillaud, giving documentary evidence of actual history of the matter. The account of the obliteration of Acadie is followed by the final act of the drama of New France upon the Heights of Abraham. It is at this point that Mr. Hart's accumulation of materials and elucidation of the sequence of events is most trustworthy and valuable. The volume is enriched with fac-similes of rare prints, portraits, views, and autograph documents.

Eternal Atonement. By Roswell D. Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.) This volume of sermons takes its title from the first sermon, which is a plea for the doctrine that the Atonement is not merely a specific work accomplished in a brief cycle of time, but an eternal fact, having its operation as well as its reason in the nature of God. Dr. Hitchcock well defined the law of his own mental nature in the motto which he gave to his classes—we quote from memory: "Absolute freedom of inquiry and a granite rock of result." This absolute intellectual freedom and this absolute spiritual certitude characterize in a pre-eminent degree these sermons. This is to us a greater charm even than the always perfect, sometimes too perfect, form in which the thoughts find their expression. These sermons abound with clear, crystalline sentences which start the mind in trains of thought, and give that which is better than a perfected thought—a germinant idea which itself creates thought. For example: "God creates, governs, judges, punishes, pities, redeems, and saves; but love is the root of all." "You hate our iron-clad Orthodoxy. But our Creed, as you must yourselves admit, has some mercy in it, while your Creed has no mercy in it at all." "Evil never abdicates, never goes off on a vacation, never sleeps." The volume is not, as the living preacher was not, emotive. There is not a sensuous line in it. Its imagination is all intellectual. Its emotion is an electric current which illuminates truth, but does not warm and enkindle the emotions. Dr. Hitchcock makes you think rather than feel. But the thinking is all for practical purposes. He is the reverse of scholastic. All is transfused with spiritual perception. He is not coldly and scientifically intellectual. The sermons are not to be imitated, but they are admirable specimens for the preacher to study; they are not ministers to intellectual sloth and self-indulgent ease, but to one who desires his religious reading to quicken and inform his spiritual understanding there are few or no sermons better worth his perusal.

Ho Deuteros Thanatos; or, The Second Death. By an Orthodox Minister of fifty years' standing. (Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. The author undertakes to show the fiendish character of the doctrine of eternal punishment and to sustain his view of conditional immortality by insisting upon the literal meaning of the words life and death. The discussion in his hands has passed out of cold, prosaic forms, for he justifies his views to his fellow-men in verse and rhyme. We do not believe that this poetic discussion will have much influence in closing the debate.

The Children and the Church. By the Rev. F. E. Clark. (Boston: Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.) This is the third edition, revised and enlarged, of the work of Mr. Clark, the founder of the Society of Christian Endeavor, and is mainly an explanation of the value of the Society, the way to organize, and the spirit in which the work is to be conducted. The introduction by the late Dr. Goodell is warm and tender, like his choice bits of writing.

SOME SCHOOL-BOOKS.

Ginn & Co. (Boston) send us *Lessons in English*, by Sara E. H. Lockwood, a text-book which is designed to be used in connection with reading from the works of Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, Holmes, Lowell, Irving, and Bryant. It has several novel features, and appears to combine a presentation of the essentials of good English with the developing of a critical literary taste.——The same publishers have recently issued *Recent Examination Papers*, by John F. White, LL.D., containing analyzed sets of recent examination papers of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Princeton, together with suggestions for teachers preparing pupils for college; *Lessons in Geometry*, for beginners, by Professor G. A. Hill, who follows a natural as opposed to the formal method; T. M. Blakeslee's *Academic Trigonometry*; J. F. Stein's *German Exercises*; Professor K. P. Harrington's *Helps to the Intelligent Study of College Preparatory Latin*; Book V. of Professor H. N. Fowler's edition of *Thucydides*, with copious annotations; and, in the Classics for Children Series, Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.——D. C. Heath & Co. publish two volumes of *Practical Lessons in the Use of English*, by Mary F. Hyde, of the New York State Normal School. The exercises are progressive, and aim to lead the pupil to cultivate closely his powers of observation.——A good reading book is Professor A. F. Blaisdell's *First Steps with American and British Authors*, which introduces the young reader to English literature in an intelligent manner.——The peculiarity of E. B Warman's *Practical Orthœpy* is that it gives pronunciations of over 6,000 words often mispronounced, selecting those pronunciations only in which Webster and Worcester agree (Chicago: W. H. Harrison, Jr.)——A. S. Barnes & Co., of this city, have added to their popular series of works on natural science by Professor J. D. Steele a *Popular Physics*, which is exceedingly clear in its demonstration and is profusely and intelligently illustrated.——*Three Kingdoms* is the title of a little volume by Harlan H. Ballard, the President of the Agassiz Association. It is a handbook full of useful hints and instructions for members of the society in pursuing their scientific courses of study. (New York: The Writers' Publishing Co.)——Harper & Brothers have added to their "English Classics for School Reading" a selection by Professor W. J. Rolfe of *Tales of Chivalry in the Olden Time*, from the works of Sir Walter Scott.

LITERARY NOTES.

—The June issue of "The American Garden" is, most appropriately to the month, a special Rose Edition, abounding in handsomely executed pictures of rare and beautiful roses.

—At Fontainebleau has been found a contract of sale relating to a supply of furniture for the royal troops, which has signed to it the name of the father of Molière. It is dated May 29, 1631, when Molière was a little more than nine years of age. Papers relating to Molière are excessively rare.

—"The Athenæum" calls Henry James "the novelist with an outlook on letters instead of on life"—which is rather good. "Mr. James the critic," it declares, "is in all respects the twin of Mr. James the novelist. His phrasing is as neat, his point of view as personal, his argument as ingenious, his intelligence as lively and as watchful, and his conclusions as shadowy and fleeting."

—The first volume of Peter the Great's correspondence, which is soon to be published under the editorship of Count Tolstoi, will comprise more than 1,000 pages, with 403 letters and documents. It is predicted that the completed work will rank in historical importance with the correspondence of Napoleon I. and of Frederick the Great. In all, there have now been collected more than 10,000 letters and documents.

—Sir Edwin Arnold's publishers are about to issue a volume of selections from his poems with some new pieces added, and with a preface in which the purpose of the undertaking is explained as follows: "As it has been sometimes thought and said—inaccurately—that the author is exclusively devoted to Oriental subjects of verse, and as he may yet again recur to these, he has here complied with the desire that a selection should be made from his non-Oriental poems."

—The purpose of H. Rider Haggard's visit to Iceland has not been understood by the public. He goes more as an explorer than novelist. His adventurous life in Africa gave him the restlessness which years of travel are almost certain to beget. Iceland was about the only place in the world which he had never visited, so he made up his mind to go there. He also feels convinced that there is material in the legends and literature of that remote country for a more sensational piece of fiction than he has yet produced.

—Browning declines to write for magazines. In speaking of an offer of $1,000 from a Boston paper for a short poem, he said: "If I would write in that way for any one, I would consider this request from Boston, but I simply can't. An English magazine offered me a large price, which I refused, and then a still larger, which I again refused. Then they sent me a blank check, and asked me to fill it out to my own satisfaction. But I returned that also. I cannot bring myself to write for periodicals. If I publish a book, and people choose to buy it, that proves they want to read my work. But to have them turn over the pages of a magazine and find me—that is to be an uninvited guest. My wife liked it. She liked to be with the others; but I have steadfastly refused that kind of thing from first to last."

—The third issue of the new quarterly, the "American Journal of Psychology," contains several articles of deep interest to those who have gained some knowledge of this curiously fascinating and rapidly developing science. An illustrated paper by Dr. William Noyes, describing a case of "Paranoia," or primary insanity, of an accomplished artist who still draws many beautiful designs, some of which are here reproduced; the account of a study of a "Winter Roosting Colony of Crows," by C. L. Edwards; a consideration of the "Relative Legibility of the Small Letters," by E. C. Stanford—the outcome of careful, exhaustive experiments; "A Study of Dreams," in which certain theories which to most of us will seem extraordinary in a high degree are put forward by Mr. Julius Nelson; an able essay on "Some Effects of Stimulating Ganglion Cells;" and the usual full and critical account of current psychological literature and thought by the editor, Professor G. Stanley Hall, and others, make up the contents of the number.

TEMPERANCE NEWS.

CONFESSIONS OF AN HABITUAL DRUNKARD.[1]

Whether in my case drunkenness is (or, I hope, was) hereditary or acquired, or both, I leave to be gathered from the following facts: My maternal grandparents (I know from undoubted testimony) were both remarkably temperate, and I have no reason to suppose that a similar description does not apply to my maternal grandparents. My parents died a short time ago somewhat suddenly, and were as hearty as persons aged eighty-two could well be expected to be. My mother had always been "nearly a teetotaler;" my father what is called a "good liver." On the other hand, my father's two brothers, and my mother's two brothers, all died prematurely through excessive indulgence in alcoholic drinks; and my nearest relatives of the same generation as myself nearly all show the same sad propensity. As for myself, although at home I seldom, if ever, tasted intoxicants in my youth, yet the use of them elsewhere was habitual with me from a very early age; and during my "teens" the excessive use of them was not an infrequent occurrence. Indeed, before I was twenty-one years of age the latter practice caused such irregular attention to business that the career for which I had been trained had to be abandoned. I entered on a new walk in life, but with a similar result in less than twelve months. I then came to London, and determined to start life afresh; and by associating with but one friend, a total abstainer, I was able to be a teetotaler for nearly two years, not, however (it is important to remember), intending to remain one always, but simply adopting the plan as a matter of prudence until I recovered my lost position. With a return of prosperity came a recurrence to the old habits, and during the next five years a succession of appointments was no sooner secured than lost, though I ought to observe that, by accident and fortunate circumstances, each successive appointment was pecuniarily better than its predecessor. At the end of the period mentioned, I went to a tropical country, and for the fifth time in a life of only thirty years' duration I began once again with a fair start and splendid prospects. Alas! the same sad results followed. My life in that country may be best described by the phrase "sometimes industrious, and occasionally sober." It was at this period that an important change came over my terrible habit. Hitherto I had only drank in company, and to some extent for the sake of convivial companionship. Now, however, I drank alone, and sometimes secretly. The same series of dismissals characterized my career as at home; but the "occasional industry" of which I have spoken had given me a reputation which enabled me to rise high in my profession. My annual salary reached nearly four figures. I was introduced to royalty, and I moved in the best society, though certain exclusive circles were closed to me in consequence of the notoriety of my mania for intoxicants. At last I lost that appointment, and as every door seemed closed to me, I came to England once more, to start life anew, and in the hope that the long sea voyage and more invigorating northern climate would give me strength to resist the craving which (I could not now disguise from myself) had such overwhelming power over me. The reader will have anticipated the rest. Again followed a series of appointments, followed by as many dismissals. My former friends rallied round me, and entreated me to crush the fatal habit. They constantly forgave my deficiencies, but, at last, wearied of my oft-repeated irregularities, cast me off. This happened, not once, or twice, or thrice, but many times. I sank lower and lower; that is, I became poorer and poorer, until at length ruin to myself and family became inevitable, and starvation stared us in the face. There were a thousand motives which ought to have spurred me on to industry, diligence, and sobriety. There were a thousand warnings urging me to look forward. Illness that had nearly proved fatal, catastrophes of all kinds, had failed to conjure a power to resist in the past, though I had hoped over and over again that each downfall would be a bitter lesson, to be remembered as a warning against future dangers. The habitual drunkard, however, is powerless to regard all warnings. His conscience may be as keen as his remorse is great. He may earnestly long and strive to do what he knows to be right. He may even be strong-minded in all that concerns the business of life, save in this one particular failing; but, as De Quincey says of the opium-eater, "His intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but even of attempt." He lies in sight of all he would fain perform, but is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise. He drinks, not because he likes drink or likes to get drunk. He often detests the one, and shudders at the thought of the other; but he drinks because he has an uncontrollable and morbid impulse to swallow intoxicating liquor. He may surround himself with every conceivable restriction, but in vain, as I shall show in the sequel; until at length the restless turbidness that is one of the punishments of habitual debauchery paralyzes all the efforts of a decrepit will, and he ceases to think seriously on the subject. He does not dare to think on it, for if he do, it produces a melancholy that sends him all the sooner to drink again. Ruined in every way, I obtained means to proceed to one of the European capitals where I had a remnant of a professional connection. I imagined that new associates and new associations would be perhaps a sort of strength or assistance to me. It was a forlorn hope, and I knew it, but still it was a hope. My old friends rallied round me here as at home, and my prospects brightened; but, alas! in less than a month I was as bad as ever. I became a starving beggar in the gay and brilliant streets, until at last I was sent by a mendicancy organization back to England to my starving wife and children, living in a house wherein was an execution but no food. In 1875 I had dined with the Prince of Wales; in 1881 I dined with Duke Humphrey. In 1876 I lived in a mansion with spacious grounds, kept my own carriage, horses, and servants; in 1881 I was a penniless mendicant. The sole reason for this "foul defeat and overthrow" was simply that I had become—an habitual drunkard.

It was now that I resolved to call in outside help to support my hitherto single efforts. I determined to cure myself by some means or other.

I was advised to avoid all old haunts and drinking companions, and to seek new friends and fresh scenes, but my experience had taught me that haunts and companions have little to do with leading the dipsomaniac to the fatal cup; although good companionship has a great influence in keeping the *convalescent* away from it. As a rule, the habitual drunkard avoids companions, drinks in solitary communion with his own bitter thoughts, building castles in the air, cursing every glass he drinks, and inwardly resolving that each particular debauch shall be his last. When, too, he turns away from his old haunts, it is to discover new and perhaps more enticing ones. The glittering gin palace stares him in the face wherever he turns his eyes. The publican is everywhere. It is the same to day as it was in 1408, when Hoccleve wrote—

> "The outward sign of Bacchus and his lure,
> That at his doore hangeth day by day,
> Exciteth folk to taste of his moisture,
> So often that man cannot well say nay."

I may add, moreover, that I have seldom met a dipsomaniac really desiring to be cured who did not surround himself with far more stringent restrictions than the simple avoidance of haunts and companions. I have myself left home for London, a distance of five miles, with no more money in my pocket than would purchase a railway ticket for the return journey, so as to make it reasonably impossible to buy drink. What has been the result? "The outward sign of Bacchus and his lure" has been too much for me. I have preferred to walk both journeys in order that I might drink away the money. This has happened not only once or twice, but on many occasions, no matter how inclement the weather, or how important the business upon which I was engaged. On one occasion, during my terrible sojourn in the Continental city already referred to, I was three days without food. Nothing passed my lips but water, and my head was full of thoughts of suicide. On the fourth morning I discovered in my pocket-book five *cartes-postales*. I sold them for eight *sous*, intending to buy bread with the money, and surely, one would think, my circumstances and condition were sufficient to prevent any miscarriage of my intention. But on my way to the *boulangerie* I came to a wine-shop, and three *sous* went for a glass of *vin rouge*; a second wine-shop took other three *sous*, and I must now believe that had I possessed still other three *sous* they would have been similarly spent, but as the remaining two *sous* would not purchase drink they were invested in roasted chestnuts. I have known similar occurrences in regard to other persons; and the advice to avoid old haunts and evil companions, however well intentioned, is therefore of little or no avail to a dipsomaniac. I do not think that any one who has not experienced it can conceive what a driveling slave to a morbid craving the *bona fide* habitual drunkard really is.

It seemed to me, then, that the only means by which the habitual drunkard could be cured was by complete and forced abstention from all intoxicants; and with that object I placed myself under the Act of 1879, and became an inmate of a house licensed for the reception, control, care, and curative treatment of habitual drunkards.

During the first month of my abstention from intoxicants I had frequent longings. I often felt that a morning *petit verre*, or a brandy-and-soda, or dry champagne in a glass rinsed with Angostura bitters, would have put new life in me, while a glass of *absinthe gommée* as an appetizer, or a bottle of bitter beer, or a glass of wine after dinner, or spirits at night as a companion to a cigar, were not thought of without regret. But now I have no such feelings. In other persons this change has not been brought about until after the expiration of a longer period. Some may perhaps be cured in six months, others in twelve; others require the persistence of two, three, or four years. The question is one for competent authorities to decide with a full knowledge of the facts before them. The great point is to take care that the period of abstinence is not too short. "If the power applied in the first instant is inconsistent or merely occasional, and if the periods of indulgence are admitted to break the career of the learner, there is little hope of attaining the consummation desired." The enemy is only baffled, not dispersed. "Years may be wanted to arrive at this point (*i. e.*, cure), but sooner or later the plastic element of our nature will succeed; not, however, without the two main conditions of an adequate initiative and an unbroken persistence."

AN HABITUAL DRUNKARD.

[1] In the "Westminster Review" for May is an article on Habitual Drunkenness, of which the above is a condensation. Only the autobiographical portions are reprinted. The entire article, both in interest and literary execution, deserves to rank not far behind De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium-Eater."

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the recent Brewer's Convention at Minneapolis was the report of the Publication Committee regarding the investigations which Mr. Thomann, the manager of the Literary Bureau, has been carrying on respecting the source of crime. These investigations are soon to be printed in full. When this is done, we shall give them an extended review. Meanwhile we condense the Committee's report, giving, as far as possible, their own words:

Of 859 murders which could be traced to their origin, the total number being 1,009, 266 were caused by love or lust and their offspring, jealousy and infidelity, or by domestic infelicity, with its multiform causes, to which latter incompatibility of temper contributes the lion's share; 122 were caused by greed, the object of the murder being robbery; 196 by violent eruptions of rage and like passions, or by malice, revenge, etc.; 34 by political or religious differences, 30 by insanity, including hallucinations of a religious nature; and 98 by liquor. The remainder (113) were traceable to complicated causes with which intoxication had absolutely nothing to do.

Of 554 suicides (118 remaining unexplained as to causes), 53 were occasioned by love or lust, 47 by domestic infelicity, 81 by insanity, 56 by liquor, and 199 by other causes, principally destitution, despair, homesickness, and failures of all kinds.

Of 53 cases of arson, only 1 being unexplained, 29 were attributed to greed of gain, 9 to malice, 3 to insanity, 1 each to domestic infelicity and political differences, 7 to other causes, and only 2 to liquor. Of 379 criminal assaults 37 are traced to liquor.

In the long list of cases of adultery, bribery, abortion, forgery, burglary, embezzlement, defalcations of all kinds, one looks in vain for liquor as the cause, while in a large proportion of them the primary causes appear to afford a strong warrant for the standing theory of the French detective police: "*Cherchez la femme.*"

In accordance with the resolution adopted at the last national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Miss Frances E. Willard is now busily engaged upon an autobiography, which is to be at the same time a history of that organization. The remarkable influence which the Woman's Temperance Union has attained, and the extent to which it is indebted for this to the character and abilities of Miss Willard, will excite a general interest in this work.

According to "The London Times," Mr. Boughton's "Golden Afternoon, Isle of Wight, near Luccombe," in the Royal Academy Exhibition, has been purchased by an American. "The Times" says: "This is probably the largest work of the painter, and to our mind it is his best. It is a view of the pastures sloping down to the water; a shepherd with two dogs is gathering the flock; beyond are meadows and hedgerows; and in the distance the sunlight falls upon cliffs, downs, and sea. It would scarcely have been possible to choose a scene more characteristic of the English country, of its soft and smiling luxuriance, of its green fields, and of the quiet life which, even in these days of steam, coal, smoke, and depression, is still spread over the surface of it. If, as is rumored, this picture is destined to cross the ocean, our American cousins will have in it a most pleasantly suggestive vision of the old home."

Herr von Bülow will give sixteen concerts in this country next winter. The programme for the first of his recitals in London, on June 4, reminds one in its stupendous character of the Rubinstein cycle. It comprises six sonatas, viz., A major, op. 2, No. 2; F major, op. 10, No. 2; C minor (Pathetique); E major and G major, op. 14, Nos. 1 and 2, and D major, op. 28. Also the "Twelve Variations on a Russian Dance" in A, and "Six Variations," op. 34.

MUSIC AND ART.

The encroachments of applied photography upon the field formerly occupied by the wood engravers has occasioned much speculation as to the future of the engraver's art. Its extinction has been predicted, and it is clear that the far greater economy of photographic work is a serious menace to the existence of illustrative wood-engraving. It is urged that no process can supersede the artist's instinct, as shown, for example, in the expression of exact value and the rendering of delicate half-tones, but it is not easy to set a limit to the possibilities of applied photography. Some of the engravers themselves acknowledge that their art, if it continues to exist, must be practiced under changed conditions. One probable change is in the direction of more independent work by the engraver. That is, the engraver is likely to address himself directly to the public, executing and publishing special work, like the etchers, and seeking recognition of his own individuality. Mr. E bridge Kingsley has already engraved several blocks for separate publication, and Mr. Frank French has done something in this direction. There is a more recent example in Mr. Kingsley's engraving after the beautiful Daubigny, "Edge of a Pond, Summer Afternoon," which was in the Spencer collection. The composition is comparatively simple, presenting water partly lighted and partly in shadow, a few slight figures on the bank, and a group of trees forming a dark mass against the luminous sky. Whether or not the trees are not darker and more opaque than need be, notwithstanding their opposition to the light, is a matter which may cause a difference of opinion, but the quality of the coloring has been well rendered, and the work shows delicate and accurate perception. This interesting engraving is published by Mr. C. Klackner, of No. 5 East Seventeenth Street, who also exhibits two etchings by Mr. W. Beal Goodrich, an etcher of considerable promise, who appears disposed to avoid the slavish elaboration which is one besetting sin of the etching of the day.—[Tribune.

General Hawley will deliver the oration at the dedication of the statue of General Israel Putnam at Brooklyn, Conn., June 14. The town has appropriated $500 for the entertainment of Grand Army guests, who will assemble in large numbers. The Rev. Mr. Anderson, National Department Chaplain, will present the gift to the town on behalf of T. S. Marlor, of Brooklyn, who has given the statue, which cost $10,000. The work stands over thirty feet high, the shaft being over twenty-two feet high. The figure of the soldier at parade rest surmounting the granite shaft is eight feet in height, and on the face of the shaft are inscribed the names of Antietam and Gettysburg. The State coat-of-arms in bronze and appropriate inscriptions mark the front and sides of the granite memorial. The names of the soldiers and sailors who served in the war from Brooklyn are inscribed on bronze plates. General Hawley has written the following inscription: "Erected to the memory of all the brave men of Brooklyn who fought on land and on sea for the preservation of the Union."

The London "Athenæum" says: "Some feature of special interest is usually included in Mr. Oscar Beringer's annual pianoforte recital, and in Tuesday's programme one of the items was a trio in G by Beethoven, with the words "First time of performance.' This is one of the compositions included in Breitkopf & Härtel's supplementary volume of the master's works, and the only information given concerning it is that it was composed at Bonn, probably in 1786, that is to say, when Beethoven was sixteen years old. It is curious that previous to the publication of this volume there was no record of any composition in 1786, though a number of juvenile efforts were issued during the four previous years. The trio is exceedingly naïve and pretty, with just a faint germ here and there of the true Beethoven manner.

An exhibition of Dürer's prints will be held next autumn at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, under the auspices of S. R. Koehler. Many of the plates will be lent by Henry Sewall, of New York. An interesting exhibition of objects illustrating the methods of the graphic arts is now open at the National Museum, Washington. It was organized by Mr. Koehler.

The art dealers say that the sale of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," and its bestowal upon the Metropolitan Museum, stimulated interest in the engravings of the work and advanced their prices, the original plate having been long ago destroyed.

TWO KINDS OF COURAGE.

General Horace Porter contributes an article to the June "Century" on "The Philosophy of Courage," from which we quote as follows:

"Indifference to danger is not always the form of courage which should entitle its possessor to the highest credit. It is a negative virtue as compared with the quality which enables one to perform a dangerous duty while realizing the full measure of the peril encountered.

"These two traits are best illustrated by the old story of the two soldiers whose regiment was charging up a hill in a desperate attempt to capture a battery. When half way up, one of them turned to the other and said, 'Why, you're as pale as a sheet; you look like a ghost; I believe you're afraid.' 'Yes, I am,' was the answer; 'and if you were half as much afraid as I am you'd have run long ago.' It is something higher than physical courage, it is a species of moral courage, which recognizes the danger and yet overmasters the sense of fear. When the famous mine in front of Petersburg had been completed, and the National troops drawn up ready to charge the enemy's works as soon as the mine had done its work in creating a breach, the signal was given just before daylight, the fuse was lighted, and the command stood waiting with intense anxiety for the explosion which was to follow. But seconds, then minutes, then tens of minutes passed, and still no sound from the mine. The suspense became painful, and the gloom of disappointment overspread the anxious faces of officers and men. The fuse had been spliced about midway. It was now thought that there was a defect in the splice, and that it was at this point that the fuse was hanging fire. The day was breaking, the enemy was becoming alert at sight of our unmasked columns, there was not a moment to be lost. Lieutenant Doughty and Sergeant Rees, of the 48th Pennsylvania Infantry, now volunteered to examine the fuse. They entered the long dark gallery which led to the mine, and without stopping to calculate the chances of life, calmly exposed themselves to one of the most horrible forms of death. With no excitement to lend them its intoxication, with nothing to divert their minds from the fate which seemed to await them, they followed the course of the fuse through the long subterranean passage, found the defect at which the spark had been arrested, and made a new splice. On their return the match was again applied, and the train was now prompt to do its deadly work. These men displayed even a higher order of courage than those who afterwards charged into the breach."

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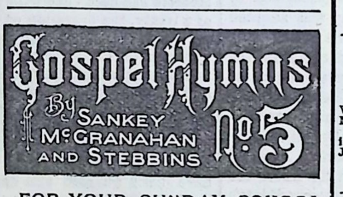

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DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

IT is generally agreed that the gathering at St Louis last week was the most harmonious ever held by the Democratic party. Whatever differences of opinion existed on questions of platform and candidates were subordinated to the evident policy of party unanimity. The enthusiasm over the nominations was tremendous, if judged by the noise made, though, as in all the great political conventions of all parties, it had a certain air of being mechanical and planned beforehand. The great hall erected for the Convention was crowded with an audience of 10,000 people, and was profusely decorated and hung with portraits of Cleveland, Hancock, Tilden, Hendricks, and other Democratic leaders. There were the usual demonstrations of party allegiance, brass bands in superabundance, a torchlight procession of 14,000 men, banners without end, and the stimulus of a gallery full of interested lady auditors. Among the mottoes were: under the Cleveland portrait the familiar quotation from the President's message, "It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us;" under the Tilden portrait the motto, "Let there be peace and fraternity throughout the land;" beneath Hendricks's, "The necessities of war cannot be pleaded in time of peace;" beneath the Hancock portrait the following quotation from his letter of acceptance, "The great principles of liberty and the inheritance of the people."

The proceedings were opened on Tuesday by Lieutenant-Governor White, of California, who in his address arraigned the Republican party for allowing millions of acres of the public lands to pass into the hands of corporate and foreign syndicates, opposed the admission of Chinese to our shores, and congratulated the country on its prosperity and advance under a Democratic administration. His mention of Grover Cleveland "as a man whose firmness, ability, integrity, and statesmanlike qualities pre-eminently fitted him to undertake the task of carrying out the great reforms suggested by the organization to whose tenets he had ever been ready to yield compliance," aroused a storm of applause. On Wednesday the real business of the Convention began. The Hon Patrick A Collins was chosen permanent chairman, and made a speech which was by far the most dignified and forcible of the Convention. He concluded as follows:

"Four years ago you trusted tentatively the Democratic party, and supported with zeal and vigor its candidate for President. You thought him strong in all the sturdy qualities requisite for the great task of reform. Behold your splendid justification! No President in time of peace had so difficult and laborious a duty to perform His party had been out of power for twenty-four years. Every member of it had been almost venomously excluded from the smallest post where administration could be studied. Every place was filled by men whose interest it was to thwart inquiry and belittle the new administration, but the master hand came to the helm, and the true course had been kept from the beginning.

"We need not wait for time to do justice to the character and services of President Cleveland. Honest, clear-sighted, patient; grounded in respect for law and justice; with a thorough grasp of principles and situations; with marvelous and conscientious industry; the very incarnation of firmness—he has nobly fulfilled the promise of his party, nobly met the expectations of his country, and writ'en his name high on the scroll where future Americans will read only the names of men who have been supremely useful to the Republic."

A resolution of sympathy with General Sheridan in his illness and of hope for his recovery was adopted with three hearty cheers. The Convention listened—or tried to listen, for the hall was too large for any but the strongest voice to fill—to ten minutes' presentation of the cause of Woman's Suffrage by Mrs. Merriweather.

The speech nominating Grover Cleveland for re election as President was made by the Hon. Daniel Dougherty, of New York. It was chiefly oratorical in style, was delivered with all the rhetorical effect for which the speaker is noted, and its final mention of the candidate's name was received with unbounded and tumultuous applause. Perhaps the part of Mr. Dougherty's speech best worth quoting was this:

"He [Cleveland] is not a hope, he is a realization. Scorning subterfuge, disdaining re-election by concealing convictions, he courageously declares to Congress, dropping minor matters, that the supreme issue is the reform, revision, and reduction of national taxation; that the treasury of the United States, glutted with unneeded gold, oppresses industry, embarrasses business, endangers financial tranquillity, and breeds extravagance, centralization, and corruption; that high taxation, vital for the expenditures of an unparalleled war, is robbery in years of prosperous peace; that the millions that pour into the treasury come from the hard-earned savings of the American people; that, in violation of equality of rights, the present tariff has created a privileged class, who, shaping legislation for personal gain, levy contributions for the necessaries of life from every man, woman, and child in the land; that to lower the tariff is not free trade, it is to reduce the unjust profits of monopolists and boss manufacturers, and allow consumers to retain the rest. The man who asserts that to lower the tariff means free trade, insults intelligence."

There was no other nomination made, and upon motion to suspend the rules the nomination of Grover Cleveland was carried by acclamation. The announcement of the result was followed by a prolonged scene of wild enthusiasm lasting for twenty minutes or more, in which canes and hats were thrown in air, banners were waved, and bands played their loudest.

On the following day (Thursday) ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, was chosen as candidate for Vice-President by acclamation on the first ballot, the name of Governor Gray, of Indiana, having been withdrawn during the taking of the vote. The enthusiasm over the result was scarcely less pronounced than on the previous day. The platform resolutions were presented by Colonel Henry Watterson, of the Louisville "Courier-Journal," who said that they had been agreed on unanimously by the Committee; but it was afterward stated that Mr. Cooper, of New York, dissented in part. We give the platform in full, as we have already done with that of the Prohibition party, and shall do with that of the Republicans:

THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM

The Democratic party of the United States, in National Convention assembled, renews the pledge of its fidelity to Democratic faith, and reaffirms the platform adopted by its representatives in the Convention of 1884, and indorses the views expressed by President Cleveland in his last annual message to Congress as the correct interpretation of that platform upon the question of tariff reduction; and also indorses the effort of our Democratic representatives in Congress to secure a reduction of excessive taxation.

Chief among its principles of party faith are the maintenance of an indissoluble union of free and indestructible States, now about to enter upon its second century of unexampled progress and renown; devotion to a plan of government regulated by a written Constitution, strictly specifying every granted power and expressly reserving to the States or people the entire ungranted residue of power; the encouragement of a jealous popular vigilance, directed to all who have been chosen for brief terms to enact and execute the laws, and are charged with the duty of preserving peace, insuring equality, and establishing justice.

The Democratic party welcome an exacting scrutiny of the administration of the Executive power which four years ago was committed to its trust in the election of Grover Cleveland President of the United States, and it challenges the most searching inquiry concerning its fidelity and devotion to the pledges which then invited the suffrages of the people. During a most critical period of our financial affairs, resulting from overtaxation, the anomalous condition of our currency, and a public debt unmatured, it has, by the adoption of a wise and conservative course, not only averted disaster, but greatly promoted the prosperity of the people. It has reversed the improvident and unwise policy of the Republican party touching the public domain, and has reclaimed from corporations and syndicates, alien and domestic, and restored to the people, nearly one hundred millions of acres of valuable land to be sacredly held as homesteads for our citizens. While carefully guarding the interests of the taxpayers, and conforming strictly to the principles of justice and equality, it has paid out more for pensions and bounties to the soldiers and sailors of the Republic than was ever paid before during an equal period. By intelligent management and judicious and economical expenditure of the public money, it has set on foot the reconstruction of the American Navy upon a system which forbids the recurrence of scandal and insures successful results. It has adopted and consistently pursued a firm and prudent foreign policy, preserving peace with all nations, while scrupulously maintaining all the rights and interests of our own Government and people at home and abroad. The exclusion from our shores of Chinese laborers has been effectually secured under the provisions of a treaty, the operation of which has been postponed by the action of a Republican majority in the Senate. Honest reform in the Civil Service has been inaugurated and maintained by President Cleveland, and he has brought the public service to the highest standard of efficiency, not only by rule and precept, but by the example of his own untiring and unselfish administration of public affairs. In every branch and department of the Government under Democratic control the rights and the welfare of all the people have been guarded and defended; every public interest has been protected, and the equality of all our citizens before the law, without regard to race or color, has been steadfastly maintained.

Upon its record thus exhibited, and upon the pledge of a continuance to the people of the benefits of a good government, the National Democracy invoke a renewal of popular trust by the re'election of a Chief Magistrate who has been faithful, able, and prudent. They invoke, in addition to that trust, the transfer to the Democracy of the entire legislative power.

The Republican party, controlling the Senate and resisting in both Houses of Congress a reformation of unjust and unequal tax laws which have outlasted the necessities of war, and are now undermining the abundance of a long peace, deny to the people equality before the law and the fairness and the justice which are their right. Thus the cry of American labor for a better share of the rewards of industry is stifled with false pretenses; enterprise is fettered and bound down to home markets; capital is disturbed with doubt, and unequal and unjust laws can never be properly amended nor appealed.

The Democratic party will continue, with all the power confided to it, to struggle to reform these laws in accordance with pledges of its last platform, indorsed at the ballot-box by the suffrages of the people. Of all the industrious freemen of our land an immense majority, including every tiller of the soil, gain no advantage from excessive tax laws; but the price of nearly everything they buy is increased by the favoritism of an unequal system of tax legislation. All unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation. It is repugnant to the creed of Democracy that such taxation on the cost of the necessaries of life should be unjustly increased to all our people. Judged by Democratic principles, the interests of the people are betrayed when by unnecessary taxation trusts and combines are permitted and fostered which will unduly enrich the few that combine to rob our citizens by depriving them of the benefit of natural competition. Every Democratic rule of governmental action is vitiated when through unnecessary taxation a vast sum of money, beyond the needs of an economical administration, is drawn from the people and the channels of trade and accumulated as a demoralizing surplus in the National Treasury.

The money now lying idle in the Federal Treasury, resulting from superfluous taxation, amounts to more than $125,000,000, and the surplus collected is reaching the sum of more than $60,000,000 annually. Debauched by this immense temptation, the remedy of the Republican party is to meet and exhaust it by extravagant taxation. The Democratic remedy is to enforce frugality in public expenditures and abolish unnecessary taxation. Our established domestic industries should not and need not be endangered by a reduction and correction of the burdens of taxation. On the contrary, a fair and careful revision of our tax laws, with due allowance for the difference between the wages of American and foreign labor, must permit and encourage every branch of such industry and enterprise by giving them assurance of an extended market and steady and continuous operation in the interest of American labor, which should in no event be neglected. The revision of our tax laws contemplated by the Democratic party is to promote the advantage of such labor by cheapening the cost of the necessaries of life in the home of every workingman, and at the same time securing to him steady and remunerative employment. Upon this question of tariff reform, so closely concerning every phase of our national life, and upon every question involved in the problem of good government, the Democratic party submits its principles and professions to the intelligent suffrages of the American people."

HOW TO REACH THE MASSES.

THIS is the problem with which the churches of every name are to-day struggling. From a commercial standpoint returns are very disproportionate to the capital invested in so-called church work. To illustrate. In a central old New England city of 20,000 inhabitants, more than a half million is invested in church buildings. From fifty to seventy-five thousand is paid for salaries in the twenty-two churches. There are Sunday-schools, missions, a live Young Men's Christian Association—in fact, all the paraphernalia and "modern improvements" of a most respectable Christianity. Returns show less than five thousand professing Christians. No wonder that hearts are hungry for results which conscience no less than sound judgment declares ought to follow the evangel so freely proclaimed. In response to this craving, "evangelistic labor" has come to the front, with results so satisfying to "sentiment" as to shut off all critical questionings.

No one who recalls the "red letter" days of the Wesleys and Whitefield will deny that extraordinary methods have a place in God's economy. There are minds that can be reached only by a sharp, incisive onset. But, as a general rule, experience will establish—as a modern writer has forcefully put it—that "convulsive efforts to rouse a galvanic life by working on the higher feelings through the electric sympathies of large assemblies, and the excitement of late hours, long prayers and exhortations, and direct personal appeal in public presence, tends, in the reaction that must follow, only toward spiritual hardness and confirmed unbelief." Religious experiences are not exceptions to the general law of physical limitations. Souls heated "red hot" cannot stay so, any more than can cast iron. "White heat" can be reached only once.

The plausible plea that has greatly helped on this system is that it reaches down to the lowest strata of society, goes into dens and brawling neighborhoods, where the "regulars" would bate their breath in terror disgust. Even if it be so—which is not proven—is it wise for the church to encourage this neglect by accepting such a substitution? A pastor's commission is not to look after the ninety and nine who went not astray, but to seek the lone one on the dark mountain.

The methods of ingathering by evangelists, of "numbering" the sheaves they claim to have garnered, is not less disastrous to the "pews" than the pulpit. It creates a disrelish for and impatience of ordinary pulpit and parochial work, and begets a looking this way and that, with ears attent for the "rushing mighty wind." This "hauling in" *en masse* does not, in fact, reach the much talked-of "masses" It takes assorted woods to make the instrument which shall be perfect in harmony. Only "seasoned" timber can be builded into the house which must endure the buffetings of wind and waves. Can spiritual temples fit for the divine indwelling be builded with less care?

Before churches shall enter upon another winter campaign of "special" work would it not be wise to weigh well the question of methods—making it an "all around" question—whether anything less than hand-to-hand, heart-to-heart work, carried on persistently, quietly, in recognition of natural laws of growth and development, is, in the long run, of real intrinsic value.

R. C.

A MAN

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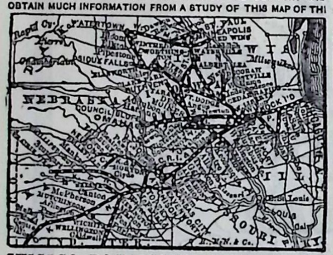

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COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

The Commencement season fairly opens this week, and this and the two following weeks will include the anniversary exercises of most of the important educational institutions of the country. At Columbia College in this city the custom of having a Baccalaureate sermon was observed for the first time this year. The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, a graduate of the college in 1848, preached before the graduating classes last Sunday in St. Thomas's Church, from the text, "Young men I likewise exhort to be sober-minded." The most important topic now being considered by the friends of Columbia College is the movement to abolish the academic department and to extend the graduate courses. President Barnard speaks of it at length in his annual report, calling attention to the overabundance of small colleges and the desirability of more and better schools of professional study. After enumerating the colleges of the city and State, President Barnard says: "The city would still be fully supplied with educational advantages, while there could be no doubt that this institution could be more profitably employed by confining itself to the field of superior education. Whatever be the policy pursued in this matter, nevertheless it is the unavoidable tendency of things to press upon Columbia College more and more constantly from year to year the duty of providing for the wants of the superior class of students; that is to say, the business of proper university instruction. The location of the institution in the greatest city of the continent is peculiarly favorable to such an undertaking, and though the college is not possessed of funds sufficient to enable it to carry out this complete design, it is hardly to be doubted that provision may sooner or later become sufficient to accomplish this object." President Barnard's resignation has been formally accepted.

Vice-Chancellor Henry MacCracken, of the University of the City of New York, preached the Baccalaureate sermon at the University Place Presbyterian Church last Sunday, from the text, "But exercise thyself rather unto godliness." The Hon. Ernest H. Crosby delivered the annual address before the law graduates last Thursday, on the topic "The Legal Profession and American Progress." The Commencement of the Department of Arts and Sciences takes place to-day, June 14.

The Boston University held its anniversary exercises last week. President W. F. Warren, LL.D., preached the Baccalaureate sermon. At the annual convocation President Warren reported that there were over 150 graduates this year in the various departments, that a greater number of students were enrolled in the College Department and School of Theology than ever before, and that in the entire University were to be found 775 students. More than numerical increase has been the growth of the University in methods and influence. Educators in all parts of the world were constantly inquiring of the authorities for advice and council in matters relating to higher education. He took pleasure in announcing the election of Mr. Perrin, a graduate of Harvard, class of '74, and for three years in charge of the English Department of the University of Göttingen, to the Professorship of the North European Languages in the College of Liberal Arts. He also announced the gift of $25,000 to the Trustees to spend for the University as they saw fit, and of $25,000 to be used in helping the lady graduates of the School of Medicine to pursue their studies in foreign lands.

The University of Pennsylvania has just held its Commencement exercises. The Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell preached the Baccalaureate sermon. At the meeting of the Trustees it was stated that no effort to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. John Ashhurst would be made until the fall. Dr. A. H. P. Leuf was elected Director of Physical Education, to succeed Professor J. William White, resigned. Gifts of money amounting to $9 870 for the library building fund were received. A resolution thanking General S. Wiley Crawford for a gift of 987 volumes on archæology, literature, and art, and Professor F. V. Haydn for 1,800 volumes relating to natural history, was adopted.

At Cornell great joy was felt among the friends of co-education over the fact that three of the eight fellowships have been awarded to women. The Commencement exercises begin on the 17th with the Baccalaureate sermon by the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn. A sad drowning accident occurred on Sunday last by which Mr. Orange Judd Greene, a post-graduate of the University, lost his life.

The inauguration of the Rev. Francis L. Patton, D.D., LL.D., as President of Princeton College takes place on Wednesday, June 20, following the regular Commencement exercises and the Valedictory address of President McCosh.

At Yale the Commencement week is that beginning June 24. Justice Stanley Matthews, of the United States Supreme Court, will deliver the annual address before the Law School, on the subject, "Judicial Power of the United States in Some of its Aspects."——At Williams the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks gives the address before the Mills Young Men's Christian Association on June 24; Professor T. H. Safford on June 25 will deliver an address commemorative of the erection, through the efforts of Professor Albert Hopkins, of the first College Astronomical Observatory in the United States, at Williamstown, in 1838. On the following day there will be delivered a memorial oration in honor of the Rev. Mark Hopkins, D.D., LL.D., by the Hon. David Dudley Field, LL.D., of New York City; Commencement exercises on June 27.——Vassar College is holding its graduating exercises this week. President Taylor preached the Baccalaureate last Sunday.——Ex-Mayor Seth Low, of Brooklyn, will deliver an address before the alumni of Rutgers College on June 19 on "The College-Bred Man in Politics."——Carleton College is holding its Commencement this week. The address before the alumni will be delivered by the Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, D.D.——President D. C. Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University, is to deliver the address before the graduating class of Wells College (of which, by the way, Mrs. Cleveland is now trustee) on June 20.——Dr. A. P. Peabody, of Harvard, preached last Sunday the sermon before the graduating class of Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

Professor H. A. Newton, of Yale University, has received from the National Academy of Science a gold medal, the intrinsic value of which is $200. The late Dr. Lawrence Smith, of Louisville, Ky., was an enthusiastic astronomer and specialist in meteoric research. Four years ago his widow, Sarah Jane Smith gave to the National Academy of Design $8 000 to be held in trust, the income to be used in striking off a gold medal not oftener than once in two years. It was to be called the Lawrence Smith Medal, and to be awarded to any person who should make an original investigation of meteoric bodies the results of which were made public, and were, in the opinion of the Academy, of sufficient benefit to science to merit such recognition. Professor Newton is the first to receive the medal.

The National Educational Association of the United States will hold its thirty-seventh annual meeting in San Francisco, July 17 to 20. There are indications of an immense gathering. Every State and Territory will be represented, and also many foreign countries.

At the Commencement of the University of Minnesota, June 7, thirty-five students were graduated, eleven of them young ladies. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred for the first time. President Northrop's Baccalaureate on the preceding Sunday was a plain, practical, forceful presentation of what he called the gospel of preparation, having for its Scripture text, "Be ye also ready." On the Wednesday of Commencement week was dedicated a fine building for the uses of the Students' Christian Association. The object of this Association is "to unite all Christians in one organization on the common ground of the generally accepted principles and doctrines of Christianity." Addresses were made by clergymen and others of different denominations. President Northrop thought no State institution is more decidedly Christian than this of Minnesota. The new building cost nearly $18,000, and is meant to be a wing for a larger building to be erected when it shall be needed. N. C. C.

The giant of all guns is in process of construction. Krupp's works are making a 139-ton gun for the Italian ironclad "Sardegna." It will be 52½ feet long, with a bore of 15·7 inches. It will fire a steel shell of 1,630 pounds with an initial velocity of 2,411 feet per second, or one of 2,314 pounds at 2,099 feet per second.

The Berlin Homœopathic Society recently learned that it was the custom of many druggists to put up on homœopathic prescriptions merely some simple compound and label it as whatever was wanted. To test this eighty different burlesque prescriptions were written out in Latin and sent to as many different druggists. Seventy-seven out of the eighty swallowed the bait, and put up what purported to be the dose required by the bogus prescriptions. The other three sent the prescriptions back, with the remark that they did not understand them.

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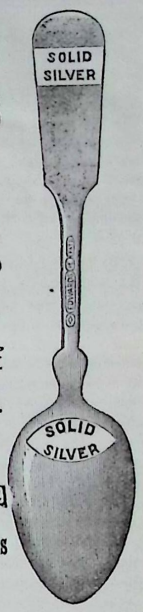

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FINANCIAL.

The conditions relating to sterling exchange are somewhat altered this week. The Bank of England has gained over £500,000 during the week, and has reduced its discount rate to two and a half per cent., which is about one per cent. above the open rate for short credits in the London market. Then, in addition, the creating of new bills from the Baltimore & Ohio, the Canadian Pacific, and the Reading negotiations has created a weakness in the exchange market, and affected the price to that extent that no further shipments of gold are at all probable for an indefinite period. This we foreshadowed in these columns two weeks ago would be the result of these negotiations. The suspension of gold shipments, and a large influx of funds from the interior, have forced the rate for money down to one per cent., with occasional loans at one and a half per cent., and with a plethora of funds pressing such as this market has not witnessed for three years. Indeed, the extreme dullness of Wall Street in the way of speculations has tended to curtail demand for money, in proportion to its accumulation. Not only is speculation in the Wall Street markets absolutely at a stand, but in every trade or product where speculation is ever found there is now almost a total suspension, while activity in real estate, both in demand and in construction, is at a low ebb, with a tendency to further relaxation. While business has shown considerable activity, it has been with hesitancy, on account of the uncertain action in Congress. All these, together with the railway competition in the Northwest and Southwest, have conspired to reduce activities and to congest money. The payments on the 1st of July, both for dividends and interest, as well as in the cases of variously maturing bonds, will be very large this year, and will serve to exaggerate the stagnation in the money market. Investments, however, are going on with a hearty activity, and the demand for good bonds is passing down from the absolutely gilt edged to the lower grades, with a tendency to stiffen the quotations of the medium class of securities. The feeling of distrust toward some of the old railway shares has produced shiftings of investments into bonds.

Reports of the Chicago & Northwestern and of the Chicago & Rock Island Railways this week are striking reminders of the damage resulting this present year to the Northwestern companies from the bitter competition which has been kept up. The Chicago & Northwestern Company, while exhibiting a large shrinkage in its surplus over and above fixed charges and dividends, is the most favorable statement of any of the Northwest trunk roads thus far published. Its surplus this year, including land sales, is $1,885,790, against $4 008 786 for 1886–7, or a loss of $2 172,-946. The Rock Island Company would have had a deficit of $358,295 but for a premium realized on the sale of its $12 900 000 additional bonds issued during the year.

The Chicago, Burlington & Northern road exhibits for the last quarter, which covers the period of the ruinous competition in rates, earnings only sufficient to meet the expenses of the road, leaving entirely out of account its bond interest and other fixed charges, while the Minneapolis & St. Louis road fares not much better. Of course this condition of things will soon change, must do so; the roads, or their managers, are not fools! The share market closes more than dull—dead is the word—but yet generally with a firm undertone. The condition of the coal trade is very good, and prices are being maintained during the dull period in the trade with surprising ease. It is now believed that rates for coal will not lower from present quotations. The coal roads are all doing remarkably well.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase	$2,466 000
Specie, increase	2 272,700
Legal tenders, increase	651,300
Deposits, increase	5,315,100
Reserve, increase	1,595,325

This leaves the city banks with a surplus reserve of $37,310,850

WALL STREET

DONE IN A MINUTE.

"Well, well, don't fret; I'll be there in a minute."

But, my friend, a minute means a good deal, notwithstanding you affect to hold it of no consequence. Did you ever stop to think what may happen in a minute? No. Well, while you are murdering a minute for yourself and one for me, before you get ready to sit down to the business we have in hand, I will amuse you by telling you some things that will happen meantime.

In a minute we shall be whirled around on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion a distance of thirteen miles. At the same time we shall have gone along with the earth, in its grand journey around the sun, 1,080 miles. Pretty quick traveling, you say? Why, that is slow work compared with the rate of travel of that ray of light which just now, reflected from that mirror, made you wink. A minute ago that ray was 11,160,000 miles away.

In a minute, over all the world, about eighty new-born infants have each raised a wail of protest at the fates for thrusting existence upon them, while as many more human beings, weary with the struggle of life, have opened their lips to utter their last sigh.

In a minute the lowest sound your ear can catch has been made by 990 vibrations, while the highest tone reached you after making 2,228,000 vibrations.

In a minute an express train goes a mile and a Cleveland street car thirty-two rods; the fastest trotting horse 147 9–18, and an average pedestrian of the genus homo has got over sixteen rods.

In each minute in the Unit d States, night and day, all the year around, twenty-four barrels of beer have to go down 12,096 throats, and 4,830 bushels of grain have come to bin.—[Cleveland Press.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.—One of the most curious customs ever heard of, says the English correspondent of a New York paper, was that which was observed on Tuesday in the parish church of St. Ives, Hants. On a table in the church at the chancel steps were placed six Bibles, and near them a box and three dice Six boys and six girls, solemnly watched over by the vicar, the Rev. E. Tottenham, and a crowd of parishioners, threw dice three times to see which should have the Bibles. Three went to the boys and three to the girls. The highest throw was made by the smallest girl, 37. This remarkable custom dates from 1678 when Dr. Robert Wylde bequeathed £50, of which yearly interest was to be spent in buying six Bibles, not to cost more than seven shillings sixpence each, to be cast for by dice on the communion table every year by six boys and six girls of the town. A piece of ground was bought with the money, and is now known as Bible Orchard. The legacy also provided for the payment of ten shillings each year to the vicar, not a very high price, for preaching a sermon commending the excellency, perfection, and divine authority of the Holy Scripeures. The will of the eccentric Doctor was exactly observed, and for more than two hundred years dice were regularly cast upon the communion table. Lately a table erected on the chancel steps was substituted, the bishop of the diocese having considered that the communion table was not for throwing dice The vicar's sermon this year was based upon the words, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures."

The careless use of the editorial "we" frequently gets newspaper men into trouble, and the use of the word "we" to represent the people of the whole country is sometimes as fatal—at least this is probably the opinion of the editor of the Springfield "Union," who recently said: "We ate 3,100,000 bags of peanuts last year."—[Rochester Post-Express.

Kansas City Investments,

paying a good percentage and rapidly enhancing in value, a specialty.

FIVE YEAR REAL ESTATE FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS,

in sums of $1,000 and upward, bearing 8 PER CENT. interest, payable semi-annually. We guarantee both interest and principal.

CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT ABSOLUTELY SAFE,

and secured by Real Estate bearing 8 per cent. interest per annum, in sums of $100 and upward. Send for prospectus and pocket edition of Kansas City. Address

J. H. BAUERLEIN & CO.,

KANSAS CITY, MO.

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LOAN & TRUST CO.,

OF KANSAS CITY, MO.,

Would like to give you valuable information regarding opportunities for investments of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS or more in guaranteed FARM MORTGAGES paying Seven Per Cent. net, in KANSAS NATIONAL BANK STOCKS paying TWENTY per Cent. or more, and easily convertible into cash, or in any other line of solid securities you may prefer. Please write to JOHN HALL, President, 601 Baird Building, Kansas City, Mo. (Send for references. Mention this paper.)

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negotiates First Mortgage Loans on real estate. All interest payable semi-annually in New York Exchange Liberal rates of interest and no expense to parties holding securities offered by this Company. Every precaution taken to make securities SAFE and to INSURE PROMPT PAYMENT of PRINCIPAL and INTEREST. SEND FOR OUR PAMPHLET.

6% GUARANTEED 7%

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All loans and debentures fully guaranteed. Full information given by

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150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

Real Estate Loans

MADE BY

A. J. CONDIT & CO.,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Personal examination and conservative valuations made before placing.

GEO. H. LEWIS, Prest. Capital paid up, $150,000
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THE LEWIS INVESTMENT CO.,

DES MOINES, IOWA.

Negotiates First Mortgage Loans on inspected farms in Iowa and Eastern Nebraska, and on first-class city real estate in Des Moines, Omaha, and Sioux City. Fifteen years' experience without loss to any investor. We are loaning for several of the leading insurance companies, savings banks, and colleges of the East, and many private institutions. References: Hon. Charles Dewey, Prest. of Nat'l Life Ins. Co., Montpelier, Vt.; E. L. Temple, Treas. Marble Savings Bank Rutland, Vt.; Hon. M. L. Morrison, Treas. Peterborough, N. H.; Rev. Robt. A. Hume, Ahmednager, India; Prof. H. A. Newton, New Haven, Conn.; A. J. Newton, Brooklyn, N. Y., and many others

A SOLID 9 PER CENT

per annum first mortgages on productive Real Estate. Loans approved by Tacoma National Bank. BEST OF REFERENCES EAST AND WEST. Correspondence Solicited. Address ALLEN C. MASON, Tacoma, Wash. Ter.

WELSBACH

Incandescent Gas Light Co.

OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

No. 13 W 27th St., New York.

This Company offers a limited amount of the full paid Capital Stock of the New York City Welsbach Co., par value $100, at $30 per share, payable in two installments, at the Chase National Bank, New York, the designated depositary of this company—no further payments or assessments.

By the terms of a guarantee, which will be explained to intending investors, the actual risk will probably not exceed one or two dollars per share, while large profits are reasonably sure.

This wonderful system of lighting is now on exhibition from 3 to 10 P.M., at 13 West 27th Street, where the Subscription Book is open.

A. O GRANGER,
General Manager.

Board of Directors:

JAMES H. STEBBINS, JOHN WANAMAKER,
THOMAS DOLAN, EDWARD TUCK,
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365 Robert Street, Cor. 5th,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Investments made. Money loaned. Interest coupons collected. We have a very large list of property in St. Paul and its environs. Reference: First National Bank, St. Paul Trust Co., National German American Bank, St. Paul, Minn. Correspondence solicited.

SAFEST OF ALL

INVESTMENTS.

First Mortgage Bonds 7 to 8 per cent. Semi-Annual Interest. Negotiated by W. B. CLARK INVESTMENT CO., in sums of $200 and upwards. Prompt Payment of Principal and Interest Coupons made and remitted to lender without charge. BEST LOCATION IN THE UNION. Fifteen years' experience. Ample Capital. Wide connections. Refer to the "Congregationalist." Send for Form, Circular, and references before you invest elsewhere.

W. B. CLARK INVESTMENT CO.,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

SAFE INVESTMENTS

Capital, $750,000
Surplus, $355,016

Principal and interest both fully guaranteed by Capital and Surplus of $1,105,016. In seventeen years of business we have loaned $11,494,600, paying from interest. $7,056,800 of interest and principal have been returned to investors without delay or the loss of a dollar. Real Estate First Mortgage and Debenture Bonds and Savings Certificates always on hand for sale—In Savings Departments, in amounts of $5 and upward; in the Mortgage Department, $200 and upward. Full information regarding our various securities furnished by

J. B. WATKINS LAND MORTGAGE CO.
LAWRENCE, KANSAS; or
New York Mang'r, HENRY DICKINSON, 319 Broadway.

$MONEY$

In our Real Estate Bonds in sums of $100 and upwards, drawn Semi-annually and at same time participates in profits sure to aggregate 100 per cent. ADDITIONAL at maturity. Most popular Investments ever offered. Ample Security. No risk. "Good as Gold." Send for particulars.
WINFIELD LAND AND MORTGAGE CO.,
Box 1306. Philadelphia, Penn.

$INVESTED$

THE MIDDLESEX BANKING CO
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.
Capital Stock, Paid up - - - $600,000

6 PER CENT. *FIRST MORTGAGE* DEBENTURE BONDS

and Mortgage Notes Guaranteed. Interest payable at National Bank of the Republic N. Y. Under same supervision as Savings Banks. Chartered 1872. The amount of outstanding obligation Limited by Statute.
Offices: Boston, 54 Equitable Building; New York, 11 Wall St. Philadelphia, 512 Walnut St.

THE FARNSWORTH LOAN AND REALTY CO.,
Offer carefully selected choice
6% 1ST MORTGAGE LOANS 8%
in Minneapolis and St. Paul.
Perfect title, absolute security, prompt payment, good character our invariable requirements. Collections free. Send for pamphlet with forms and references East and West.
MINNEAPOLIS, 7% MINNESOTA.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1888.

Publisher Christian Union:

DEAR SIR,—While I know of no motto which expresses in its completeness the spirit of The Christian Union, I think that that spirit is expressed in Lowell's poem "A Parable." Will you not kindly reprint it in The Publisher's Desk? S. B. C.

NEW YORK, June 7.

[This request is one to which we gladly respond. We do not hesitate to make the poem one of our "star articles."—PUB. C. U.]

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A PARABLE.

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, my brethren, believe in me."
He passed not again through the gate of birth,
But made himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and kings,
"Behold, now, the Giver of all good things;
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state
Him who alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,
And in palace chambers lofty and rare
They lodged him, and served him with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of him;
And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall,
He saw his image high over all.

But still, wherever his steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down his head,
And from under the heavy foundation-stones
The son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall,
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider and yet more wide
As the living foundation heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?

"With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold;
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,
We build but as our fathers built;
Behold thine images, how they stand,
Sovereign and sole, through all our land.

"Our task is hard—with sword and flame
To hold thine earth forever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as thou leftest them, thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set he in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment-hem,
For fear of defilement, "Lo, he o," said he,
"The images ye have made of me!"

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

SIFTINGS FROM THE MAIL.

THE MISSIONARY FUND.

I send additional three dollars to give it to some Home Missionary who is not already a subscriber to The Christian Union. M. H. H.

IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

As a home missionary and pastor of a Congregational church I have found The Christian Union the *best practical help* in my work of any paper, review, magazine, or book, the Bible excepted. And I think I could not give you a better motto than the one with which I have cheerfully renewed my subscription from year to year; and that is:

"It speaks for itself."

It needs no puffs, nor chromos, nor paid agents to go about sounding its praises. It tells its own story. Yours in "C. U.," J. H

SOUTH WEARE, N. H.

ONE OF OUR FAULTS.

The only fault our family find with The Christian Union is—*there is too much of it* to read and digest in a week. We are in danger of being surfeited with good things. When I read "Peaceful Living," by the Rev. F. S. Van Eps, I felt as if I could not begin another article. I wanted to just keep thinking it over and trying to live it. Almost all of ——'s articles are of that kind. H. S. L.

PEORIA, Ill.

SO IT GROWS.

My copy is read in two and sometimes three families. I send it to a friend every week, and by this means I have gained two new subscribers. H. D. B.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind.

MAY IT BE A LONG LIFE!

Inclosed please find . . . Forgive my tardy payment, and remember that I am a subscriber for life. I am the wife of an editor, and a Methodist, but The Christian Union is my chief reliance for secular and religious news. I value it above any other journal. E. M. W

MILWAUKEE, Wis.

A GOOD LETTER AND A BETTER POSTSCRIPT.

I have much pleasure in sending you a money order in payment of my subscription to your most excellent paper, and intend to remain a permanent subscriber as long as the paper continues to be what it has been in the past. I regard it as the best religious weekly that is published on this continent. Its editors and the late Rev. H. W. Beecher have been my best religious teachers, though I am a Methodist. J. M.

P. S.—As a proof of my estimation of the value of the Union, I have had several years of it bound up, and keep it in my parlor book shelves. J. M.

MONTREAL, Can.

THE FENCE LAW.

We farmers in Chautauqua County are just getting rid of our road fences. Before this, where our lands joined, each one built and kept in repair one-half of the line fences. Now, if I have a meadow and do not want to pasture it and my neighbor wishes to keep cattle on his, am I obliged to keep one-half of fence now? My meadow is open to road F. E. H.

JAMESTOWN, Chaut. Co., N. Y., May 8, '88.

The general laws on the subject are to the effect that where two or more persons shall have lands adjoining, each of them shall make and maintain a just and equal proportion of the division fences between them in all cases where each of such adjoining lands shall be *cleared or improved*. If the land is not *cleared or improved*, and the owner chooses to let it lie open, he need not pay his share, but if he *clears or improves* his land he must then contribute his share. If one liable for erection or repair of any fence fail to do what is required, he is liable for damages to other party from strays, etc., and cannot recover or any he himself may sustain. What constitutes a sufficient fence may be determined by the electors of the town. Provision is also made for removal of fences if approved by fence viewers, provided the land be not *cleared or improved*.

It would seem from foregoing that, unless there has been local agreement or special provision by town, our correspondent is not relieved from his duty to keep up half of a division fence, as a meadow would come within the description of "cleared or improved land."—[PUB. C. U.

A DOCTRINAL COCKPIT.

A friendly and candid interchange of opinions is an admirable method of promoting both intelligence and catholicity. A sharp debate may be sometimes necessary in the interest of truth. But a debating society among earnest men, for the mere purpose of trying their steel against each other, men who have no common ground in any mutual faith or mutual purpose, may be entertaining, but it is not profitable. Dr. Parkhurst, of this city, who has remarkable ability at putting a large quantity of truth in a very small measure of words, thus hits off this practice as it has been recently seen in New York City, in what is known as the Nineteenth Century Club. We copy from a report in the New York "Times:"

"After telling the story of an old preacher who never preached on the devil because he did not want to hear him so much respected, Dr. Parkhurst said: 'Something of the same consideration suggests the regret that there should exist in our city what we might call a doctrinal cockpit, where game fowls of all variety of feather—Christian, Jewish, infidel, agnostic, and atheist—are let in upon the same sand to attest their respective genius for picking out each other's eyes; and bear with me in saying that I venture to think that it is a shrewd move on the part of the infidels who maintain the pit, a good deal shrewder than on the part of the Christians who patronize it."

SELF-CARE AND SELF-CULTURE.

Good reasons for self-care and self-culture are given in an article on "Self-Sacrifice" in Philadelphia "Ledger." The writer says:

"It is useless to talk of sacrificing self to others unless there is something in self that others need. It is the full and rich life, not the poor and empty one, that can fill and enrich others. True benevolence, then, must obtain that which it would give. To acquire honorably money or leisure or power, to cultivate health and happiness, to gain knowledge and wisdom, to develop interest in human affairs, to cherish just principles and generous impulses, to fill the mind with pure and noble thoughts and the heart with tender love and sympathy—these things are essential if we would pour out blessings and benefit upon our fellow-men, while at the same time they ennoble and gladden our own lives.

"We are all influencing others in the direction in which we ourselves are tending."

TO BUSINESS BOYS.

BE POLITE.

If a storekeeper does not hurt a man's good opinion of himself, he will be pretty sure to be thought a pretty good storekeeper and get custom. It is not necessary to flatter or to pile on praise; a man soon sees through that; all that is necessary is just to be sincere in respecting a man's love of himself. Politeness means that. It means to be attentive to a customer's wants, to be patient while he is making up his mind, to make him feel that you are really interested in his getting what he is after.—[Ex.

ETERNITY.

Thought of unfathomable mystery!
Not born of earth, nor any shore that lies
Within the touch of suns that set or rise
In starry vasts, o'er deeps of boundless sea,
Thyself a pledge of immortality,
Gazed at in wonder by our mortal eyes,
Like a lost jewel dropped from other skies—
How should earth's children gauge thee? Even we,
Who like poor grasses spring and fade away?
And yet, oh, marvel! there shall come a day
Whereon we know thee—but its price is death!
When, to thy hidden glories drawing nigh,
Our straining sight beholds them dawn, the breath
That rapturous hails them is our parting sigh!

STUART STERNE.

[Printed by request.]

Where to Go This Summer.

For a summer hotel with perfect comfort in it (and no mosquitoes) we can earnestly recommend the "Fort Griswold-on-the-Sound," opposite New London, Conn. The hotel and their cottages surrounding it stand facing the west, about two miles below and opposite the city. Messrs. Matthews & Pierson, of the cozy Sturtevant House, New York, are its proprietors, and have been for many years connected with such leading hotels as the United States at Saratoga Springs, Thousand Island House, Alexandria Bay, and understand thoroughly how to make theirs a favorite resort. A swift steam yacht meets all incoming trains and boats at New London, and lands guests at the hotel wharf within ten minutes. Send to them for illustrated circular.—[Journal.

"Where Shall We Go for the Summer?"

On the opposite side of the bay from Fort Trumbull, at New London, is the old Fort Griswold, where Col. Ledyard and the whole garrison met their fate in the Revolution, also the famous Groton Monument on the spot, 130 feet high. Below it is the popular hotel, "Fort Griswold-on-the-Sound," and its group of popular cottages in a most beautiful situation. Its proprietors are also of the famous Sturtevant House, Broadway and 29th St., N. Y. The comfort of families stopping at the Fort Griswold for their summer season is especially considered. Beautiful drives, ample stable room, fine boating and bathing, large children's playground. It has 200 rooms all facing the water; with no mosquitoes at all, it makes a very attractive place. Open June 27. Send to New York for their announcement for 1888 with plans of rooms.—[Post.

Said a lady to a friend: "My table looks richer and better since I bought that new supply of plated silverware, manufactured by the Holmes & Edwards Silver Company, in Bridgeport, Conn. The forks and spoons are inlaid with sterling silver at points of rest, and are plated extraordinarily heavy. They are fit to be on a queen's table, and wear and tear does never mar their beauty and brilliancy."

"A Stitch in time saves nine," and if you are going to the country for the summer it is well to provide yourself with a policy in the Equitable Accident Association of Binghamton, N. Y., which for less money conveys more benefits to the insured than any other company.

GRAND EXCURSIONS TO CALIFORNIA.

The Burlington Route is the official route for the teachers bound for the National Educational Meeting at San Francisco. Join the splendid official excursion parties from New York, Pennsylvania, Brooklyn, New England, Ohio, Michigan, and Indiana, leaving Chicago July 3d, 5th, 8th, 9th, and 10th. Magnificent trains, free chair cars, Pullman and tourist sleepers, etc. The public entitled to one fare for this occasion. For further information write E. J. Swords, 317 Broadway, New York City; H. D. Badgley, 306 Washington St., Boston, Mass., or address P. S. EUSTIS, G. P. & T. A., C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Illinois.

THE

EQUITABLE

Life Assurance Society,

JANUARY 1, 1888.

Assets, - -	$84,378,904
Liabilities, 4 per cent.	66,274,650
Surplus, - -	$18,104,254

The Society exceeds every other leading life assurance company in the following particulars:

Largest Percentage of Assets to Liabilities—viz. 127½ per cent

Largest Increase in Assets during 1887—viz., $8,868,432.

Largest Income—viz., $23,240,849.

Largest Premium Receipts—viz, $19,115,775.

Excess of Income over Disbursements during the year—$9,101,695.

ALL POLICIES ISSUED BY THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY BECOME ABSOLUTELY INDISPUTABLE WHEN THEY ARE THREE YEARS OLD.

THE FREE TONTINE POLICY

HAS ALL THE ADVANTAGES AND GUARANTEES WHICH CAN BE SAFELY UNITED, AND IS WITHOUT RESTRICTION ON TRAVEL, RESIDENCE, AND OCCUPATION OF THE POLICY-HOLDER AFTER THE FIRST YEAR. IT IS

INDISPUTABLE

AFTER THE SECOND YEAR, AND PAYABLE IMMEDIATELY UPON RECEIPT OF SATISFACTORY PROOFS OF DEATH.

H. B. HYDE, PRESIDENT.
JAMES W. ALEXANDER, VICE-PRES'T.

Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the Advertisement in The Christian Union.

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

With so much money in England running into all kinds of limited companies—beer brewing, for instance—why should it be so hard to find capital for American enterprises? Simply because we have not in our management of corporations learned that honesty is the best investment in the end.—N. Y. Herald.

FUGITIVE POEMS.

GOOD ADVICE TO PARSONS.

Avoid, I pray you, all approach to rant,
And, too, that meanest of all vices, cant.
'Tis thought, not noise, the understanding fills;
It is the lightning, not the thunder, kills
And simple truths, in simple words expressed,
Have been, are now, and ever will be blest.
Sermons, like wells, should small circumference
sweep,
Be short in their diameter, but deep;
And public prayer, as in the Scripture taught,
Beyond a cavil, always should be short.
Had good St. Peter, in his hour of need,
Stopped to rehearse the Calvinistic creed,
As he was sinking through the yielding wave,
The Galilean sea had been his grave.
The royal pronoun "we" but seldom touch:
Quote the original not overmuch;
For, with due deference and submission meek,
We all prefer good English to poor Greek.
Wade not too long through shallows to begin,
But over head and ears jump bravely 'in.
Have but one "lastly," let that come about
As soon as thought and feeling have run out.
But "finally" and "in conclusion" send,
As was suggested, to one common end.
With your attainments ever keep in view
That common people know a thing or two,
And can discern between those shops which
group
All of their wares upon the outside stoop
And less pretentious ones, whose alcoves deep
Their valued fabrics in good order keep.
Be chaste in manner, throw aside the vile,
Florid, high-sounding, and spread-eagle style.
Get wisdom, learning, all without pretense,
And, with your getting, get good common sense.
A broad brimmed beaver and a white cravat,
Gold-headed cane, and all such things as that,
Have had their day; the people now will search
For the true man in physic, law, and church.
But one word more and then my sermon's done:
Before you preach, get married, every one.

—[Anonymous.

TWO SINGERS.

By Margaret Lawless.

"Would I could sing a song," a poet said,
"And let the tears that all earth's suffering
ones have shed
Run trembling down my voice,
With children's glee when happy hours are sped
And strong men's sighs at some regretted choice
And stifled groans of all the world's oppressed
And madmen's laughter mingled with the rest—
Then would immortal fame to me belong;
All men could hear their own lives' echoes in
my song!"

"Ah! why should men weep twice," another
said,
"First o'er a wrong, then at the wrong remembered?
Oh! let me sing instead
A glorious strain that will make men forget
Life's wounds and scourges and its black regret,
And long for heaven with such intensity
That heaven in their own hearts will come to be
Time's mighty hammers might assail in vain—
They could not beat to lasting silence that refrain!"

—[Catholic World.

RECIPE FOR A VILLANELLE.

By Walter W. Skeats.

It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it,
As easy as reciting A B C;
You need not be an atom of a poet.

If you've a grain of wit, and want to show it,
Writing a villanelle—take this from me—
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it.

You start a pair of rimes, and then you "go it"
With rapid-running pen and fancy free;
You need not be an atom of a poet

Take any thought, write round it or below it,
Above or near it, as it liketh thee;
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it.

Pursue your task till, like a shrub, you grow it
Up to the standard size it ought to be;
You need not be an atom of a poet.

Clear it of weeds, and water it and hoe it,
Then watch it blossom with triumphant glee.
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it;
You need not be an atom of a poet.

A FABLE.

By the Deacon.

A fish who was of the unfortunate sort,
And always complaining—a habit unwise—
Once saw a companion dart after a prize,
Sent down by some innocent lover of sport.

"He's got it! and so like my luck! I declare,
He shot right a-past me! Such things are not
fair!"
Sobbed the fish who had missed it—with other
remarks
Quite common to fish-folk, from minnows to
sharks
But learning, in time, of that cruel book,
baited,
"Ah, how providential," he cried, "that I
waited!"

—[From "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," in St. Nicholas for June.

IN MEMORIAM.

Many hearts will be grieved when they hear of the death of Miss Emma Carruth, for a long time Treasurer of the Woman's Board of Missions. Many would be still more deeply affected could they be made aware of the distressing illness through which she has passed in the last two years. Those who knew her in early youth can never forget the remarkable strength and vigor she possessed; her brilliant color and sparkling eyes; her keen sense of enjoyment in active exercises; her skill in riding and rowing, and her delight in the open air. She was a true child of nature, trained amid its fairest scenes, accustomed to wide views of sea and sky, while close around her was the most exquisite landscape of sloping fields and meadows, adorned with the finest trees.

But with these best influences of earth and sky there mingled a higher than earthly impulse. Faith in God was grafted on delight in nature. A thoughtful purpose took possession of her soul, and more and more she desired to be useful, and to devote the strength of her native energies to high and holy objects. A field was opened to her in the Woman's Board of Missions, to which for fifteen years she applied herself with great ardor. Acting as Assistant Treasurer, associated with her beloved friend, the late Mrs. Benjamin E. Bates, whose influence and example made so powerful an impression on many, she became, at Mrs. Bates's death, Treasurer of the Board. With remarkable business ability, inherited, as it would seem, from her father, Nathan Carruth, Esq., she fulfilled the duties of the office, and did an amount of work which few can appreciate. Even with declining strength, and long after it would seem possible to attend to such important affairs, her guiding hand was apparent in the successful management of the office. How largely the funds of the Board were increased by her efforts and self-sacrifice, as well as by the confidence inspired by her ability, it were not easy to estimate; yet none can doubt that her work has been a great success.

Many were the friends who loved her, not only for herself, but for the common sympathies awakened in efforts for humanity. Disciples of Christ in many lands thought of her as entering heartily into all their toils, and will be deeply grieved when they hear of her departure. For more than two years she had been a great sufferer, yet with a fortitude, and for the most part with a degree of cheerfulness, that have amazed those who have seen her. Her sweet smile, and the hearty interest she manifested in everything worthy of thought, can never be forgotten. Friends were welcomed to her bedside. Children had a warm greeting, and loved to visit her. The opening spring was not cheerless to her, though darkened with clouds. It seems strange, indeed, that our dear friend, once so full of life, should have no share in the busy activities of nature about her beautiful home.

"Her part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is that her grave is green."

Surely there is for her brave and generous spirit a work of nobler activity in the new life upon which she has entered. Released from suffering, she can now, untrammeled by earthly bonds, pursue the bidding of her divine Master. Bereaved hearts may surely find comfort in her triumph. Call it not rest only, call it triumph! We may think of her not only as released from earthly sufferings, but through grace a conqueror, and more than conqueror "through Him that loved us and gave himself for us." J. G. Vose.

FACT AND RUMOR.

The first American Sabbath-school of which we have any definite knowledge was started in Ephrata, Lancaster County, Pa., about 1739, by Ludwig Hacker, a teacher in the common schools. It was carried on by him for about forty years, and was attended with some remarkable results. This antedates Robert Raikes (1781), and David Blair (1760).

Berlin, it seems, has gradually become the headquarters of the carved wood industry, supplanting Switzerland. Six hundred artists in wood carving, the same number of turners, and 700 carpenters are engaged in manufacturing such articles as cigar cases, newspaper and picture frames, napkin rings, etc. The value of the annual export of these articles is given as $1,250,000, and this is exclusive of the costly carved wood furniture, the manufacture and export of which are assuming large proportions.

It is estimated that to collect a pound of honey from clover, 62,000 heads of clover must be deprived of nectar and 3,750,000 visits from bees must be made.

The Southern Presbyterians yesterday decided that God made the body of man out of the dust of the earth, and that it was not evolved from a lower animal. This necessarily settles one of the vexed questions of the day; for certainly such good men as the Southern Presbyterians would not have decided as they did, unless they had known all about it.—[Philadelphia Telegraph.

Last evening a workingman with a dinner pail in his hand came out of a little shop on Broadway and was accosted by a fellow-workingman with: "Why, Jim, you're working overtime now, aren't you?" "No," was the reply, "I'm not." "Aren't you putting in more than eight hours a day?" "Yes," was the answer. "I thought eight hours was the union schedule?" remarked the outsider. "Yes," said the workingman with the pail, "but you see I have just bought this shop, and thirteen hours is my ordinary day's work." A bystander remarked that it made all the difference in the world whether a man worked for himself or somebody else.—[Albany Journal.

REASONABLE EXPECTATIONS MAY BE REALIZED.

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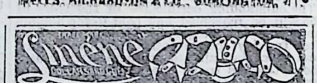

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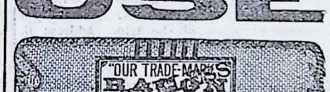

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Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887	$3,642,969 09
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1887	1,417,600 13
Total Marine Premiums	$5,060,569 22
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887	$3,672,381 21
Losses paid during the same period	$1,599,468 25
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$788,846 38

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$8,622,565 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise	1,559,100 00
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at	474,439 88
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	1,362,986 07
Cash in Bank	218,192 40
Amount	$12,237,283 35

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof or their legal representatives on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1883 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the First of May next.

By order of the Board,

J. H. CHAPMAN Secretary.

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